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Geo S Bernard

WAR TALKS

—OF—

CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

GEORGE S. BERNARD,

PETERSBURG, VA.

Addresses delivered before A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Petersburg, Va., with ADDENDA *giving Statements of Participants, Eye-Witnesses and others, in respect to Campaigns, Battles, Prison Life and other War Experiences.*

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.
FENN & OWEN, PUBLISHERS.
1892.

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PREFACE.

THIS BOOK, embracing a series of addresses delivered before A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Petersburg, Va., has the approval of that organization of ex-Confederate soldiers in the following resolution of the camp adopted at its meeting on the evening of May 5th, 1892:

WHEREAS, The camp has been informed that Comrade Geo. S. Bernard proposes to publish in book form the several addresses which have been delivered before the camp and furnished him in writing, with such notes and other *addenda* as he may deem necessary and proper, the book to be entitled "WAR TALKS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS," and has offered to share equally with the camp all profits that may come to him from the proposed publication, *provided* the camp will apply the money to the purchase and collection of books and other literature relating to the late war, for the use of the camp; therefore,

Resolved, 1st, That the camp, having confidence in Comrade Bernard's fitness to edit the proposed volume, cordially approves his plan to do so.

Resolved, 2nd, That the camp, thanking Comrade Bernard for his offer to share equally with it his profits to accrue from the publication of the book, upon the condition that the camp will apply the money as indicated in the foregoing preamble, accepts said offer and will apply whatever it may receive to the purpose aforesaid.

The whole matter of this book—the casualties in Pegram's battery, Mahone's and Wise's Virginia, Clingman's and Ransom's North Carolina, and Saunders' Alabama brigades, at the battle of the Crater, which are reproduced from the Petersburg (Va.) *Express* of August 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th, 1864, a few foot-notes, and some few words in the text excepted—was published in weekly instalments in the *Rural Messenger*, a weekly paper published in Petersburg, Va., the first instalment appearing in its issue of May 28th, 1892, and the last instalment in its issue of November 5th, 1892.

An invitation was given in each issue of this journal to all who

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might see it to aid in eliminating errors and perfecting the work, this invitation being as follows:

In the publication of this work every effort has been, and, until it finally goes to press, will be made, to secure accuracy of statement, and accordingly all who may read the weekly instalments of matter which will appear in the *Rural Messenger* are earnestly requested, should any error of any kind whatsoever be noticed, to write to the undersigned and call his attention thereto, in order that it may be corrected. These errors may be of names, dates, statements of facts, or of other character. Very thankfully will he receive all help which any kind reader may so render towards the end had in view. Particularly will statements of facts or incidents which may be within the personal knowledge of a reader be received and given place in the form of notes or *addenda*, when they may serve to elucidate the subject matter of any address.

Responding to this invitation, and to personal applications, many gentlemen, including several who served in the Federal army, and some ladies, kindly furnished a considerable quantity of most interesting and valuable matter in the way of personal recollections—much of it well and graphically narrated—for incorporation into the work among the *addenda*, thereby not only placing the undersigned under personal obligations to each and all of them, which he hereby acknowledges with many thanks, but also placing under obligations to them all who feel an interest in preserving from oblivion just that class of facts and incidents which the pages of this book show to have been thus furnished and which always have a charm not possessed by history of the graver character.

All of the statements so collected have been carefully corrected and are believed to be in the main correct. By correspondence and personal interviews with those who made them, great care has been taken to eliminate all that was doubtful and to have the several statements correct before they were printed in this volume, and each statement has the authority of a reputable and responsible sponsor, as has each opinion therein expressed or sentiment therein uttered.

To Mr. Wm. L. Sheppard, of Richmond, Va., for his illustration of the incident of Crampton's Gap, described on page 28, and to Mr. C. R. Rees, of Petersburg, Va., for his photographic views of the Crater, the undersigned is indebted.

G. S. B.

Petersburg, Va., December 1, 1892.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

THE SEVERAL ADDRESSES published in this book having been printed in the columns of the *Rural Messenger*, a weekly newspaper published in the city of Petersburg, Va., that journal, contemporaneously with the appearance of each address, published a brief biographical sketch of the gentleman who delivered it.

The sketches so published were as follows:

JNO. M. PILCHER.

The subject of this sketch, John M. Pilcher, born in the city of Richmond, Va., July 16, 1841, was educated in that city, mainly at the classical school of Mr. L. S. Squire, and at Richmond College, from which he graduated as a Master of Arts in April, 1861. A sufferer at that time from weak eyes, his proposed enlistment as a volunteer in the Confederate army, by advice of his physician, was deferred, and accordingly he taught school till July, 1862, when he became a clerk in one of the military hospitals in the city of Richmond. In September, 1862, he was transferred to the office of the medical director, Dr. E. S. Gaillard, in that city, where he remained till the following May, when he enlisted in an artillery company which was a part of the Tredegar battalion. In July, 1863, he was appointed sergeant-major of the battalion—the several companies of which, with other companies, were formed into the 2nd regiment of local defense troops, with which command Mr. Pilcher served as occasion required until the close of the war.

Whilst in camp young Pilcher frequently preached to his comrades, as he did to other congregations, and, when the war closed, looking to his entry into the ministry, whilst conducting a successful business in the city of Richmond, he preached as a licentiate. In March, 1868, he organized the Sidney (now Grove

Avenue) Baptist church, near Richmond; in February, 1870, was ordained to the full work of the ministry; in 1871 took charge of a large and difficult pastorate in Alleghany and Bath counties; in 1880 was elected general superintendent of the Sunday School and Bible Board of the Baptist General Association of Virginia, and came to the city of Petersburg, where he now resides. This position he still holds.

In December, 1887, A. P. Hill Camp Confederate Veterans, of Petersburg, elected him its first chaplain, and in January, 1890, Richmond College conferred on him the honorary degree of doctor of divinity.—*Rural Messenger, May 21, 1892.*

GEO. S. BERNARD.

Geo. S. Bernard, born in Culpeper county, Va., August 27, 1837, was educated in the city of Petersburg, Va., and at the University of Virginia, at which institution he was a student the sessions of 1855-'6 and 1856-'7. From October, 1857, to June, 1858, he taught school, and was admitted to the bar in the city of Petersburg in June, 1859.

In April, 1861, being a member of the Petersburg Riflemen, he went with his command to Norfolk, Va., on the expedition made on the evening of April 20, 1861, by the Petersburg battalion of volunteer companies under Maj. D. A. Weisiger, with orders to capture the navy yard at Gosport, and served with the Petersburg troops until his discharge from the army in the fall of 1861, having had a severe spell of fever, contracted whilst in camp at Norfolk.

In March, 1862, having recovered his health, Mr. Bernard reenlisted, this time as a sergeant in the Meherrin Greys, a volunteer company organized in Greensville county, Va., where he had taught school for a few weeks, between the middle of January and the date of enlistment. With this company he returned to Norfolk in April, 1862, and, the company becoming a part of the 12th Virginia regiment, of Gen. Wm. Mahone's brigade, he served with it in the campaign around Richmond, and in the Maryland campaign, until wounded and captured in the battle of Crampton's Gap, Maryland, September 14, 1862.

Returning to his command in April, 1863, now as a member

of the Petersburg Riflemen, into which he had been transferred, he served with this command the remainder of the war, with the exception of some six weeks in the summer of 1863, when, being a sufferer from his wound received the preceding September, he was in the commissary department under Maj. F. R. Scott, at Orange Court-House, participating in all of the principal engagements in which Mahone's brigade took part, and receiving a slight wound in the battle of Hatcher's Run, February 6, 1865.

At the close of the war, in the fall of 1865, Mr. Bernard was employed as local editor of the Petersburg *Express*, but resumed the practice of his profession in December of that year. In 1870, or 1871, and for several years subsequently, he was a member of the school board of the city of Petersburg. In 1877 he was elected one of the delegates from this city to the General Assembly, and served three sessions during his term of two years. In 1881, on the organization of the Norfolk and Western Railroad Company, he was appointed its attorney for this city, and for six of the counties through which the road runs, which position he still holds. In 1882 he was elected prosecuting attorney for the city of Petersburg, and re-elected to the same office in 1884 and 1886.

Mr. Bernard has written much for the press on subjects of public interest. In 1885 he published a work on civil service reform, entitled "Civil Service Reform vs. The Spoils System."—*Rural Messenger, May 28, 1892.*

WM. E. CAMERON.

The subject of this sketch was born in Petersburg, Va., on November 19, 1842, attended the schools of Charles Campbell and Thomas S. Davidson in that city, and subsequently was two sessions at the North Carolina Military Academy at Hillsboro. In 1859, when but a lad, he went west, located in Missouri, and obtained employment as a clerk on one or more of the steamers of the St. Louis and Memphis Packet Company, and was so engaged at the commencement of the civil war in the spring of 1861. Being present at Camp Jackson with the Missouri Minute Men when they were captured by Gen. Lyon, he escaped in the confusion and left on the last boat that went south.

In a few days young Cameron was in Virginia, and reported for duty at Norfolk as a member of Capt. John P. May's company, the City Guard, of Petersburg, Va., which, upon the organization of the 12th Virginia regiment, became Company A of that regiment. He had been in camp but a few days when he was elected second lieutenant of Co. D. In May, 1862, he was appointed adjutant of the regiment, and was with the command until he received in the battle of Second Manassas a wound which disabled him until the following December, when he reported for duty during the battle of Fredericksburg.

A few days after returning to his command, Lieut. Cameron was detailed as brigade-inspector of Mahone's brigade, and as such served until June 1, 1863, when he again returned to his command and served with it in the Gettysburg campaign and subsequently until December, 1863, when he was commissioned as captain in the inspector-general's department, and, being assigned to duty with Davis' brigade, of Heth's division, served in this capacity until the summer of 1864, participating in the battles from the Wilderness to the Weldon railroad.

In October, 1864, Capt. Cameron was commissioned as assistant adjutant-genneral, and in this capacity returned to his old brigade (Mahone's), now under the command of Gen. David A. Weisiger, and remained with it until it surrendered at Appomattox Court-House.

The war ended, Capt. Cameron, located in his native city, read law under the direction of Judge Wm. T. Joynes, at the same time being engaged as local editor of the Petersburg *Index*, then in the first year of its existence. In the spring of 1866 he removed to Norfolk and became the editor of the Norfolk *Virginian*; but within a few months he was again in Petersburg, now as the editor of the *Index*. In 1870 he edited the Richmond *Whig*, and later the Richmond *Enquirer*. But during these eventful years Capt. Cameron was a conspicuous figure. Instrumental in aiding to bring about the order of things by which the state was rid of threatened carpet-bag rule, he was a leader of considerable influence. A supporter of Governor Gilbert C. Walker, he was a member of his staff with the rank of colonel.

In 1876 Col. Cameron was elected mayor of his native city, and by successive elections held the office until December 31, 1881,

when he resigned to become the governor of Virginia, having been elected to the office in November, 1881, over Major John W. Daniel. It was said that when Daniel and he canvassed the state two such brilliant young men had rarely before met on the stump as candidates for any office within the gift of the people. On the first of January, 1886, Gov. Cameron retired from office and opened a law office in Petersburg, where he quietly pursued his profession until the early part of the present year (1892), when he removed to Florida.—*Rural Messenger, June 9, 1892.*

SIMON SEWARD.

Simon Seward was born in 1844, in Surry county, Va., near James river, and in 1854 came with his parents to Petersburg to reside. In his native county and in Petersburg he attended school, but early in the war he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Capt. E. A. Goodwyn's company, 12th Virginia Cavalry, and participated with his command in several engagements, among them those at Brandy Station, Middleburg and Ashby's Gap.

In the summer of 1863, when the regiment was in Maryland on its way to Gettysburg, young Seward was captured near Rockville, Md., and, after being confined six weeks in the Old Capital prison, in the city of Washington, was sent to Point Lookout, at which place he was a prisoner until the night of December 1, 1863, when he made his escape.

Returning to Petersburg soon after the surrender, Mr. Seward began business as a retail grocer, but, soon extending his business, became one of the wholesale grocers of this city. Leaving the business of merchandizing, he took hold of that of milling, and conducted this business successfully for several years. More recently, however, he has been conducting the business of a manufacturer of trunks and traveling bags, his establishment being one of the largest in the South.

For many years Mr. Seward was a member of the common council of Petersburg, officiating as chairman of its street committee. At this time he is a member of the city school board, of which he is the vice-president.—*Rural Messenger, July 2, 1892.*

JOHN R. TURNER.

John R. Turner was born in Warren county, N. C., September 6, 1837, and attended school in that county until he was about eighteen years of age, when he entered as a clerk the mercantile establishment of Cheatham & Moore, of Ridgway, N. C., prominent merchants of that place. Here he remained until the fall of 1859, when he came to Petersburg, Va., and secured a like situation with the old dry-goods house of Davis, Abrahams & Lyon, of this city, with which firm he remained until January, 1861, and then became a clerk with Messrs. Peebles, Plummer & Co., wholesale grocers and commission merchants of Petersburg, with whom he was living at the beginning of the war.

In May, 1861, young Turner enlisted in the Confederate army at Norfolk as a member of Company C (Capt. Thos. H. Bond), 12th Virginia regiment, and in the spring of 1862 was transferred to the Petersburg Riflemen (Company E) of the same regiment, with which he remained until the close of the war. At the battle of Second Manassas he received three wounds, which disabled him for service until July, 1863, when he rejoined his command at Hagerstown, Md., and served with it continously thereafter until wounded at the battle of Burgess' Mill, October 27, 1864. From this wound he sufficiently recovered to be able to report for duty in March, 1865, when he returned to his company, and with it served until it reached Appomattox Court-House, and there surrendered his musket—one of the eighteen surrendered by the company—he being among those who were in the last line of battle formed by the historic Army of Northern Virginia.

The war ended, Mr. Turner, after spending a few months in his native state, returned to Petersburg and again entered into mercantile life. After serving as a clerk for several years with leading dry-goods houses of the city, in 1875 he entered into business with his old Comrade of the Petersburg Riflemen, W. H. Scott, and these two gentlemen for several years conducted business as dry-goods merchants under the firm name of Turner & Scott. This firm, however, was dissolved in 1883, and Mr. Turner has since carried on a large dry-goods business on his own account. He is a member of the M. E. church, and for nearly twenty years has held the position of a steward of his church.—*Rural Messenger, July 9, 1892.*

FLETCHER H. ARCHER.

In to-day's *Messenger* we publish the address of Col. Fletcher H. Archer, entitled "The Defense of Petersburg on the 9th of June, 1864," in which this gentlemen tells in strong and clear English, and with becoming modesty, the story of one of the most striking engagements of the war—an engagement in which civilians, old men and boys, went out and in defense of their homes engaged the trained soldiers of the Federal army. In this engagement Col. Archer was a conspicuous figure, and as the gallant commandant of this little band that met the force of Gen. Kautz at the Rives farm his name has been enrolled on the records of imperishable history.

Among the several addresses to appear in "War Talks of Confederate Veterans," none will be read with more, as none will tell a story of so much, interest.

Fletcher H. Archer was born and reared in the town of Petersburg, state of Virginia. His parents, Allin Archer and Prudence (Whitworth) Archer were of Anglo-Saxon origin, their ancestors having come from England to Virginia at an early period of her history.

His educational advantages were good, having had access to some of the best schools of the town for more than a decade of years. Laying aside other pursuits, and determining to enter the legal profession, he engaged in a course of study to that end, and going to the University of Virginia took the degree of B. L. on the 3rd day of July, 1841. Returning from college he commenced practice in his native town. In 1844 he was elected an honorary member of the Franklin Literary Society of Randolph Macon College. In December, 1846, he was chosen captain of the Petersburg Mexican Volunteers, a company raised for service in the war with Mexico, went to that distant land and served on Gen. Taylor's line until the close of the war.

Upon his return home on the first day of August, 1848, he found that during his absence he had been elected by the officers of the 39th Virginia militia lieutenant-colonel of that regiment. Accepting the commission in token of his appreciation of the compliment tendered him, he retained it but a short time and then resigned.

At the beginning of the war between the states, within two

days after Virginia had seceded from the Union, although prior to that event he had entertained conservative views, he raised a company of one hundred men for service and was elected its captain. About two weeks thereafter, on the 5th of May, 1861, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel in the active force of Virginia volunteers, and on reporting at Norfolk, to which place he was ordered, was assigned to the 3rd Virginia regiment of infantry, which was then stationed at the Naval Hospital.

Upon the removal of this regiment to Burwell's Bay by order of General Huger, department commander, Col. Archer was retained in command of the Naval Hospital, where he remained until the 27th of June, when at his own request he was relieved and proceeded to rejoin his regiment. Alternately performing duty with his regiment and on detached service until the 8th of September, he then, in obedience to orders received from Gen. Pemberton the day previous, repaired to Hardy's Bluff, on James River, near the head of the bay, and took command of a battalion stationed there as a covering force and garrision to Fort Huger, and of a gun in battery at Stone House Landing. Retaining a nominal connection with the 3rd regiment until the 19th of October, he was then detached and permanently assigned to the command of the battalion aforesaid, with Major John P. Wilson as second in command.

Continuing at this point until the 5th of April, 1862, Col. Archer was, in consequence of the changes incident to the advance of McClellan up the Peninsula, then called to Smithfield to take command of the 1st brigade, department of Norfolk. Remaining at Smithfield, he continued in command of the brigade until after Norfolk was evacuated, participating in the stirring events connected with that movement and the passage of the enemy's gunboats up the river.

Upon the reorganization of the army in May, 1862, having declined being a candidate for office in the battalion he had commanded, though invited so to do, he became entitled to retire to civil life, and as soon as his services could be spared he was honorably relieved by the department commander and returned home. Remaining in the quietude of civil pursuits for a time, he watched the course of events, and when it became evident that his services would be again needed, he was prompt to accord

them; commanding first a company and then a battalion of local state troops, and when a battalion of Confederate reserves was organized he was appointed to the command of that, with the rank first of major, and then of lieutenant-colonel. In this position he continued until the close of the war, having command of most of the local force doing duty upon the lines around the city of Petersburg, and surrendering with a portion of them at Appomattox Court-House, where he and they were paroled. In the various engagements through which he passed, he was twice wounded, first in the arm at Battery 16, Avery's farm, Prince George county, on the 16th of June, 1864, and secondly in the battle of Sailor's Creek, on the retreat, April 6th, 1865, slightly in the face. In the last mentioned engagement his horse was shot under him, and subsequently died.

Returning home after the surrender, Col. Archer resumed the practice of his profession. On the 2nd day of January, 1882, he was elected by the common council of the city of Petersburg mayor of the city to fill a vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Col. Wm. E. Cameron, who on the day before had qualified as governor of the state of Virginia. This office he filled to the end of the year, and for a brief period in the year 1883, when he gave place to his republican opponent, Hon. T. J. Jarratt, who, after litigation, had successfully asserted his claim to the position. Since then he has held no public office.—*Rural Messenger, July 16, 1892.*

FREEMAN W. JONES.

The subject of this sketch, Freeman W. Jones, was born in Brunswick county, Va., August 7, 1846, and when the war began was a mere boy, not fourteen years of age. In April, 1864, still a lad, he enlisted as a private in the Ebenezer Grays, a company organized at the beginning of the war in Brunswick county, and which at the time of his enlistment was Company E, of the 56th Virginia regiment, Hunton's brigade, Pickett's division. Young Jones participated with his command in the battle of Cold Harbor in June, 1864, and other engagements, receiving a wound on the 24th of July, 1864, whilst a skirmish line of his

brigade was engaged in a charge upon the enemy's picket line on the Bermuda front, in Chesterfield county, Va.

Having recovered from his wound, he rejoined his command in January, 1865, went as a volunteer on the expedition of Capt. Charles W. Read, of the Confederate States navy, and being present with his command near Five Forks, was captured on Friday evening, March 31, 1865, and taken to Point Lookout, where he remained until about the middle of June, 1865, when he was paroled and returned home.

For a short while after the war Mr. Jones was engaged in farming, but in the spring of 1867, wishing to try his fortune in a distant state, he went to Texas, intending to go thence to California.

The company with which he was to go to California, after having gotten everything in readiness to make the journey, deemed it best to abandon the trip, in view of the fact that at that time the country through which they expected to pass was infested with Indians who were making many hostile demonstrations. Young Jones then turned his attention to cattle grazing, and became a Texas cow-boy in San Patricio, one of the southwestern counties of the state. This life, however, was not suited to his tastes, and after an experience of a few months he determined to return to Virginia. Accordingly, in company with a single friend, he made his way on horseback, several hundred miles, from San Patricio to Vicksburg, Miss., the two taking with them a drove of thirty-odd horses, a journey at that time accompanied with no little danger, and against which they were warned by many, but which, after many adventures, they accomplished in safety.

Reaching Mississippi, after a short sojourn there, Mr. Jones returned to his native state and county, and again resumed the business of farming, which he pursued until 1870, when he was elected sheriff of his county, an office which he filled for nine years, being repeatedly re-elected.

In January, 1880, having resigned the office of sheriff of Brunswick county to accept the office of sampler of tobacco at Centre warehouse in the city of Petersburg, Va., he removed to this city and held the latter office until the same was abolished.

In 1888 Mr. Jones was elected sergeant of the city of Peters-

burg, and held the office one term. At this time he is engaged with Messrs. C. A. Pope & Co., the lessees of Centre warehouse, for the sale of tobacco.—*Rural Messenger, September 17, 1892.*

JOHN HERBERT CLAIBORNE.

John Herbert Claiborne was born in the county of Brunswick, Va., and at the early age of nine years was sent to a large boarding school at Leesburg, N. C. At the expiration of two years he was matriculated at the Ebenezer Academy, in his native county, one of the oldest educational institutions in the state, where he remained until sufficiently advanced to enter college.

In 1844 young Claiborne entered the Freshman class of Randolph Macon College, and, after the four years, curriculum usual at that time, was graduated with the degree of A. B. Subsequently the degree of master of arts was conferred upon him by the same college.

Having now received his diploma the subject of this sketch turned his attention to the profession of which he has been for many years a distinguished member, and having attended a course of lectures in the medical school of the University of Virginia during the session of 1848-'49, in the summer of 1849 graduated from that institution with the degree of doctor of medicine, and subsequently with the same degree from the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, and the Pennsylvania Hospital.

On the 1st day of January, 1851, Dr. Claiborne began the practice of medicine in the city of Petersburg.

In 1855 he was elected by the people of his adopted city to represent them in the lower house of the General Assembly, and two years later he was elected state senator from this district, in which body he served until the war began. When the 4th battalion of Virginia volunteers, composed of the military companies of the city of Petersburg, left the city on the afternoon of Saturday, April 20, 1861, for Norfolk, Dr. Claiborne, with the rank of captain, went with them. In May, 1861, he was made full surgeon, with the rank of major, and assigned to duty with the 12th Virginia regiment.

Whilst in the field with his command, Dr. Claiborne was, in May, 1861, re-elected to the senate, but remained with his regiment until December 1, 1861, when he was ordered by the secretary of war of the Confederate States to take his seat in the senate. This order he obeyed, took his seat, and immediately sent his resignation to the president of the senate, and asked for further orders.

His place as surgeon of the 12th Virginia regiment having been filled, he was assigned to the duty of organizing and equipping general hospitals, a duty which kept him principally in Petersburg.

In June, 1864, when General Lee's army occupied Petersburg, Dr. Caiborne was the senior surgeon of the post, and was assigned to duty as executive officer and chief surgeon of all of the general military hospitals in Petersburg and its vicinity. He has given some account of his service in this capacity in his address, "Last Days of Lee and his Paladins."

Besides having the titles of A. B., A. M., and M. D., Dr. Claiborne is also an honorary fellow and ex-president of the Medical Society of Virginia, is a fellow of the Southern Surgical and Gyneocological Association of the American Medical Association, of the American Health Association, and of the Boston Gyneocological Association, and is fellow-elect of Victoria Institute of Great Britain. For twenty years past he has contributed largely to scientific and medical journals, and is the author of "Reports from Private Practice," &c., a work said by Prof. Davis, of the University of Virginia, to be one of the most thoughtful digests with which he has met.

Since the war Dr. Claiborne has confined himself to the practice of his profession in the city of Petersburg, refusing all offers of preferment except the position of health officer of the city for the brief period of one year, and member of the board of state examiners for three years. When he was health officer of Petersburg his administration was marked with great ability, but he was years in advance of the city council who appointed him, and accordingly his powers were soon revoked.—*Rural Messenger, September 24, 1892.*

JAMES M. MULLEN.

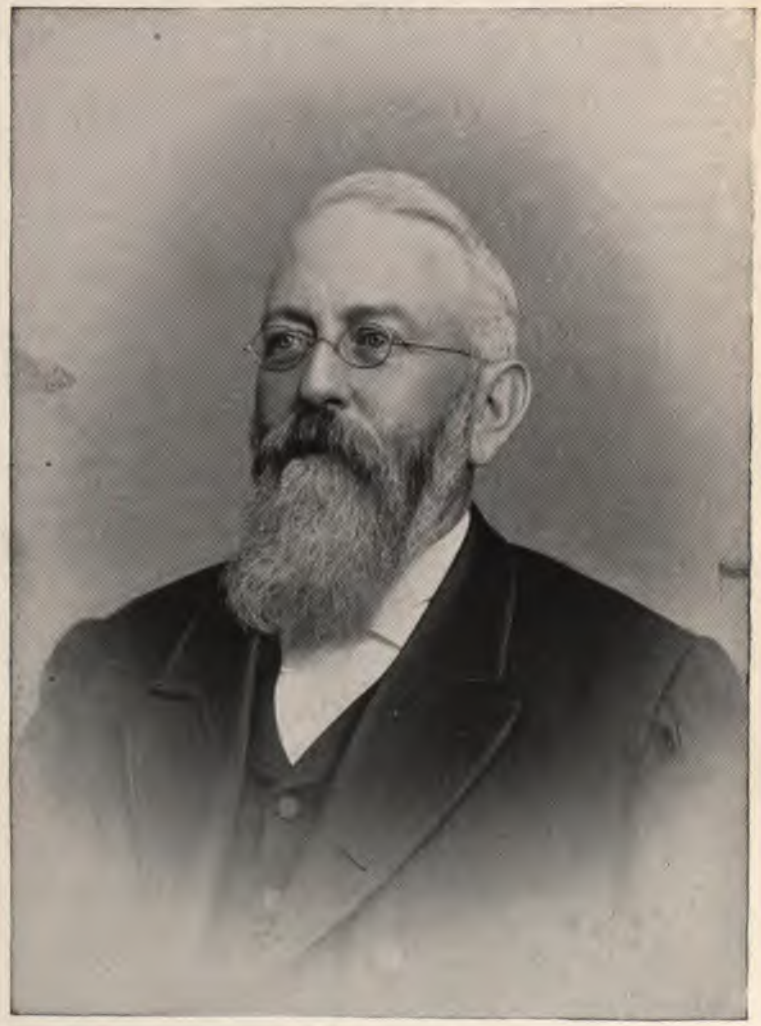
In the *Messenger* of this week began the publication of the address of Hon. James M. Mullen, entitled "Last Days of Johnston's Army," delivered before A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans of Petersburg, Va., on the evening of November 25th, 1890, which will constitute the last chapter of Mr. Bernard's forthcoming book, "War Talks of Confederate Veterans," save one which will be in the form of an *appendix*, and will contain sundry matters which could not be otherwise incorporated into the book.

James M. Mullen, a native of Pasquotank, North Carolina, was born on the 10th of September, 1845. He was educated in the county of Perquimans of that state at the Hertford Male Academy. When the war began young Mullen was but a boy, not sixteen years of age. He had, however, passed this age only a few months, when, in February, 1862, he left his studies, and like numbers of the youths of the country, both North and South, went to the front to take part in the great struggle. He enlisted in the Virginia battery of Capt. S. Taylor Martin, of Major Francis S. Boggs' battalion of light artillery. In October, 1863, he was transferred to Capt. L. H. Webb's (N. C.) battery of the same battalion, in which he served until the close of the war. The lines of the ardent young soldier, however, "were cast in pleasant places," as he informs us in his address. "The running away," he says, "was not of our own choosing, for the boys of our battery would have had it otherwise, and we did not relish the paternal regard of the powers that were in our behalf. It did seem, however, that the authorities studiously avoided exposing us to danger and kept the battery continuously on the move, so as to shield it from the enemy's bullets."

In 1866 Mr. Mullen was appointed register of deeds for Perquimans county, and held the office for a little over two years. Whilst holding this position he devoted his leisure hours to the study of law under the direction of Hon. Thomas G. Skinner, of Hertford, and came to the bar in January, 1869, and located for the practice of his profession in Halifax county, N. C., where he remained until July, 1886, when he changed his residence to the city of Petersburg, Va.

Before leaving his native state Mr. Mullen represented Halifax county, in the state senate for the term beginning January, 1885.

Soon after coming to Petersburg he was elected attorney for the commonwealth for the city of Petersburg for the term commencing July 1, 1888, and still holds this office, having been elected in May, 1890, and again in May, 1892. Mr. Mullen, since he has held this office, his discharge of the duties of which has been marked with fairness and ability, has been engaged in some literary work in the line of his profession, having nearly completed a digest of the criminal laws of the commonwealth. *Rural Messenger, October 15, 1892.*



J. M. PILCHER, D. D.

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE A. P. HILL CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, OF PETERSBURG, VA., BY REV. J. M. PILCHER, D. D., CHAPLAIN OF THE CAMP, ON THE EVENING OF APRIL 4TH, 1889.

COMRADES:

I appreciate the compliment conveyed in my appointment to deliver the first address of this series. I am led to think that a camp talk of a few minutes is expected, personal recollections rather than a set address.

I had been a resident of the city of Richmond, Va., all my life, and when the war actually began was in the graduating class of Richmond College, a youth of nineteen years. I was, therefore, in a position to observe many of the stirring events of secession, which escaped the vision of the comrades now before me.

The dissolution of the Union had long been under discussion. As early as January 6th, 1860, I was on the affirmative side of a debate in a literary society of the college, on the question: "Would the dissolution of the Union be more injurious to the North than to the South?" Congress was wrangling over the speakership. The country was looking on in trepidation. I said: "For humanity's sake, I pray that disunion may not come, but if it must come, let us be prepared for it, and thus avert much of the evil which will inevitably result from the liberation of the passions now burning in the breasts of both northerners and southerners. In such an event both have much to fear. Bloodshed and suffering will abound. Vice and fraud will run riot." So in our calm moments we all thought. The Anthony Burns case in Boston, involving the return of a fugitive slave, had been the occasion of disgraceful scenes. A distinguished son of the Bay State declared that Massachusetts was then completely in the hands of a drunken crew. The John Brown raid upon Harper's Ferry had spread alarm throughout the South. The deification of John Brown had taken

away all hope that the North would deal kindly and fairly with us. In the latter part of 1859, Mr. Hickman, of Pennsylvania, declared in congress that the northern states, with their 18,000,000 inhabitants, could whip our 8,000,000 into the Union again, if we should leave it. Two hundred and fifty medical students had left the schools of Philadelphia and, stopping in Richmond, had been addressed by Gov. Wise. All others in northern colleges were exhorted to leave. Mr. Vallandigham, a fearless representative from Ohio, was declaring in congress that in the event of a separation of the North and the South, the western states would form a confederacy and the North would be left to struggle alone, deprived of the countenance and support of the West, and should war arise, would be compelled to combat single-handed against two assailants.

The winter of 1859-'60 was the brooding time of the civil war. The summer of 1860 was full of excitement. Four candidates for the presidency were before the people of the United States. Virginians regarded Lincoln as the impersonation of the aggression of black republicanism; Douglas, of squatter sovereignty, equally as hostile to southern interests; Breckenridge, of the true idea that the right existed, under the Constitution, to extend slavery into all the territories; Bell, of the hope that, by not insisting on this right, we might preserve the Union. Accordingly, Virginia voted for Bell and Everett. The election of Lincoln occurred early in November. The cotton states determined to secede. Secession was popular. Even the New York *Tribune* declared: "Whenever any considerable section of our Union shall deliberately redetermine to go out, we shall resist all coercive measures to keep them in."

My older brother was married in November and I was in the bridal party that visited Washington. Of course we called on President Buchanan. We were under the guidance of my friend, Rawley W. Ferrell, of Halifax county, Va., then a resident of South Carolina and a student at Columbian College. Mr. Buchanan seemed to be greatly amused by Mr. Ferrell's outspoken secession sentiments and joked us about our want of respect for Uncle Sam and the certainty of our being chastised. South Carolina led off in secession and soon the other cotton states followed. In February, 1861, delegates from these states formed a government called the "Confederate States of America," with Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens, president and vice-president. Thirty years of discussion of states' rights, tariff oppression and slavery had borne this fruit, but all the cotton states were still in the Union.

There are events in the history of the world that are the expression of the genius of one great mind. Other events are the result of a great popular wave or ground swell of impulse and conviction. Virginia believed all democratic doctrines that led to secession, but she hoped and inter-

ceded and delayed, and prayed that secession might not be necessary. The *Southern Literary Messenger*, the great exponent of thought in Virginia, in its issue of January, 1861, in a contributed article, discusses: "What are the dangers of our united government to the southern states?" In this article the writer says:

"The northern states of the Union have avowed their purpose to take control of the government. They have the power to do so. In the electoral college they number 183 votes—the south 120. In congress they have (we believe) 147 votes, while the south has only 90. In the senate the north has 36, while the south has 30 * * *. The northern states are only doing what, under the circumstances, the commonest principles of fallen human nature dictate. Vituperation, then, is out of place. It is utterly useless too. * * * Upon abstract principles, we are obliged to say, that a free government cannot be long administered by a sectional party. * * * So that, in the opinion of the writer, the time has come when the strongest dictates of prudence—nay, the very sense and duty of self-preservation, demand that the South should set up for herself and leave the northern states to work out their solution as best they can."

About this time there appeared in the *Messenger* this squib:

"Yankee Doodle undertook
With patriot devotion,
To trim the tree of liberty
According to his notion.

"Yankee Doodle on a limb,
Like any other noodle,
Cut between the tree and him
And down came Yankee Doodle.

"Yankee Doodle broke his neck
And every limb about him,
And then the tree of liberty
Did very well without him."

Virginia scarcely thought she would secede. She had faith in the Constitution and believed her appeals to the reason of the North would avail to bring tranquility to the country. Dr. George W. Bagby, the editor of the *Messenger*, in an editorial letter written from Washington, upbraids Virginia for refusing to enter into a general southern conference, urges the state to act promptly and secede. The letter is, in the main, good, but he is led away after this fashion:

"As to the invasion, it makes not the slightest difference whether fifty thousand or fifty millions of northern soldiers come into Virginia. They will perish miserably, the whole of them. They may drive us to the mountains; but out of the mountains few, precious few, of them will return to tell the tale of slaughter. * * * The border slave states *must* take sides. Whosoever now is not *for* the South, is *against* the South. The *Richmond Enquirer* has taken the true ground. Virginia and Maryland must be out of the Union before the 4th of March, 1861. Lincoln must never take his seat in Washington, even if Gov. Wise and his minute men have to take the place by storm."

Some were led on by thoughtless passion. They were like the Irishman who was driving a bull into Alexandria on a cold morning. His hands became very cold, holding the rope attached to the horns of the bull. In order to put his hands into his pockets, he tied the rope to

one wrist and was going on very well till a passing train of cars frightened the bull. Away went the bull, pulling Pat by the wrist. Pat could not release himself. Away they went. A man meeting them cried out, "Hello, Pat, where are you going with that bull?" "I don't know," said Pat, "ask the bull."

The Virginia convention was composed of conservative leaders. The populace of Richmond was impatient. The Confederate government had been formed February 4th, 1861, and had adopted a flag. The people were singing "Farewell forever to the star spangled banner." There was a great desire to see the new flag. Accordingly, my brother, Sam'l T. Pilcher, a lieutenant in Co. F, First Regiment of Virginia Volunteers, and the ladies of our family made a Confederate flag. It necessarily followed that the flag must be raised on a pole. A large, suitable pole was procured, properly rigged with halyards and we had a flag raising. The inhabitants of Oregon Hill were intensely *Union* in their sentiments and they, to our surprise, became incensed. They sent a delegation to inform us that the flag must be taken down or they would use force to remove it. I told them that we cared very little for the flag until now, but we would not yield to their threats, that it was our property, &c. They retired, and, returning, demanded that it should be removed from the public highway. I told them it was on our own property and we would defend our property and resist the threatened trespass. They declared they would return that night in force and pull down the flag and remove the flag pole. I told them I had intended to take down the flag to protect it from the dew, but now it should float all night. On second thought I told them there was no principle involved in our controversy excepting our right to manage our own affairs, and I would take care of the flag for the night by hauling it down, but they would be warmly met if they attacked the pole.

The news of this demonstration spread over Richmond. To the defense of the flag hurried many gallant men, some of whom became distinguished in the war of secession. We were in fighting trim all night. The "enemy" reconnoitered, but did not venture to attack. Early the next morning the flag was flung to the breeze and floated unmolested day and night. Another night of anxiety was passed in expectation of attack. The newspapers now ridiculed "our friends, the enemy," so much that they did not further molest us.

Feeling was running high. The people were hating Jubal Early, Wms. C. Wickham and other Union leaders, branding them as "submissionists." I remember how, as Early walked the streets from the convention, bending forward with one hand on his back because of chronic rheumatism, many a curse was thrown at him. The Richmond *Examiner* and its brilliant editor, John

M. Daniel, were lashing the people into a frenzy. Henry A. Wise was scarcely understood in his position of "fighting in the Union." The state was excited, but eager for some measure of pacification. Longing expectancy turned to the Crittenden peace commission and the compromise offered by it to the Federal authorities. To this moment Virginia was Union in sentiment, although excited. The failure of that effort settled the question for Virginia. She must now leave the Union.

Gov. John Letcher had come into office. He was true to his oath of office and to the Union. On the 14th of April, I think it was, Hon. John Randolph Tucker (familiarly known as Ran. Tucker), attorney-general of the state, a lean, black-haired, intellectual-looking, fluent, popular man, addressed an immense assemblage at the Tredegar iron works. The burden of his speech, as I now remember it, was the keenest ridicule of the convention for delay in seceding. He would pour upon its members invective and ridicule, and closed each appeal to the people with "They are good men, fellow-citizens, but they are old," leaning forward and dwelling on the last word in his own inimitable way. Fort Sumter had been in a state of siege by South Carolina troops. While he was speaking a very black cloud arose in the south-west and approached rapidly. We expected its fury, but were unwilling to leave the eloquence of the speaker. The cloud came on and before it reached us parted and passed north and south of us. Mr. Tucker improved the opportunity to suggest, in most beautiful phrase, an augury of the rift in the impending war-cloud and the speedy peaceful independence of the southern states. Just then the fall of Fort Sumter was announced. The enthusiasm of the crowd now knew no bounds.

As soon as the address was finished, the crowd, laying hands on every vehicle in reach, preceded by a band of music, and with Confederate flags flying, hastened down Seventh street and thence to the capitol square. Having no special purpose in coming to this place, they needed an objective point. Some of the crowd went into the capitol and ascended to the roof. A suggestion was made to pull down the United States flag and raise the Confederate flag. One enterprising youngster climbed the flag pole, not a very long one, pulled down the flag of the United States and unfurled to the breeze the flag of the Confederate States. Gov. Letcher was immediately aware of what had been done, and coming into the crowd ordered the detail of the Public Guard to "pull down that rag" and replace the Union flag. He was very angry, and having red hair and a very ruddy complexion, he appeared to me the reddest man I had ever seen.

It will not be disrespectful to this distinquished gentlemen to digress a little here to give you a story which Gen'l Fitz Lee, now governor of Vir-

ginia, recently told me concerning Gov. Letcher: The Pamunkey tribe of Indians in King William county, bring the governor, their "great father," every year, a tribute of a wild turkey and a deer. On a certain occasion an Indian from a distance came to see the governor and brought an interpreter. Said the Indian, "Vuvul, vuvul, vuvul." Interpreter: "He say he come from way down yonder." The Indian again: "Vuvul, vuvul, vuvul, vee." Interpreter: "He say he come from way down on the Rio Grande to see his old bald-headed, red-headed daddee."

The fall of Fort Sumter was followed, in a few days, by the call of President Lincoln for Virginia's quota of the 75,000 troops called out by him as chief executive to avenge the indignity to the United States flag and coerce the cotton states. Gov. Letcher promptly declined to furnish troops for such a purpose and Virginia seceded. John S. Carlish and other prominent Union men fled to their homes and the whole state was in intense excitement.

Rumors were rife, and on a quiet Sunday the report reached Richmond that the United States gunboat Pawnee was coming up James river to capture the city. The people, old and young, hurried to Rockets, the lower part of the city, to meet and repel the invasion. The excited concourse was armed with every description of weapon, from the guns of the Fayette artillery, fowling pieces and pistols to sticks and stones. The hills overlooking the wharves were lined with people, all anxious for the fray and sure of their prowess. But the gun-boat did not come. So ended the "Pawnee war." Enlistment proceeded rapidly and camps of instruction were opened. As fast as regiments could be formed, they were marched to Manassas or western Virginia.

Mr. John H. Worsham, a gallant and wounded member of Company F, 1st Regiment, furnishes the following description of the outfit of a Confederate soldier in those days, when we knew so little of real war.

"Each man, besides his equipment of gun, &c., had a pistol and bowie knife. a knapsack, canteen, tea cup, haversack, &c. In our knapsack we carried our fatigue jacket, one or two blankets, an oil cloth, several pairs of white gloves, several suits of underclothing, collars, neckties, handkerchiefs, &c. Each mess purchased a mess chest. Ours was of oak, large and commodious, having several trays. We had in it a dozen knives and forks, two or three butcher knives, a dozen large and a dozen small spoons, several kitchen spoons, a dozen tea cups and saucers, a dozen plates, several dishes and bowls, a sugar dish, a cream pitcher, salt and pepper cruets, a tin box containing a dozen boxes of assorted spices, a dozen glasses, a sifter, a coffee tin, &c. We had also a frying pan, a coffee pot, a camp kettle, a tea pot and a bread oven that was subsequently dubbed 'the spider.' Our uniforms were of the finest quality of cadet cloth and gold lace."

The popular war songs were "Dixie," "My Maryland." "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "Farewell forever

to the Star-Spangled Banner," and "When this Cruel War is Over." How great the change as the "cruel war" dragged along! All the soldier's sumptuous outfit had been lost, the soldiers were often ragged, without shoes, hungry and glad of a single blanket as baggage. As an illustration of the contrast, I will sing one of the later songs and ask you, comrades, to join in the chorus. Some of you remember the sweet ballad, "Annie of the Vale," so popular in the camps. Some soldier, feeling keenly the pinching hardships of the waning season of winter quarters, produced a parody which we sang to the tune of "Annie of the Vale." Join me, at least, in the chorus:

"I'm alone in my shanty,
My rations are scanty,
For grits are now the order of the day.
The young reb is sighing
For his sweetheart, who is dying,
And wonders if this cruel war will pay.

"CHORUS.

"Come! come! come rain, come!
Come flow to the tops of my boots.
Oh! come and I'll thank'ee
To keep back the Yankee
Until our ranks are filled up by recruits.

"The watch-dog is howling
And ragged rebs are prowling,
Around the house to steal some hens away,
But the night-cap in the window
Doth them a little hinder,
For she says she will report them to John K.
"Chorus: Come, &c.

"You may talk about your Annie,
But give me some hamie,
Some biscuits nicely buttered over too.
Some sweet-smoking Java,
How it makes my mouth saliva!
And I certainly wish I had some now, don't you?
"Chorus: Come, &c."

Now, comrades, I close this running talk and beg that you who feared no foe, endured hardships as good soldiers of your country, sacrificed every personal interest for your native land, many of you maimed and prematurely old, I beg that you will enlist under the peaceful banner of the Captain of our Salvation, who was made perfect through suffering, fight the good fight of faith, and come off conquerors and more than conquerors, through him that loved you and gave himself for you. It is pleasant to meet in this camp and talk over the dangers, sufferings and victories of the war, but it will be infinite happiness to gather around our King in glory, recount the events of our conflicts with sin, sing the song of victory through divine grace and rejoice in everlasting freedom and peace.

BATTLE-SCENE, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 14, 1862, AT CRAMPTON'S GAP, MD.

"Soon the men in blue are right at the fence, dropping on their knees and firing at our men retreating up the mountain, the muzzles of their guns close to our heads. I frequently called to them, 'Take care!' 'Take care!!' 'Wounded men!' 'Wounded men!!' 'Don't shoot!' 'Don't shoot!!' Of this they took no notice until I placed upon a ramrod the white handkerchief you had tied around your leg and told them that we surrendered." P. 29.

THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN OF 1862.

A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCES ON A NINE WEEKS' TRIP—AUGUST 17TH TO OCTOBER 19TH, 1862.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MR. GEORGE S. BERNARD BEFORE A. P. HILL CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, OF PETERSBURG, VA., ON THE EVENING OF MAY 2ND, 1889.

COMRADES:

In the month of August, 1862, the Army of Northern Virginia, under command of Gen. R. E. Lee, turned its face northward on its Maryland campaign. The command to which I belonged, the 12th Virginia regiment, Gen. William Mahone's brigade, was a part of this army, and on Sunday, August the 17th, 1862, broke camp near Drury's Bluff, in the county of Chesterfield, Va., and striking into the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike marched to Manchester, crossed the James at this place, and, with colors flying and band playing, made its way through the streets of Richmond to the depot of the old Central railroad, where it boarded, with the other regiments of the brigade, a freight train for Louisa Court-House. On this expedition I went with my command as far as Crampton's Gap, in Frederick county, Md., taking with me a rifle, which I used at this place, on the afternoon of Sunday, September 14th, 1862, just four weeks after our departure from the camp near Drury's Bluff. A Federal bullet, on that Sabbath afternoon, preventing my making use of my legs, made me a prisoner and sent me back to Richmond, *via* Baltimore and Fortress Monroe, on crutches at the expense of the Federal government, about the 19th of October. The round trip, made in a little over sixty days, involved some varied experiences, and these it is proposed to narrate, with

the help of a diary kept during the march and a note book wherein, during the fall of 1865, and subsequent winter, when the events of the whole war were fresh in my mind, I wrote a full account of the campaign.

For this trip I was not well prepared, in that I had a very indifferent pair of shoes. The pertinency of reference to this matter of seemingly minor importance will appear later.

The freight train on which we left Richmond took us in due season to Louisa Court-House, and delivered its human freight some time between dark and midnight on the night of August the 17th. The line formed and its arms stacked along the road about the depot at this place, the men were soon asleep, soldier-fashion, on the ground.

The following Tuesday morning our march is begun, and scoring about twenty miles northwardly, leaving Gordonsville to our left, about sunset of that day we halt and bivouac some three and a half miles south-east of Orange Court-House.

A comrade, Sydney Jones,[1] of whom I shall hereafter have occasion to make mention, and myself, determined to make a trip to the residence of my father, then living about four and a half miles south-west from Orange Court-House. Obtaining the necessary permission to make the trip, although we had marched twenty miles that day, we start out on foot to Orange Court-House, borrow there a couple of horses, ride to my father's, four and a half miles distant, find the family all retired and wake them up, all being surprised as well as delighted to see us. We inform them that we are hungry. In short order the cook is set to work, and very soon we are invited in to supper. Hot biscuit, excellent wheat coffee (a Confederate production), rich milk, a piece of cold lamb, a ham of bacon—all of the best kind, and all in abundance—meet the gaze of two youths whose appetites had been sharpened by a march and walk of twenty-four and a half miles, and the subsequent horse-back ride. To simply say that we enjoyed this meal does not properly state the case. As we ate, the whole family sat around our table, delighted to have us there, and to see us enjoy ourselves so much, and in as high spirits as if we were going on a frolic, instead of an expedition of war, we were supremely happy as we sat at that table and ate that sumptuous supper. Bidding all adieu, we rode back to our bivouac, turned our horses over to the two negro boys who had ridden behind us, and had a respectable night's rest before we were awakened for the morning march.

From the diary, or journal, and my note book already referred to, I shall draw liberally—from the one as a contemporaneous record, from the other as a nearly contemporaneous record, of what is therein narrated. From the latter I take the following account of the next day's march:

1. Sydney O. Jones, of Petersburg, Va.

"Wednesday, August 20. Before 7 o'clock A. M. we were in motion, and marching leisurely, before sunset are bivouacked within one and a half miles of Sommerville's Ford on the Rapidan, having marched about ten miles. On the road my father, with Marion, his dining-room servant, mounted on another horse, bearing a huge market-basket and a large demijohn, rides up, while we are halted under the shade of a tree. It is but a few minutes before we learn that the market-basket contained ham, lamb and other meats, and that the demijohn contained, not wine, but that which the soldier likes better, *butter-milk*. It was really a pleasure to see how the boys enjoyed the treat. All were suffering from hunger."

From the note book I take the following narrative of the marches and incidents of the next two days:

"Thursday, August 21. After midday we get in motion, and about 2 P. M. are fording the Rapidan. At midnight we are halted at the village of Stevensburg, which is about seven miles east of Culpeper Court-House. Along our march of about ten miles from the river to the village we did not cross even a spring branch—if my memory is not at fault. The country over which we marched was almost a barren waste and very dry. When we reached Stevensburg we were parched with thirst. Before we file off into a field to bivouac for the night, large bodies of troops pass us, moving forward.

"Friday, August 22. We find that there is a general halt of the army about this place. We hear that the enemy have been encountered the day before somewhere to the east of us, but have retired. A spy is caught and hung. Ben Hatcher,[2] of Co. E, gets the poor fellow's pants. Jim Nash[3] and myself set out for Culpeper Court-House, where I have an uncle living, I assuring Jim, if we ever get there, we will get a plenty to eat at my uncle's house and be taken back in his carriage. We start across the country, leaving the regular road, our object being to save distance and at the same time to make the best of the trip, begging and buying on the way. The people at whose houses we stop all tell us the same story—the Yankees had nearly ruined them, and had left them scarcely enough to eat—they would willingly give or sell, if they had it, &c., &c. One old widow lady, however, modestly tells us, if we will put up with her 'little morsel,' she will gladly give us something to eat. We accept the invitation and partake of the old lady's 'little morsel,' which proves to be a very respectable dinner, for which we paid her.

"Leaving this place, we continue our journey towards Culpeper Court-House, but when we were about two miles of the place, the evening is so far advanced that we conclude it is best to return to our command. Reaching Stevensburg, we find our brigade has just moved off in the direction of Brandy Station. We soon overtake it, very much wearied by our trip. I quote from the journal: 'Friday, August 22. Left Stevensburg about 4 P. M., and after a rainy, disagreeable march, crossing the Orange & Alexandria railroad at Brandy Station, reached this place, about four miles distant from Stevensburg, about midnight. A large number of men from the regiment straggled. Large encampments of stragglers along the road.' The above was written whilst we were bivouacked in Wellford's woods in Culpeper county, a few miles north

2. Ben Hatcher, of Petersburg, Va.

3. James E. Nash, of Newberne, N. C.

of Brandy Station. The march described was indeed wearisome—the roads being in a very bad condition from the rains. Every mile numbers of our men dropped out of the ranks, to halt on the roadside and overtake the command the next morning. As we marched along we saw scores of those who had thus dropped out camped near the road in squads of two or three around blazing fires. In those days the discipline which prevailed subsequently was wanting. Such offenders had little to fear. As we reached the woods in which the brigade finally halted, we saw so many fires and so many men around them our hearts were cheered with the hope that we had at last reached an encampment of troops, and that we ourselves would soon halt and go into bivouac. As we passed, some men in our line enquired, 'What brigade, boys?' 'General Straggler's brigade,' was the humorous reply.

"After passing these fellows, several of my company, including myself, determined to halt. We were perfectly exhausted and felt physically unable to march any longer. We stop a few feet from the road and unrolling our blankets fix ourselves to spend the night, each man, however, feeling that our rest was somewhat 'illegal,' so to speak, and each man suggesting his own excuse. One fellow belonging to our party remarked that he had been a soldier in the Mexican war and *he* had never seen such marching, which declaration gives us some comfort. Next morning about sunrise we awake, and were soon in motion to overtake the brigade, but did not go a half mile before we found it in bivouac, and the men all asleep. As we passed along the sleeping brigade one of our party said he knew that was our brigade, as he recognized Col. ——'s horse. We were pleased to find the brigade had marched so short a distance after we left it."

In the journal the events of August 23rd, 1862, are recorded as follows:

"Saturday, August 23. Much artillery heard about two miles ahead of us. Brigade just received orders to march at a moment's warning, and the men are now (9 A. M.) with their accoutrements on. Men dismissed at 10 A. M. Long roll again about 8 P. M."

In the note book wherein is reproduced this entry, next after it is added the following:

"'The long roll' mentioned in my journal was beaten at a most inauspicious time. A heavy rain having fallen during the afternoon, we had constructed little shelters of bushes, oil cloths, &c., and as we sat around our brightly blazing fires about the hour mentioned our anticipations were indeed pleasant — rendered more so by the loss of sleep occasioned by the wearisome march of the previous night. Our feelings at the prospect of another night's march can be better imagined than described."

The next day's entry in the journal is as follows:

"Sunday, August 24. Left camp at about 10 P. M., and after a most tedious march of about 8 miles over muddy roads and fording two forks of the Rappahannock, reached this point (2 miles from Warrenton Springs), about 8 this morning, having marched all night. Artillery duel now (2:30 P. M.) going on between our forces on this side of the Rappahannock and those of the enemy on the other side. Firing very heavy this morning. We are now up with Jackson's forces."

In the note book is the following paragraph descriptive of this march:

"The march above spoken of was one of the most tedious of the campaign, 'though comparatively short. It seemed nearer twenty miles than eight in length. The roads over which we passed were almost impassable from recent rains, the fording of two streams tending to fatigue. There was something of novelty about the fording of the first of the two streams crossed. When the head of our column reached it, we found large fires of lightwood brightly burning on the opposite banks, which fully illumined the stream at the ford, and gave a weird appearance to the scene. The stately oaks skirting the road and the banks of the stream, the column of troops straggling along the road, the horses and men splashing through the water—all contributed to furnish material for a painter."

"We are now at the Rappahannock river," proceeds the note book, "within a few miles of Warrenton Springs, which are on the other side of the stream. We are at a little village called Jeffersonton. Our men were badly off for rations. A part of our regiment actually plunder the commissary stores—hard tack—designed for a regiment of Georgians. We remain all Sunday and Sunday night at the position occupied upon halting."

I think I caught a glimpse of Stonewall Jackson here. I at least saw an ungainly looking figure on horse-back passing along the road some fifty yards distant, with a rusty looking coat and shabby military cap, whom some one pointed out as Stonewall Jackson, and I have always believed to have been that distinguished general.

Omitting the entries in journal and note book covering the next four days, during which we do a tour of picket duty near the Rappahannock, are within reach of the enemy's shells, march through the villages of Amissville and Salem, find at and near the latter place "quantities of honey, milk and butter" on which "the men luxuriate," and somewhat recuperate from the hard marching and scant food of the previous week or ten days when green corn ("roasting ears") was our chief diet, good as far as it went, but not altogether as satisfying to the inner man as the regulation rations, I pass on to the march on the evening and night preceding the great battle of Second Manassas, fought on the 30th of August, 1862.

I take the following from the note book:

"About noon of the next day, Friday, August 29th, we were again in motion, our direction being towards Manassas. The country through which our line of march lay was beautiful, the many hills over which we passed furnishing the most magnificent views of the mountainous country which surrounded us. At dark we were passing through Thoroughfare Gap. There had been recent fighting there. A dead man is seen lying near the railroad, upon the track of which we march through the Gap. Having reached the eastern side of the mountain at this point, we are filed off into a rocky field on the slope of the mountain, there we hope to rest until morning, although the character of

the soil reminds us that we will have by no means 'beds of down.' Yet, wearied as we are, we are content with even such a place as this.

"But no such good fortune is in store for us. The regiment halts and stacks arms, when Col. Weisiger, riding near the line of men, settles the question as to our resting for the night by the following order: 'Men, you will be dismissed for the space of two hours, at the expiration of which time the line of march will be resumed.'* We immediately get to sleep and awake at the end of the two hours much refreshed, but dreading the resuming of the line of march. We are soldiers, however, and have no alternative but to obey.

"Soon we are pushing on towards Manassas. We march very rapidly. Our officers seem to be forcing us. How fatiguing the march! The night is warm and water along the road very scarce. We are halted seldom and the rests are short."

An incident occurred on this night march that I have often recalled: My shoes had begun to give out, and I had to fasten the soles to the upper leathers by making holes through each and tying them together with leather shoe-strings passed through these holes, a device that did not serve to prevent gravel and sand from freely entering the shoes to my great discomfort, impeding my marching and compelling me at times to fall behind the line. On one of these occasions I fell in with a young member of my company, a beardless boy, James W. Wyche, of Greensville county, Va., who, like myself, from some cause, had gotten behind the command, and also like myself was making the best time he could to move on and overtake the regiment. In the dim star-light I noticed that there was an unusual seriousness of expression on his gentle and boyish countenance as we hurried forward. He looked as if something was weighing upon his mind and that it was impelling him forward. I did not inquire the cause of his seriousness, nor did I know what it was. This was his last night on earth. Between sunset and dark the following evening, as he lay in the line of battle a few feet from me, I saw the last spasmodic twitch of his hands as his life-blood ran from a fatal bullet wound received a few moments before the close of the engagement. I subsequently learned that he had gone into the battle with a presentiment that he would be killed, and that he so informed one or more of his comrades.

I doubt not that it was this presentiment that was weighing upon the poor fellow as we were together on the road as above mentioned.

A little before daylight Saturday morning, August 30th, the marching column is halted, the men almost completely exhausted. When we halt, the line is very near the enemy, and far in advance of the place it was intended we should stop. After

*Comrade John R. Turner, of Petersburg, Va., says: "I remember hearing Maj. John P. May, of our regiment (the 12th Va.), make a short address to the men at this place, in which he told us it was necessary for us to continue the march, possibly through the night. It was necessary for us to overtake Longstreet, he said, as he (Longstreet) would need us the next day, and he (Maj. May) hoped that not a man would leave his place in ranks or falter."

the arms have been stacked and the discovery made that we have been carried too far to the front, we take arms and are marched some distance backward, and again halting and stacking arms are soon asleep. We get two or three hours of sleep, but are so jaded that this scarcely refreshes us. We are now on the battle-field of the first battle of Manassas—a field destined before the sun should set to witness another conflict of arms.

I will let the note book, in the main, furnish an account of the battle:

"It is not my intention to attempt anything like a description of this great battle. But I cannot pass it with the brief notice I find in my journal. By 8 or 9 A. M. we find our division (Anderson's) in line of battle upon a commanding hill. Our line stretches perpendicularly across the turnpike. Some artillery is on the other side of the road—some 400 yards to our left. Soon the skirmishers in a body of woods half a mile or more to our front commence work. Then the artillery commences exchanging shots with the enemy at long range. We see the shot of the latter strike the earth near our artillery. Gen. Lee makes his headquarters in a cluster of trees less than fifty yards in rear of our regiment. Staff officers and couriers are constantly riding up and leaving. Prominent generals are there in consultation with Gen. Lee. Jackson and Longstreet are there."

I have often regretted that I did not more particularly note this historic group of distinguished officers. They had assembled whilst I and many others lay stretched on the green sward fast asleep, making up the losses of the previous night, and when I first learned of their presence, I was so drowsy that I felt very indifferent to their presence and would hardly have exchanged the privilege of continuing my nap for the sight of all the distinguished men of the world. Yet I did arouse myself in time to see the assemblage a short distance to the left of where we lay, and to note its importance and watch for a while its proceedings.

Let the note book continue to furnish an account of the battle:

"In the distance to our front and right—seemingly a mile and a half away—in the afternoon, a large cloud of dust is noticed, as if the enemy were moving heavy bodies of troops to our right. Gen. Lee is heard to remark, as he watched their movement, 'Those people must be driven back.' It is not long before our command is called to 'attention' and we are marched back to the rear. Soon we find our column marching along the turnpike, it is said, on our way to the *commissary wagons*. To get rations, we afterward learn, was the purpose of our rearward movement. We halt in a body of woods, and having stacked arms are about to be dismissed. An order reaches us. We take arms and are ordered to 'load at will.' Something more serious than partaking of rations is at hand.* In ten minutes' time we

*A correspondent of the Norfolk (Va.) *Ledger*, a private soldier in Mahone's brigade, Mr. Theodorick Bland Ruffin, of Norfolk, Va., a member of Co. K, 12th Va. regiment, giving his recollections of this battle, in a letter published in that journal August 20, 1877, says:

"The men, utterly broken down by hunger, thirst and fatigue, threw themselves upon the ground, and slept heavily. As the

are moving in an open field about to take position in line of battle. The battle has opened in our front and is raging terrifically. The musketry is one incessant rattle, relieved only by the rapid discharges of artillery. The whole line from right to left seems engaged."†

Having taken our position in line of battle within the range of the enemy's shells, and hearing ahead of us the roar of the battle, the men are ordered to unsling knapsacks, and are at once moved forward.

"We unsling knapsacks about 4 o'clock and advance towards the scene of action, the infantry action having begun half an hour before,' is the entry in the diary. "The line of battle in our front seems to be pushing the enemy," is the statement in the note book. We are now on the left of the turnpike, the whole command being halted once or twice to dress and straighten the line. We are taken from the left to the right of the turnpike and again halted for the purpose of making the allignment. We are now in an open field where there is wheat-stubble and a rank growth of briers. The enemy's shells are constantly passing over our heads. The guides of the sev-

morning passed on, a council of war was held but a few yards in the rear of the brigade, at which Gen. Lee was attended by his faithful and trusted lieutenants, Gens. Jackson, Longstreet and Stuart, the scene forming an ineffacable picture upon the memories of all who witnessed it. At its conclusion, Gen. Lee summoned our commander, and said to him, as nearly as we can remember, 'Gen. Anderson, take your men to the woods yonder and refresh them; I may not need you, but these people must be driven back.' The men were accordingly marched to the point indicated, but scarcely had the ranks been broken and a few supplied with food than they were reformed and pushed forward to a needed point."

Mr. W. W. Tayleure, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was first sergeant of the Petersburg Riflemen (Co. E, 12th Va. regiment, Mahone's brigade, which brigade, it should be here stated, was a part of Gen. R. H. Anderson's division), in an interview with an attache of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, published in the issue of that journal of Sunday, November 30, 1890, referring to this council of war, said:

"I happened to be as close to our commander, General Anderson, as I am to you, when he greeted Gen. Lee. He was on an eminence and Stonewall Jackson was near by. Jackson was sitting on the edge of a rock, with his face in his hands, evidently pondering some problem. Lee said to Anderson:

" 'Well, General, I suppose your men are a little tired?'

" 'Yes, they are a little tired, but I have great confidence in them,' was Anderson's reply.

" 'Give them all the rest you can; we will need them soon,' said Lee.

* * * * * * *

"Anderson gave us all the rest he could and all the rations he could—none at all. Just at that moment a courier rode up and spoke to Lee. What intelligence he conveyed I do not know, but we saw Lee take his field glasses and look off into the distance. When he took the glasses from his eyes he turned to Longstreet, saying:

" 'These people must be driven back.' "

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†Comrade L. L. Marks, of Petersburg, Va., who was captain of Company C, of the 12th Va., says: "When we stacked arms to get rations, the trays of bread were in sight, in front of each company, and were very tantalizing to us as hungry as we were, but we left without touching them. At the place at which we unsiung knapsacks and formed the line of battle to the left of the turnpike, we were immediately (less than fifty yards) in rear of Grimes' battery, which we understood was drawing the fire of the batteries of the enemy, numbering thirty pieces. We moved forward to charge these guns of the enemy, and after going some little distance came to a point at which were Gens. Lee and Anderson. Gen. Longstreet rode up and asked that his men be relieved, as they were exausted in the pursuit of the enemy on his front. We were then marched across the turnpike, very much to our relief, as we had understood that we were to have charged the enemy's batteries referred to."

eral regiments are being posted for the purpose of making the allignment. Here occurred an amusing incident: An excited staff officer, or courier, rides up and with a voice audible all down the brigade line, says: "Hurry up, men! Hurry up! We have captured —— pieces of artillery and —— thousand prisoners." Mentioning the number of pieces of artillery and the number of prisoners taken—both extravagantly large—he repeats these words, riding along down the line, I think also waving his hat. We are all very much cheered up, but rather think that, if all those guns and all those prisoners have in fact been captured, our forward movement was not so necessary. At any rate the fellow brought good news from the front, and we were inspirited accordingly. Certain it is, that some of those guides were visibly affected by the good news, as they paid more attention to the bearer of this news than to their then duty to properly hold up their guns and align themselves. Gen. Mahone, seeing that the important work of reforming the line of battle, which had been very much broken in passing through the wheat-stubble and briers above referred to, was being seriously interfered with and delayed by the guides (to say nothing of the men) giving so much attention to our enthusiastic friend from the front, and manifestly very much annoyed at this, shrieks out, "Make that d—d fool get out of the way," whereupon the bearer of the good news moves off, and our line being properly straightened we promptly moved forward.‡

I may here mention that whenever we made these halts, generally my first act was to stoop down and tie up those dilapidated shoes of mine, and when we moved forward as above mentioned I thought the end of my service on that day had come. A step into a cluster of briers resulted in one shoe being nearly wrenched from my foot, but it was easily replaced and I had no further trouble with it during the evening.

Let the narrative in the note book be here resumed:

"Soon we strike the scene of conflict. As we emerge from a body of woods, our eyes are met by the sight of scores of dead and wounded Federal Zouaves, whose blood-red pants mark them out conspicuously wherever they lay on the sloping field and little meadow before us. Over these we rush at a double-quick and on the opposite hill we see a battery of artillery which our men have just captured. The pieces are still pointed towards us, but around them are strewn numbers of the enemy, dead and wounded. At one of the pieces, as our line passes between them, we

‡Referring to this incident, Comrade Turner says: "I well remember that, whilst we were having our color-bearers and general guides out aligning the brigade, some mounted staff-officer came dashing from the direction of the place at which Hood's Texas brigade played such havoc with the Federal Zouaves, and, seemingly regardless of Gen. Mahone, dashed along down the line and at the top of his voice cried out, 'Hurry up, boys! We have them on the run! If you will just hurry up, we will get our independence to-day!' Gen. Mahone, not appreciating the interruption, shouted, 'Tell that crazy fool to get out of the way, and you listen to me.' These were about Gen. Mahone's words, as well as I remember them."

see what can never be effaced from our memory—a pile of artillery horses, all harnessed together, shot down manifestly just as they were in the act of moving a gun, one or more apparently dead, the others living, but bleeding profusely and writhing in apparent agony, the sight presenting a horrible spectacle of war."

I recall here a wounded Federal soldier sitting on the ground with his face turned towards us as we approached these guns. His countenance was bright and wore a smile. The poor fellow was doubtless congratulating himself that he had not been more seriously hurt, and that his chance of receiving another wound would be lessened when, our line passing beyond him, he would thereby be left in the rear.

"As we gain the eminence upon which were these captured guns," continues the note book, "we have for a few minutes a commanding view of the field over which the conflict has just raged—over which the retreating and pursuing combatants have just passed. Hundreds of prostrate Federal soldiers, dead and wounded, make the field look blue wherever the eye is directed. Our column, continuing to double-quick and obliquing to the right, pushes rapidly forward until about sunset we are almost on the left flank of the enemy. One of their pieces of artillery now not four hundred yards to our left and front, fires almost enfilading shots down our line.

At one discharge of this gun I saw the blaze leap from its mouth. About this time Gen. Mahone was wounded and the command of the brigade devolved upon Col. D. A. Weisiger, of our regiment. We are now very near the enemy. Just in front of us is a burning rail-fence, and in the woods to the right of the piece of artillery above mentioned and to our left and front some of our troops are hotly engaged. We cross the burning fence and public road near by, and swing around to our left, enter a body of woods and are at once brought face to face with the enemy, not seventy-five yards distant.§ "They pour a deadly fire upon us, which we receive lying down on the slope of the hill," says the note book. "Their fire is returned by our men, but not vigorously. We seem to be waiting as if for orders to move forward. The firing lasts about fifteen minutes, during which time sad havoc is made among our men. In our regiment we lose, *killed*, Major John P. May,[1] Color-bearer Nicholas,[2] Private James Williamson,[3] Co. A. Private Harris,[4] Co. C. Private Myers, Co. G. Private James W. Wyche, Co. I, and one or two others; *wounded*, Col. Weisiger,[5] Capt. Marks,[6] Co. C. Capt. Owens,[7] Co. H. Capt. Lewellen,[8] Co. K. Lieut. James May, Co. H. Private Beneret,[9] Co. B. Private Thweatt,[10] Co. A. Private Alexander

§ [illegible] Marks, who when wounded was [illegible] says that [illegible] the troops which engaged us at this point were fresh troops, [illegible] from the [illegible]

[illegible]

Lee,[11] Co. A, Private Thaddeus Branch,[12] Co. E, Privates Westwood A. Todd[13] and Jno. R. Turner,[14] Co. E, Private Woodruff[15] of Co. F, and Private E. G. Jolly[16] of Co. I, besides others whose names are not now remembered.

"Adjutant William E. Cameron[17] was severely wounded before we reached the hottest of the fight. Private E. L. Lifsey[18] of Co. I, was also wounded before reaching the point where we were so hotly received.¶

"The firing over, it being now nearly dark, we grope our way back to the rear in squads, all organization in our regiment having been for the time destroyed. As we passed over the field—the dim outlines of corpses meeting the eye at every turn—we are surprised at the great distance traversed. It seemed fully *five* miles from the point at which we unslung knapsacks and pushed forward into the fight. About nine o'clock we reach our commissary wagons, where rations are dealt out to us, almost too wearied to eat them.

"Next morning the scattered fragments of our brigade are collected together under command of Lieut.-Col. Joseph P. Minetree,[19] of the 41st Virginia, the small detachment composing the 12th being under the command of Lieut. J. R. Manson,[20] of Co. I. We march a short distance to a different portion of the battle-field, where we are halted and stack arms."

To the foregoing there is much to be added still fresh in memory.

When the firing in the woods last above described ceased—and it ceased on both sides about the same time—immediately to my left were Private Jolly with a broken arm, and young Wyche a bleeding corpse. Being in the woods, and twilight having come on, I could see the men in our line to my right and left only for a few feet, and was not aware of the extent of our casualties, which were unusully severe, the regimental loss being ten killed and sixty-five wounded, and embracing a large proportion of our regimental and company officers.

I have often recalled the incidents of the tramp across the battle-field to the commissary wagons and of the next morning. Still delightfully remembered are a young friend's cordial grasp of my hand and his words of hearty congratulation at my escape unhurt through the perils of the terrible ordeal through which we had just passed. This was as we were making our way back towards the wagons, one of the enemy's guns still firing parting shots, which raked the field over which we were passing.

"Is that you, —? God bless you, old fellow, I am so glad to see you have come through all right." These

11. Alexander Lee, of Petersburg, Va.
12. Thaddeus Branch, of Dinwiddie county, Va.
13. Westwood A. Todd, of Norfolk, Va.
14. John R. Turner, of Petersburg, Va.
15. L. H. Woodruff, of Hicksford, Va.
16. E. G. Jolly, of Brunswick county, Va.
17. Ex-Gov. Wm. E. Cameron, of Virginia.
18. E. L. Lifsey, of Greensville county, Va.
19. Col. Jos. P. Minetree, of Petersburg, Va.

¶ In Company G (Richmond Grays) there were wounded Privates A. K. Crump, James Graeme, James Hollingsworth, Geo. W. Hill, Robert Heth and Thomas B. Williams and Sergeant R. Bolling Pickett. Color-bearer Nicholas and Private Marx Myers were the only members of the company killed in the battle of Second Manassas.—*Statement of Mr. John E. Laughton, Jr., of Richmond, Va., a member of the company and subsequently first lieutenant of Co. D of the 12th Va.*

20. Capt. J. Rich'd Manson, of Brunswick Co., Va.

and other like expressions were to be heard as comrades met, and recognizing each other in the darkness, shook hands as if they had long been separated, each rejoiced to find the other had survived the fierce conflict just over.

The next morning it was my purpose to provide myself with a pair of shoes from some dead Federal soldier, but upon inquiring I soon discovered that I ought to have set about this at a much earlier hour, as there had been during the night and early morning a very general removing of shoes, not only from the Federal dead, but also from many of the dead Confederates. So I abandoned all hope of getting a pair until, on my way, with a party of my regiment, from the wagons to the place of rendezvous, we came to a dead Confederate lying near the roadway, on whose feet were a pair of good shoes. Noticing this, one of our party, pointing to the dead man, said to me, "*There* is a pair of shoes that will fit you." I went to this poor fellow's feet, untied one of his shoes and began to pull it off. This was, of course, not easy work, and whilst engaged at it I suddenly fully realized what I was doing—taking a dead man's shoes, and these the shoes of a dead Confederate! I at once stopped, and swore I would go bare-footed before I would do an act which was so repugnant to my feelings. My comrades rather ridiculed my squeamishness, but I felt better at having let the dead Confederate retain his shoes. My feet might suffer, but my conscience would not.

Soon after the re-assembling of our command and its taking its position on the battle-field in bivouac, I was quietly resting near the line of stacked guns when Nat Osborne[21] of the 12th, a personal friend, having heard of my being in want of a pair of shoes, came up with a pair of neat looking boots and kindly tendered me their use. How Nat came by them I do not know, nor have I ever enquired. Gentleman then, as gentleman he has always been, I am satisfied that he did not himself take them from the body of a dead man. He would have shrunk, as I did, from any such act. Nevertheless, I have no doubt but that those boots were taken from the rigid feet of some poor fellow, Federal or Confederate, who had yielded his life on that field.

I accepted the tender of the boots, thanking Nat for his kindness, and asked him what I should do with them when I should get another pair of shoes. "You can return them to me," was his reply.

In a little while I had cast away my old shoes and donned the boots, and many were the congratulations I received at my good fortune in securing them. The next morning the order to march came. I stepped off bravely with my new boots, and for the first half mile felt no inconvenience from them. But we soon came to some hill-sides, and then I began to find that the boots were as un-

21. Capt. N. M. Osborne of Norfolk, Va.

yielding as if made of cast iron, and soon became convinced that to wear them would be more painful than to march bare-footed. I accordingly doffed the boots, and struck out with my naked feet. I would have thrown the boots away, but they were not mine—I had promised their owner to return them when I ceased to use them. Besides this, I was not without hope that I might yet break them. So, tying them together with a string, I swung them from the end of my blanket-roll, and, occasionally changing their position, attached them to the end of my rifle, and thus made my way mile after mile over the turnpikes almost all the way from Manassas to the Monocacy Junction near Frederick city, Maryland. At night, however, the weather being cool, I had to wear the boots to keep my feet warm, and when we forded the Potomac at Edwards' Ford I wore them as a protection against the sharp-edged pieces of stone I feared my bare feet might encounter at the bottom of the river. Walking over such obstructions on the turnpikes was bad enough—doing the same thing with the obstructions under water might be worse.

The march of the afternoon and night after crossing the Potomac, on Saturday, September 6th, although comparatively short, was exceedingly tiresome. When night came on the men began to get weary, and hoped that we would halt for the night. But we were doomed to disappointment. The experiences of this night, a few years ago, I wrote out in an interleaved copy of Carlton McCarthy's "Detailed Minutiæ of a Soldier's Life in the Army of Northern Virginia," and what there appears may be properly here reproduced:

"But this was not the only occasion that I remember having taken the law in my own hands in company with some very good soldiers and spent the night in quarters not selected by our officers.

"The first night we got into Maryland, on the same campaign, it looked to a man in the ranks as if our officers supposed we were not ordinary flesh and blood. During the day we forded the Potomac near Leesburg, and about sunset another stream flowing into the Potomac, and night coming on we were pushed ahead, to go how far no one knew. All were tired, and anxiously looked ahead to see the head of the column filing off into some field or body of woods to bivouac for the night. But field after field, and woods after woods, would be reached and passed and still the march was kept up. When would it end? Would we march all night, as on a previous occasion? To a man sleepy and fatigued questions of this sort were constantly presenting themselves, and assuming the gravest importance; but no one could answer them, probably not even commanders of brigades—certainly not officers in command of companies. Finally on this memorable night, at what hour we did not know, but possibly towards ten or eleven o'clock, a party of four, consisting of Dick Davis,[22] Sydney Jones,[23] Billy Pucci[24] and myself, all of the same regiment, determined to halt for the night, and overtake our command the next morning.

22. Richard B. Davis, of Petersburg, Va.
23. Sydney O. Jones of Petersburg, Va.
24. Wm. F. Pucci, of Petersburg, Va.

Having thus settled for ourselves the length of that day's march, we found our way to a straw-rick some fifty yards to the left of the roadside, and taking off our baggage and accoutrements were soon reclining in comfort. In a few minutes, however, looking ahead of us, we saw what were unmistakable signs of the command halting for the night. Hundreds of small fires were being lighted and were illumining the sky in that direction. One of our number, pointing to these fires, said: 'Look yonder, boys! The command is going into camp! Suppose we get up and join them?' To which remark another of our party, Sydney Jones, I think, promptly replied: 'No, no; I would not move from this comfortable place, as tired as I am, if my great-grandmother were up there at those fires. I propose 'camping' here to-night.' So the proposition to go ahead was voted down, and we were all soon asleep."

It is but justice to make mention of my three comrades, who with me spent our first night in Maryland as above described. Dick Davis and Sydney Jones each served honorably through the war, with splendid records as soldiers. Sydney Jones died last fall, beloved and respected by all who knew him, and carried to his grave the scar of a wound received at the battle of Crampton's Gap. Dick Davis lives an honored member of the Virginia bar. He was twice wounded, first at Seven Pines, and again at the battle of the Crater. Poor Billy Pucci was killed at the battle of the Wilderness. I last saw him cold and stiff in death on that field, when a detail of men were preparing to bury him and others of our regiment killed in the action.

The next morning, bright and early, all of our party were awake and getting ready to move forward to overtake the brigade, which was easy work to all except myself. To me it was almost practically impossible. The march of the previous day had completely disabled me, and I at once saw that it was useless to attempt to reach my command until it halted for the day. So, with boots dangling alternately from blanket-roll and rifle, I made the best time I could with bare feet, taking the public roads along which our brigade was moving, and scoring about nine miles before I reached the command in bivouac just north of Monocacy Junction and near Frederick city.

I was not the only bare-footed man on this tramp by many hundred, and in this connection a strong paragraph from a vigorous Southern writer descriptive of the trials and tribulations of many of our army on the marches of this campaign may properly be here reproduced. Mr. E. A. Pollard, the editor of the *Examiner*, that historic fiery war-time Richmond journal, in his work, "The Southern History of the War," written during the war, referring to these marches, says:

"The route of the extraordinary marches of our troops presented, for long and weary miles, the touching pictures of the trials of war. Broken down soldiers (not all 'stragglers') lined the road. At night time they might be found asleep in every con-

ceivable attitude of discomfort—on fence rails and in fence corners—some half bent, others almost erect, in ditches and on steep hill-sides, some without blanket or overcoat. Daybreak found them drenched with dew, but strong in purpose; with half rations of bread and meat, ragged and bare-footed, they go cheerfully forward. No nobler spectacle was ever presented in history. These beardless youths and gray-haired men, who thus spent their nights like the beasts of the field, were the best men of the land—of all classes, trades and professions. The spectacle was such as to inspire the prayer that ascended from the sanctuaries of the South—that God might reward the devotion of these men to principle and justice by crowning their labors and sacrifices with that blessing which always bringeth peace."†

There was one thing, however, that cheered us all up, now that we were on the soil of Maryland—the sympathy of the people. "Find people along the road almost unanimously in favor of the South," is the entry made in my diary relative to the march on Sunday, September 7th.

My personal experiences on this day, embracing much suffering and great joy incident to relief therefrom, with a history of those *boots*, which now for a week I had so faithfully clung to in the manner described, are given in the note book in the following paragraphs:

"Thus impeded in my locomotion I was forced to straggle no litttle, and the day after I slept in the straw-stack of the Maryland farmer, I was unable to overtake the brigade until it had gone into camp, at the point at which my last entry left it, three miles from Frederick city, where I found it bivouacked in a wheat-field—two or three hundred yards from the road—to make my way over the sharp stubble of which was agony to my suffering feet. But I had gotten among the boys only a few moments, when my friend Jim Nash desired to know if I would like to have a *pair of shoes*. My reply and the joy at the delightful prospect of being once more *shod* may be imagined. Being assured that nothing would be more acceptable than a pair of shoes, Jim seized me in his arms and bore me across the stubble several yards to a tent. Presuming his intentions good, I did not object to the forcible abduction, and found myself at the tent of Capt. Sam Stevens,[25] our quarter-master, who delivered to me a handsome pair of shoes which fit exactly, and were nice enough (I thought) for a gentlemen to wear to a ball—the last pair of a lot he had that day purchased in Frederick city. No one who had not suffered as I had for several days past can appreciate my pleasure at the receipt of these shoes.

"But to the *boots*. I was no sooner supplied with the shoes, than sundry applications were made for my 'boots,' which I gave to my late fellow-straggler, Billy Pucci, who first spoke for them and from whom I

†Describing the condition of Mahone's brigade when it reached Sharpsburg, Comrade Jos. Edwin Spotswood, a member of Co. E, 12th Virginia regiment, who was wounded in the action of Sharpsburg, says: "Our brigade, under the command of Col. Parham, went into battle at Sharpsburg with only seventy men rank and file, of whom twenty-three belonged to the 12th Va. regiment and three—Privates U. Bruce Gwyn, Jas. E. Nash and myself—to Co. E (the Petersburg Riflemen). This was the result of the hard marching and fighting through which the brigade had been, and of much straggling due to so many being bare-footed."

25. Capt. Sam'l Stevens, of Petersburg, Va.

exacted the promise to take care of and return them to Nat Osborne. To follow their history, in a day or two Billy Pucci informed me that he had turned them over to Sydney Jones with instructions to take care of them and return them to Nat Osborne, a day or two after which I was again advised that they had changed hands, Sydney Jones having also found they were too rough for him; after which I heard no more from them until several weeks afterwards, when Sydney and myself met at my father's in Orange county, where we were both on furlough, recovering from wounds received at Crampton's Gap, when Sydney informed me that he had received a letter from Richmond from young Thom[26] of the Richmond Greys, who was wounded at the same fight, and who either had on the boots at the time or got possession of them afterwards, asking him what he (Thom) should do with his (Sydney's) boots, to which the latter replied, asking him 'for God's sake never to let him hear of those boots again—that they belonged to the regiment, and he (Thom) had about as much right to them as any one else.'"†

On Wednesday, the 10th, we are again in motion. Our movements on this and the next two days are given in the journal as follows:

"Wednesday, Sept. 10th. Did not move at all yesterday or day before. This is the longest stoppage since leaving camp at Falling Creek. Left to-day about 2 P. M. Marched three miles to the town of Frederick, which is quite a large place, containing probably 10,000 inhabitants. Sentiment of the people strongly Southern, to judge from the demonstrations made to us. Marched thence north-westerly in direction of Hagerstown, passing through the small village of Fair View and the town of Middletown, at which last place the people told us the last district vote was sixty *Union* to forty *State Rights*. The people here did not hesitate to declare themselves *Union*. Camped about one mile west of the place. Distance marched about twelve miles. Whole distance marched to date two hundred and ten miles."

"Thursday, Sept. 11th. Marched about four miles in direction of Harper's Ferry, marching behind wagon train and hence very slowly. Encamped about sundown, just east of the little village of Burkettsville. People about here largely Union. Harper's Ferry still in possession of the enemy. It is said we have them surrounded."

26. R. H. A. Thom, of Richmond, Va.

†A letter received from Capt. Osborne since this has been in type informs me that these boots were loaned to him by a friend on the battle-field of Second Manassas, who "had no further use for them." "They were," says Capt. O., "what are or were known as 'Blucher' boots, but, as I had no socks and as the boots were very stiff in their soles, I could not wear them."

Capt. Osborne's qualified ownership of the property accounts for his request for its return to him.

Like myself, Capt. O. was a sufferer after we left Manassas. Having provided himself with another pair of boots, which the condition of his feet prevented his wearing, he says: "I think I remember that owing to sore feet I carried the boots in my hand, and I was a straggler at Leesburg on account of the condition of my feet. At this place, as I made my way down the street along a line of Confederates standing at parade rest, one of them asked me what command I belonged to. With some pride I replied, 'Co. E, 12th Va. regiment, Mahone's brigade,' but was floored by the impudent fellow's response, 'Yes, d—n you, and you have got your boots in your hand ready to run now.'"

This sally of wit was a specimen brick thrown at our gallant friend, Capt. Osborne, and our command. No one, Gen. Lee and a few others excepted, escaped guying at the hands of the Confederate soldier whenever opportunity presented.

"Friday, Sept. 12th. Marched through the village of Burkettsville, crossed the Blue Ridge just beyond, and encamped half a mile south of the village of Brownsville—distance marched about five miles."

In the journal no other entries appear until the following:

"Monday, Oct. 6th, 1862. Frederick county, Md. I take up my pencil to write a brief summary of events since Friday, Sept. 12th, the date of my last entry. Brigade remained at camping ground near Brownsville all Saturday morning. Left about three in the afternoon for a pass in South Mountain, about a mile distant. Men went without knapsacks or blankets. Being quite sick, I did not go, and afterwards congratulated myself that I did not go, as I was very unwell after the regiment left. The 12th and 6th regiments returned to camp next morning about ten o'clock. The 41st was left at the pass, and the 16th went to guard another upon the Blue Ridge Mountains about half a mile north of that at which we crossed on Friday, coming over from Burkettsville. About three in the afternoon (Sunday, the 14th), the 12th and 6th were ordered to the pass at which the 16th was. We soon reached our destination (I now felt something better than I did in the morning, and accordingly left with my company). Reaching the pass, we were ordered down to the foot of the mountain on the Burkettsville side, the enemy being then about the village. Our artillery, stationed high up on the mountain-side, soon opened upon them. They advanced and the first three or four shots of the skirmishers had hardly been fired before the infantry action became general.

"After an hour's hard fighting, suffice it to say, we were outnumbered, outflanked, and driven pell-mell up the mountain. I was so unlucky as to receive a severe wound in my right leg, which prevented me from 'skedaddling,' and thus fell into the hands of the enemy. The loss on our side was considerable—700 prisoners, and, it is said, 300 or 400 killed. The seven hundred prisoners included those wounded men who fell into the hands of the enemy, which I judge was the fate of most of the wounded.* I feel very anxious to know the casualties of the 12th regiment. Thus far I only know of the following: Chas. Noble,[27] Co. B, and P. T. Walton,[28] Co. I, killed, Lieut.-Col. Taylor,[29] Lieut. John Patterson,[30] Co. E, Lieut. DeShiel,[31] Co. H, and Cadet Richard Christian,[32] wounded, and Right General Guide Wm. Smith,[33] Co. B, Phil. Brown,[34] Co. C, Wm. T. Morgan,[35] Co. E, Sod Booker,[36] Co. A, —— Lifsay, Co. B, Chas. Prichard,[37] Co. C, S. P. Branscomb,[38] J. J. Pearson[39] and myself, Co. I, wounded and prisoners—making in all

*Maj. Gen. W. B. Franklin, U. S. Army, commanding 6th army corps, whose division, commanded by Maj. Gen. H. W. Slocum, did the principal fighting in this engagement, in his official report of it, dated Sept. 30, 1862, says:

"Our total loss in killed and wounded is 530. Of these, 16 are officers, 5 of whom were killed. The total loss, killed, was 110; wounded, 420. The losses of the enemy are not accurately known. We buried 150 of their dead, and took charge of more than 300 of their wounded, who were left upon the field."

Brig. Gen. Howell Cobb, C. S. Army, whose command was brought into action after the Virginia troops commanded by Col. Wm. Allen Parham began their retreat up the mountain, in his official report, dated September 22, 1862, says:

"The whole number of troops engaged on our side did not exceed 2200, whilst the force of the enemy was variously estimated from 10,000 to 20,000 men. It could not have been less than 10,000, and probably reached 15,000.

"It is impossible for me to report the casualties, as the fate of only a few of the

two killed and thirteen wounded. My brother, Richard F. Bernard,[40] of the 13th Va. regiment, who went into the fight with our regiment, was also wounded. The casualties must have been greater.‖ Falling into the hands of the enemy as a prisoner, I met with the kindest treatment from them, and on the Wednesday following (Sept. 17th,) was so fortunate as to be invited to a private house (that of Mr. James Giddings), where I now am, having received every attention from him and his whole family. I hope to be able one week from to-day to start for Frederick to report for exchange.

"The citizens of this neighborhood being almost exclusively Southern in their sentiments, almost all of the wounded Southerners who were carried to hospitals at Burkettsville were invited to private houses. Not only this, but we have been kindly furnished everything we needed in the way of clothing."

The 6th, 16th and 41st regiments, whose movements are mentioned in this entry in the journal, are the 6th, 16th and 41st Virginia regiments of our brigade. In the note book is a detailed account of my own experiences in the battle referred to, together with a diagram. All of the events of that memorable Sunday evening, when I lay helpless within two feet of a hotly engaged Federal line of battle, and every instant expected a Confederate bullet to send me into the other world, are imbeded in my memory, never to be forgotten, but it is best that I reproduce the account in the note book descriptive of what happened, which is as follows:

[Here follows a diagram which is omitted.]

"The diagram above gives some idea of the positions of the combatants at the stubborn little fight of Crampton's Gap.

"The commanding officer who had the disposition of our forces on this occasion saw fit to place the 12th and 6th regiments in the positions indicated at the very foot of the mountain. A line of battle being formed behind a rail fence, we had scarcely taken our positions behind

large number missing is certainly known. Of the number that went into battle there are now missing and unaccounted for over 800. The larger portion of this number is believed to be prisoners, as we were flanked on both the right and the left by the enemy, and, thus surrounded, our men were compelled to surrender."

27. Chas. G. Noble, of Petersburg, Va.
28. P. T. Walton, of Greensville county, Va.
29. Lieut.-Col. Fielding L. Taylor of Gloucester county, Va.
30. Capt. John R. Patterson, of Petersburg, Va.
31. Chas. H. Dashields, of Norfolk, Va.
32. Richard H. Christian, of Richmond, Va.
33. Wm. C. Smith, of Nashville, Tenn.
34. Philip F. Brown, of Blue Ridge Springs, Va.
35. Wm. T. Morgan, of Baltimore, Md.
36. H. F. Booker, of Petersburg, Va.
37. Charles Prichard, of Petersburg, Va.
38. S. P. Branscomb, of Greensville county, Va.
39. J. J. Pearson, of Greensville county, Va.
40. Richard F. Bernard, of Orange county, Va.

The casualties in the Richmond Greys in the battle of Crampton's Gap were as follows: *Killed*, Privates Jno. E. Collier, Wm. C. Everett, Wm. O. Mills; *wounded*, Geo. H. James, E. Leslie Spence, R. H. A. Thom, John A. Turner and Jno. W. Williams.—*Statement of Mr. Jno. E. Laughton, Jr.*

‖Besides those already enumerated the casualties in the Maryland campaign in Co.'s E and I of the 12th regiment were the following: In Co. E, at Crampton's Gap, Private Ben Hatcher was killed, and Lieut. Jno. R. Patterson, Corp'l C. Edward Aiken and Privates Leroy S. Edwards, Wm. Henry Ellington and Frank R. Russell were wounded. Privates Wm. C. Johnson, Littleberry E. Stainback and Geo. W. Waite were captured. All were from Petersburg, Va. In Co. I, J. J. Taylor, of Greensville county, Va., was wounded in the battle of Second Manassas.

[See Appendix for casualties in other companies and regiments of Mahone's brigade.]

the fence, lying flat on our faces, before the guns of Grimes' battery, stationed near the point where the road passes through the Gap, begin to fire their shot and shell two or three hundred feet over our heads. Very soon our skirmishers are seen retiring across the ploughed ground in front of us, and they had no sooner reached the line of our fence, than pop—pop—pop—we hear the guns of three or four skirmishers, when, raising my head (the rail fence at the point where the right of our regiment was lying rested upon a layer of large stones† eight or ten inches in thickness, and thus sufficiently high to shelter a man lying flat on the ground, as we then were), I looked through the lower rails of the fence to the front, and to my surprise discovered that the enemy were behind the stone fence just across the ploughed ground, about 250 yards distant—a fact disclosed by the flashes of light and puffs of white smoke darting out from the muzzles of one, two, three, and then it seemed a hundred rifles, the blaze of the guns in a second's time running down the whole length of the enemy's line posted behind the wall. It is almost needless to mention that in an instant their bullets were whistling through the rails of our fence, falling in the ploughed ground short of us, and striking the trees, stumps, logs and rocks on the hill-side behind us. Our men at once vigorously returned the fire, which is kept up for nearly an hour by the combatants, posted as above mentioned.

"A few moments before the crisis of the battle arrived, whilst lying at my position near the right of our line, carelessly loading my rifle, I experienced a sudden pain in my right leg, just above the knee, as if some heavy substance had struck it with great force. At first it did not occur to me that it was a bullet that had created the unusual sensation, but glancing at the place injured, and discovering an ugly orifice from which the blood was streaming, I at once realized that I was wounded, and immedially proceeded to bind up the leg with my pocket-handkerchief, thinking thus to stop the flow of blood. Soon I remembered that I had a leather strap on my blanket-roll, lying near me, which would serve the purpose better. So I requested the man next on my left, (Branscomb, of Co. I), to stop firing and strap up my leg, which he did. I then lay as flat as was possible, and wondered how long the fight would last, thinking I would give the wealth of the Indies, if I had it, to be on the other side of the mountain, the constant whizzing of the bullets through and against the fence-rails, and against the timber and rocks on the side of the mountain reminding me unpleasantly that the enemy had not yet ceased to fire. Just at this point I heard a noise to my left where Branscomb was lying, and looking around to discov-

†Gen. Franklin, Gen. Slocum, and several of their brigade and regimental commanders, in their official reports, state that the Confederates were posted behind a "stone wall," but make no mention of the stone wall behind which the Federal line of battle was posted. There was a stone wall somewhere along the line of battle occupied by the 12th and 6th Virginia regiments, which two regiments alone (I am satisfied) constituted the whole force at the foot of the mountain, but certainly along the front of the right companies of the 12th Virginia regiment there was nothing behind which they fought that could properly be called a "stone wall." Along the road in which these companies lay, on the east side of it, was an old Virginia zig-zag worm fence, resting on a layer, or low foundation, of stones, so low that at the place where I was a man had to lie flat on the ground to get any protection. There were piles of stone in some of the fence corners.

er the cause, to my horror, saw that the fence and dry leaves were on fire, just about where Branscomb, who lay about two feet from me, fired his gun through the rails, and Branscomb and the man next on his left were trying to extinguish it. I knew now that the crisis, for us at least, was at hand. The enemy would direct their shots at this point particularly. A severe wound received by poor Branscomb while trying to extinguish the fire served to confirm my apprehension. I at once began to drag myself—my then only means of locomotion—towards Coleman* of Co. D, the man lying next on my right, who, seeing me wounded and thus approaching him, begged me for 'God's sake not to come towards him,' urging as a reason that I 'would certainly be killed,' that 'the bullets were all coming there'—which advice I took, and dragged myself in the other direction, going to the left of Branscomb where the stones upon which the rails lay were somewhat higher, and behind which I felt comparatively secure. The firing now on both sides had slackened. The lifeless body of young Walton of our company, shot in the forehead, and lying immediately to the left of the new position I now occupied, however, reminded me that it was not entirely safe.

"The firing now seemed to have entirely ceased, when one of our men exclaimed,'Look yonder, boys! They are coming across the field!' Immediately upon which the command ran down our line, 'Fix bayonets, men! Fix bayonets!!' followed in a few seconds by another, 'Fall back, men! Fall back!!' when there was a general grabbing up of guns, blankets, knapsacks, canteens, &c., and a backward movement. My own condition just now can be better imagined than described. I could not get away, and just as our men were leaving, I heard some one say, 'See yonder, boys! Cavalry!!' I would be trampled to death by cavalry, or the enemy, coming up, would bayonet me! Such thoughts flashed through my mind as I lay in breathless suspense with Lieut. Manson, who stayed with me, awaiting the issue. In less than a minute, looking up I discovered the enemy's line—the veritable Yankees—the men all excitement, just over the fence, yelling and firing at our men, who were retreating up the hill. I now thought of danger from a new source. Our men up the hill would return the enemy's fire, and it would be a miracle if we escaped. The enemy now began to put their guns through the lower rails of the fence, the muzzles of which were only a foot or two from our heads. None, who never experienced such an ordeal, can appreciate the desperation of our condition. If the enemy did not kill me, I thought our own men would, whose bullets I expected every minute to pierce me, one of which I am satisfied did graze my hip, as, whilst I lay between the two fires,† I felt a burning sensation in that part of the body, as if a spark of fire had touched the skin, and a day or two after the fight, upon examination, I dis-

†Whilst lying as here described, I was on my side, with arms and legs drawn about as close to my body as was possible, well knowing that, the smaller the surface presented, the greater were the chances of escape, and that I could not afford to occupy one inch of superfluous space. Lieut.-Col. Joel J. Seaver, of the 16th N. Y. Inf'y, in his official report of the engagement, dated September 22, 1862, says: "The enemy opened with great fury upon us with cannon and musketry as we gained the base of the mountain. I found myself directly opposite to the enemy, who were pouring upon us a deadly fire from the cover of the woods." It was from this fire that I thought every second I would receive a fatal shot.

*Jos. H. Coleman, of Baltimore, Md.

covered that my clothes had been at that point cut as by a bullet and my flesh had been scratched.

"Whilst this firing was going on, Lieut. Manson, who lay next to me, repeatedly called out to the Federals over the fence to 'be cautious and not shoot us,' that we were 'wounded men,' and that we had 'surrendered,' of which they took no notice, until, placing the white pocket-handkerchief I took from my leg upon the end of a ramrod, he held it up almost in their faces, at the same time saying to them, 'We surrender!' 'We are wounded men!' whereupon one or two of them said, 'Get over the fence, then—get over the fence'; at which Lieut. Manson, who was a strong, athletic man, seizing me in his arms, lifted me up to the top of the fence and with the assistance of one of the Federals tumbled me over to the other side, and then bore me in his arms across the ploughed field to the Federal rear. When we got in the next field behind the stone wall, two Federal soldiers came up and kindly assisted Lieut. Manson in bearing me at least a mile back to a house at which the Federal surgeons had improvised a hospital. But, to return to the battle: The enemy's line at the fence mounted it, and charged up the hill just after we left them, and what happened afterwards I do not now propose to write, further than to say that, from all accounts, our men were terribly routed and scattered, driven, as they were, by a largely superior force pell-mell up and over the mountain."

Lieut. Manson, to whom I recently sent a copy of the foregoing account of what transpired whilst we were together at the fence, writes the following:

"Just before the enemy came up you were lying near me, having come from the place at which you were wounded. You asked if I could give you a 'swallow of water.' I raised you up in my effort to give you some of the precious liquid without taking my canteen off (it was suspended from my person) and was so engaged, when some one cried out, 'Our colors are gone!' Looking down our line, I saw no colors. Looking immediately to the front just over the fence to the east of us, about sixty feet from where we then were, I saw the Federal line of battle advancing. Soon the men in blue are right at the fence, dropping on their knees and firing at our men retreating up the mountains, the muzzles of their guns close to our heads. I frequently called to them, 'Take care!' 'Take care!!' 'Wounded men!' 'Wounded men!!' 'Don't shoot!' 'Don't shoot!!' Of this they took no notice until I placed upon a ramrod the white handkerchief you had tied around your leg and told them that we surrendered. They told us then to get over the fence. I lifted you up and over the fence, and bore you across the field. As I did so, a mounted officer rode up. He asked me if it would be 'safe to charge that hill' (our artillery at that time were pouring grape or canister down the hill-side). I told him I was a Confederate officer and it would not be proper for me to answer that question. I then appealed to him to let two men help me take you to a field-hospital. This he very readily ordered to be done and rode rapidly away. I regret that in the deepening twilight I could not plainly see his features. I asked his name. One of the detail said this officer was Gen. Slocum, the other Gen. Franklin. Others said he was Gen. Sumner. Whoever he was, he did a generous, no-

ble act to a wounded enemy when he ordered two men out of line in actual battle to assist in bearing you to the rear. I visited the battle-field the day after the battle and found the fence in ashes, with only piles of stones to mark the corners. I send you herewith a rough drawing, representing the battle-field as it impressed itself upon my memory."‡

One of the Federal soldiers who helped to bear me to the field-hospital told me his name was *Ellsworth*, that he was a relative of Col. Ellsworth, of the Zouaves, who was killed by Jackson in the historic Mansion House tragedy at Alexandria in May, 1861, and that he took great pride in the fact that his family had sent many of its members to the field for the Union cause. His treatment of me was kind and considerate, and he was manifestly a manly fellow.

About dark we reached the back-yard of the farmer's house which had been pressed into service as a field-hospital. The premises, yard and house, seemed to be filled with wounded men, mostly Federal soldiers. As I was about to be placed on the grass along with the other wounded men, a middle-aged gentleman, of kindly and sympathetic manner, came up and remarking that no distinction would be made between the wounded men, whether Federal or Confederate, asked me how I felt, and what he could do for me. At the same time he said that he was the chaplain of a Maine regiment. I told him that I felt very weak, and that I thought a drink of some *stimulant* would help me. It did not then occur to me that I was making this request of a minister of the Gospel from the land of *prohibition*. He said he could get me a cup of tea, but nothing stronger. I told him I would be very thankful for the tea. He disappeared from my side, and in a little while returned with some tea in a tin cup, which I drank with great relish and benefit.

My friend, Lieut. Manson, to whose kind offices in bringing me from the field I have always felt that I probably owed my life, had now been ordered to leave me and was placed under guard along with the other prisoners who were not wounded.

Soon after he left me, and I think before the kind-hearted chaplain brought the tea, I was carried into the house and a Federal surgeon and nurse came to dress my wound. Of its extent I was not then aware, and I dreaded the probing for the bullet,

‡In March, 1892, I sent General Slocum a copy of Lieut. Manson's letter and of the extract from my note book descriptive of this battle, with a view to learning whether or not he was the officer mentioned by Lieut. M. In reply he said: "I commanded the troops in your front at Crampton's Gap. My command was a division of the 6th corps, then commanded by Gen. Wm. B. Franklin. Your description of the field, the fences, &c., accords with my recollection. I do not, however, recall the incident to which you refer. My loss of officers was severe, and every minute of my time was occupied till after the battle of Antietam."

I have somehow always thought Gen. Slocum was the chivalrous officer mentioned by Lieut. Manson, and, in the absence of proof to the contrary, shall continue so to think, although Gen. S. does not recall the incident mentioned by Lieut. M.

and so expressed myself. The nurse, a young man with a very pleasant face and manner, noticing my trepidation at the intended operation, by way of nerving me, said: "Show your grit. Don't be alarmed." My pride coming to the rescue at being reminded by an enemy of the necessity for courage, I clenched my teeth, and making up my mind for the worst, said to the surgeon, "Go ahead, doctor!" To my relief the bullet was easily found, and the operation of cutting it out performed with but little pain. The nurse, handing me the bullet, said: "Put that in your pocket and carry it home," and this I did.

Soon after or a little before this I recognized among the people in the house the familiar face of Dr.——, one of the regimental surgeons, or assistant-surgeons, of our brigade, and addressing him, asked how he got captured. I noticed an evasion of my thoughtless question, and did not repeat it. Subsequently I well understood why the doctor was reluctant to answer any question likely to disclose the true history of his presence where I then saw him. Full of the ardor of battle, this gentleman, leaving the rear, had been in our front line making free use of a rifle and could not make good his retreat. This, at least, is the explanation his old comrades give of his capture.

My first night in this hospital was spent in one of the sleeping rooms seated on the floor with my back resting against one of the several bags of wheat which the proprietor of the house had evidently temporarily placed there for safety. In the same room and in the adjoining rooms and passages there seemed to be many other wounded men, principally Federal soldiers, whose groans and cries I heard all through the night.

The next morning, however, I was taken out and placed in the back-porch on the floor along with at least one other wounded Confederate, Sergeant Otis S. Tarver, a Georgian, of Cobb's Legion, which command was brought into action, I was informed, just as our men were in retreat up the mountain-side. Thin layers of straw spread on the floor constituted our beds. I felt pretty hungry this morning and would have enjoyed a good breakfast, and was disappointed when a cup of weak lamb-broth was brought to me. But I did not complain, as the same thing was given our co-sufferers among the Federal wounded, and was doubtless the proper diet under the circumstances. Indeed we had been treated with so much kindness and consideration by all of the Federal soldiers, officers and men, with whom I had thus far come in contact, I had no ground for any complaint, but much cause for gratitude.

During the day (Monday, September 15th) I had several pleasant conversations with Federal soldiers. I particularly remember a discussion I had with a wounded Federal colonel, who had his arm in a sling, as to the causes and merits of the war. Around

us stood a group of listeners, and no argument could have been conducted with more courtesy than was this. The officer was unquestionably a chivalrous gentleman. I regret that I do not remember his name.

When night came on Tarver and myself were left on the floor of the open back-porch, and having left my blanket on the battle-field I was afraid I would suffer from cold, but Tarver had a large shawl, which he had used as a blanket, and this he kindly shared with me. I accordingly got through the night with comparative comfort.

The next day (Tuesday, September 16th) several of the Confederate wounded, Tarver and myself among the number, were placed in ambulances, carried to Burkittsville,§ and taken to an old carpenter's shop which fronted on one of the streets of the village. At least fifteen or twenty of us were placed on the floor of the single room of this building, ranged along the walls, the feet of the men on the opposite sides of the room, as we lay upon the straw placed on the floor as our beds, nearly touching. My Georgia friend and myself were again placed side by side. A few feet from me, against the opposite wall, were, I was glad to find, two members of my regiment, both personal friends, Wm. Thomas Morgan and Sod Booker.

During the afternoon there came into this room a young physician from Baltimore, Dr. Buckler. Armed with a bottle of bay rum and a supply of towels, he went around the room washing the faces of the men, using freely the bay rum. My turn soon came, and nothing could have been more delightfully refreshing than was the passage of the soft towel saturated with the fragrant liquid across my face to which, I am satisfied, not a drop of water had been applied for more than forty-eight hours.

Night coming on, my Georgia friend's shawl again came into play and sheltered us both. Diagonally across the floor from me lay a poor fellow who appeared to suffer greatly. He lay near the door and kind ladies who came there and looked in upon us would bring him delicacies to eat. I noticed that he seemed to have no appetite for them. During

§Burkittsville, not Burkettsville, as written in my diary and note-book,) is the name of this beautiful little village, nestling at the foot of South Mountain, which has changed but little since the appearance on its streets during those memorable days in September 1862, of thousands of men in arms, and on deeds of war bent, rudely broke the peace and quiet of its good people. "It has not kept pace with the age. No boom, but quiet beauty, fertility and plenty make it pleasant to look upon," writes a correspondent, who also says: "The stone wall is there, and the cooper shop near by, and a pottery. The carpenter-shop which was used as a temporary hospital is still standing." "Just in the gap, where the farm roads separate," adds this correspondent, "George Alfred Townsend, who writes over the signature of '*Gath*,' was reporter of the New York Tribune during the war, and was present at the fight, has his home. He was captivated by the place and bought some thirty acres of mountain rock, and at large expense has built a palatial residence and ornamented grounds that a Shenstone might covet."

the night he became delirious and talked incoherently. He aroused my sympathies, but nothing whatever could I do for him, myself helpless. Towards daybreak he became quiet. The poor fellow is now sleeping sweetly, I thought. In a little while it is light. I look across to see how he is getting along. He is asleep, but in death's cold embrace.

It is now Wednesday, September the 17th, and we hear artillery to the west of us. The great battle of Sharpsburg is in progress, and the roar of its guns easily reaches us from across the mountains.

During the afternoon Tarver, referring to Morgan and Booker, said to me: "Your friends across the way are going to a private house in the neighborhood.' This was astonishing news to me. I called across to Morgan to know if it was true, and he said it was. Said I: "Tom, if any one else comes in and invites you to his house, tell him you have a friend who would like to go there." "Certainly I will," said Tom. I did not dream that any such thing would happen, but, sure enough, within a few minutes after this in came an elderly man, very respectable in appearance, who walked past Tarver and myself, and several others, straight to Tom Morgan. He was looking for a gentlemen to take to his house, and Tom with his good looks and his new clothes was about the only man in the party who, to outward appearances, filled the bill—I am sure I did not. Reaching Tom the old gentleman extended his invitation, whereupon, with the manner of a courtier, Tom thanked him, but declined, stating as a reason that he had a like invitation previously extended. "But," said Tom, true to his promise to me, "I have a friend over there (pointing to me) who would be glad to go with you." The old gentleman turned his head around towards me—I was dreadfully afraid he would not look far enough around to see me—and I was quick to catch his eye. Coming up to me, he said he would be glad to take me to his house. I am afraid I jumped at the invitation. I certainly accepted it without hesitation, and heartily thanked him. Turning to Tarver he then extended the same invitation to him, which was also promptly accepted.

This was indeed good fortune, and I could hardly realize it. In a little while the paroling officer was brought in and both of us were paroled. This done, our kind friend, Mr. James Giddings, a prominent and highly respected citizen of Frederick county, a sympathizer with the Southern cause, informed us that his spring-wagon would soon be at the door to take us to his house. In a few minutes the spring-wagon appeared, and I was taken up and borne to the door—Tarver could walk. Just as I reached the door I saw two handsome young ladies on horseback, with an escort also mounted, standing just behind the wagon, whose presence there and kindly greeting

indicated unmistakably that they would accompany the vehicle. The young ladies were daughters of Mr. Giddings. I had thought we were going to good quarters—I now knew it. Besides Tarver* and myself there were several other wounded Confederate soldiers whom our host had invited, and was taking along with us to his house, all Georgians, of Cobb's Legion.

A ride of some three or four miles brought us at dark to our point of destination, a large brick house, located in a grove of handsome trees, the residence of Mr. Giddings. I was placed upon a sofa in the large hall. In a short time supper was announced, and all went in to supper in the dining-room adjoining the hall, myself excepted. My supper was sent to me. I greatly enjoyed it. Weeks of starvation had given me the keenest appetite. I heard, with envy at their good fortune, my comrades at the table, the clatter of the knives and folks, mingled with peals of merry laughter, indicating that all were happy. If they were not as hungry as I was, they differed from thousands of other Confederates who had followed Lee into Maryland. In quick time I swept off all of a bountiful supply of hot biscuit, coffee, cold ham and raw tomatoes. My plate and cup were replenished. The new supply soon went the way of its predecessor. A servant came with the enquiry whether I would have more. I wanted more—much more. I felt ashamed of myself for eating so much, and declined.

For nearly four weeks we remained at this place, the recipients of every attention that our host and his charming family, all people of high social standing and refinement, could extend us. The young ladies above mentioned contributed much to our pleasure. The neighborhood was full of Southern sympathizers. Many, both ladies and gentlemen, came to see us. A prominent physician of the county, Dr. Geo. W. West,* came regularly to treat us professionally. In a few days there came to us from Baltimore contributions of clothing, sent by Southern sympathizers in

*Otis S. Tarver, then of Berzelia, Columbia county, Ga., but now of Sandford, Fla. For nearly twenty-three years I had heard nothing of him, but in 1887 a postal card reached me with these brief words: "Do you remember the 14th of September, 1862 (South Mountain, Md.)? If so let me hear from you." Yours truly, Otis S. Tarver, Sandford, Orange county, Fla. A correspondence ensued and I was glad to find that my old comrade was doing well. I enquired about the shawl and was informed that it was stolen from his saddle the night after the battle of Knoxville, Tenn., by a soldier belonging to the brigade of Gen. Kershaw, upon whose staff Tarver then a lieutenant was temporarily serving. Referring to the soldier's appropriation of the shawl, my generous-hearted friend said: "I have never blamed him for it, for it was a bitter cold night."

* This noble-hearted gentleman devoted his time to the care of more than one hundred wounded Confederates who were scattered about at private houses in the neighborhood, nearly all of whom, two only excepted, is my information, recovered under his skillful treatment.

In 1888 the old gentleman passed away at the ripe age of 85, after an exceptionally useful and honorable life, professional and private.

that city. We were getting along delightfully. Our only fear was that there might be some hitch in the exchange of prisoners and we might, as soon as we recovered sufficiently to travel, find ourselves under guard and on our way to Fort Delaware, instead of to the Confederacy.

Among our visitors were Federal soldiers and officers, with whom we had several pleasant talks. Two officers invited us to visit them in their camp near by. We would like to have accepted the invitation, but deemed it not prudent. Their superiors in command might not have thought it the proper thing to be done, and might have ended the courtesy by having us placed in a guard-house and revoking our paroles.

On Tuesday, October 14th, we took leave of Mr. Giddings and his family. We went to the station on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad nearest Burkittsville, to take the cars to Baltimore. At this time the Army of the Potomac, under Gen. McClellan, was camped in the vicinity of this station, and about the village near the station were many Federal soldiers, officers and men, off duty. Our little party of Confederates was soon surrounded by a party of Federals, who entered into conversation with us. A Federal captain, a man apparently of middle age, began a discussion with me as to the origin of the war and the merits of the Confederate cause. Standing by as listeners was a circle of Federal soldiers. For a few minutes our talk went on smoothly—pleasantly I thought—until, in making a defence of the Confederate side of the question, I had occasion to refer to the constitution of the United States. No sooner had the word "constitution" been uttered than this officer suddenly flew into a passion and raising his voice exclaimed, "Constitution! *You* talk about the '*constitution*.' 'CONSTITUTION!' 'CONSTITUTION!!' 'G—d d—n your soul to h—l, you G—d d—d rebel, you are trying to *break up* the constitution, and we propose to form a line of battle *six hundred thousand strong* and march over your G—d d—d country, G—d d—n you."

After this unexpected explosion of anger and rude words, unsoldierly, as it was, I of course had nothing to say, except simply to suggest that I was a prisoner, and of course must submit to what had been said without further remark. Immediately a Federal soldier standing near beckoned to me to step aside with him, which I did, walking with him a few paces beyond the hearing of the ungentlemanly old captain, when this soldier, a manly, honest-hearted looking fellow, indignant at what had occured, said: "Don't think anything of that man's talk. It was a mean thing to treat a prisoner so. It was very wrong. We old soldiers who have seen service in the field don't approve it. He is nothing but a recruit, a new comer, and doesn't know how a true soldier should treat a prisoner." Thanking my kind in-

terlocutor, I could but remark that I would predict that the old captain would shirk his duty the first chance he would have, as such conduct might well be expected from a man who would thus take advantage of an unarmed and wounded prisoner. His name, or regiment, I did not ask, or care to know.

A few minutes later, however, another incident occurred that I have often recalled with pleasure, illustrating as it did another and altogether different phase of character. Our party of Confederates were standing near the railway track, when a young officer of striking appearance, handsome and of very pleasing address, approached and entered into conversation with us, making inquiry of the Georgians in our party as to Col. P. M. B. Young, with whom he said he was at West Point as a fellow cadet. During the course of our conversation, which interested us very much, I learned from him that he also knew two of my school-mates, Major Richard Kidder Meade* and Capt. John W. Lea,‡ who had been cadets at West Point. Having along with us some lunch, we invited our courteous friend to join us, which he did, although I am satisfied that the invitation was accepted only because he thought it would make us feel more at ease. Very favorably impressed with the young officer, and wishing to know him, I asked him his name and command. "My name is Custer," he said, "I do not belong to any regiment, but am on the staff of General McClellan." Our friend was none other than the gallant,

*Maj. Richard Kidder Meade, of Petersburg, Va., a young man of great promise, who died July 31st, 1862, of typhoid fever contracted while serving on the staff of Gen. Lee during the campaigns around Richmond. Writing to his widowed mother on the 8th of August, 1862, Gen. Lee paid the following so exalted tribute to his memory: "It is fitting that I should sorrow with you in the untimely death of your gallant son. In him our country has lost a most accomplished, brave and skillful officer, one who bade fair to serve her in the highest ranks of his profession. In the campaign of the Peninsula he devoted himself to his work with distinguished ability and a fearless heart. In my own eye he has always been an image of energy and performed every duty to service in the field. During the eventful week of the battles in the Chickahominy he was distinguished by his bravery, energy and activity, passing hard and shortest to reconnoissances. It was his necessary also and great exposure during the week, as which proved fatal, to his noble young patriot.

‡Capt. John W. Lea (first cousin of mine) was well known in Caldwell county, N. C., but formerly of Petersburg, Va. For months I had supposed him dead from a wound received in the battle of Williamsburg, as he had been so reported, but his old fellow-cadet, then Capt. Custer, gladdened my heart by informing me that, so far from being dead, he had recovered and had married the young lady who had nursed him while recovering from wounds, and that he, Custer, was at his wedding in the city of Williamsburg. He then told me of his courtship, release from imprisonment by the intercession of some old West Point friends, and marriage—really a romantic affair, an account of which appears in Palfrey's "Memoirs of Gen. W. F. Bartlett." Returning to the Confederacy, Capt. Lea became, by successive promotions, the colonel of his regiment (5th N. C. Infantry). He was a brave and dashing soldier, and was wounded in the evening of May 2nd at Chancellorsville while in command of his regiment. Gen. A. P. Iverson's saying of him in his report: "Lieut.-Col. Lea, up to the time of his wounding, bore himself and led his regiment with determined bravery." After the war, Col. Lea entered the ministry and died a few years ago the devoted and beloved pastor of a church in West Virginia.

chivalrous soldier who, soon after we met him, began as Gen. George A. Custer, of the United States Cavalry, to make for himself a name and to win imperishable renown. From that October day till he fell in the bloody fight with the Indians on the Little Big Horn river, watching his career, I never read or heard of him but with feelings of kindly interest and of admiration. The young officer who, although on the staff of the commandant of the Army of the Potomac, did not feel that it was at all beneath his dignity to seek out, and enter into friendly conversation with, a lot of Confederate prisoners, sharing with them their cheese and crackers, and in all respects treating them courteously and politely, was of course made of superior material, and it so struck me at the time.

What a great difference between the two men I had within an hour met! They were as wide apart as possible, each being a type of human character represented in all armies. The one was a coarse and cowardly fellow, who would illustrate his valor by an indignity to a defenceless prisoner of war; the other a modest and thorough gentleman, the embodiment of manly bravery, who made it a point to so treat a prisoner as to make him forget his condition, and who became a soldier of whom any country in any age might well be proud.

In due season the train came along and took us to Baltimore. Here Mr. Jas. H. Weedon,[41] the son-in-law of our friend Mr. Giddings, took us to his house, our party consisting of Sergeant Columbus M. Paine, Riggon Reagan, Robert Locklear, all of Cobb's Legion (the two first mentioned had been with us at Mr. Giddings'), Tarver and myself. Our stay in this city was limited. Mr. Weedon took us down to Gen. Wool to report our presence in the city as paroled soldiers. The old general was courteous in this interview, but remarking that "Confederate soldiers were too fond of staying in Baltimore," said we "must leave by the next boat." Under this order we had to leave on Friday evening, October 17th. The three days we were in the city were indeed bright ones. On all sides we were cheered by friendly greetings. On the streets, on the horse cars, in the stores—wherever we went—being recognized as Confederate soldiers (I was rigged out from head to foot in citizen's dress, the handsome and fashionably cut clothes of some Baltimore gentleman, probably a dude of that day, but I wore a calico shirt, was on crutches and had a bronzed complexion, and these indicated my identity), we were treated as friends and acquaintances. Ladies meeting us in the streets would honor us with bows and smiles. On the cars they would engage in conversation with us. In the stores a cravat or other trifle would be purchased and handed us as mementoes. Gentlemen would ask us to inform them

41. Jas. H. Weedon, Esq., of Washington, D. C.

what we would have. We had been amply supplied with clothes, and declined repeated offers to give us more.

When we boarded the bay steamer, the Louisiana, on the evening of Friday, October 17th, to go to Fortress Monroe, a party of gentlemen met us on the boat to say good-bye. Before taking leave of us, however, one of them put a small package in the hands of one of our party, and told him to open it after the steamer started. This injunction was obeyed, and to our joy the package when opened was found to contain five five-dollar greenbacks, one for each of us. This windfall—for such it seemed to a lot of impecunious Confederates—made us feel very independent. We were in the upper saloon of the steamer, along with the passengers, but the presence of sentinels, posted about the boat, with guns and bayonets, reminded us that we were now in actual custody. The steamer stopped at Fort McHenry, and there came aboard a young lieutenant, who took command of the detail of soldiers on board. When supper was ready, I went to this officer and told him we had money to pay for our meals and would be glad to go down and get our supper with the passengers, if he had no objection. He said he saw no objection to this being done. So down we went, passing the sentinels at the foot of the steps, and going down another set of steps to the hold of the vessel. Getting below, to our surprise we found that there were about two hundred prisoners besides ourselves, mostly wounded men, and as forlorn a set of poor fellows as one ever saw. As we passed through the dimly lighted quarters in which they were, they presented a sad spectacle. They were men who had been in the hospitals, and those of them that were wounded had received their wounds at Sharpsburg, Boonsborough, Crampton's Gap, and elsewhere along the line of march in Maryland. Leaving these poor fellows behind us we passed in to a brightly lighted apartment, in which were set the supper tables, and which to our hungry eyes seemed to be loaded with the most tempting viands, embracing all of the delicacies of the season. Fresh fish and oysters were conspicuous. Ham and eggs and beefsteak stood everywhere in sight. Bread of different kinds abounded. A man who for six weeks had been restraining his appetite at the tables of gentlemen, because he was ashamed to eat as much as he wanted, could but feel that now was presented the best of opportunities to make up for lost time, and this I did. That supper was greatly enjoyed. When we left the table the holder of the greenbacks handed one to the officer of the steamer who was collecting the fares to pay ours, but he refused to receive it, remarking at the same time, "I wish to God I could do more for you all."

The next morning when we got our

breakfast there was another tender of money, and another refusal to receive it. We felt that we were indeed lucky.

Arrived at Fortress Monroe, our boat-load of prisoners was transferred to the large transport steamer New York, and here came the end of our pleasant experiences and the beginning of others of a different character, as may be inferred when I state that soon after getting aboard about two hundred men, many of them showing the effects of great suffering, were to be seen scattered about upon the first deck of the steamer, with nothing but the bare floor to stand, sit or lie upon. If my memory is not at fault, there were no chairs or benches of any kind. A loaf of bread and a hunk of fat pickled pork was given to each man as his ration, and many a poor fellow was to be seen seated or lying on the floor with these in hand. The Georgians and myself, with our supply of greenbacks still untouched, concluded that we could put them to no better use than to bargain with the steward or some one else in authority on the steamer for permission to go upon the upper deck and at least take our meals with the officers and flag-of-truce passengers. But wonderfully poor accommodations did we get by this arrangement. Yet I believe we got the best fare that could be provided by those in charge of the boat.

Whilst our steamer lay at her wharf, her decks crowded with groups of badly dressed and wretched-looking Confederates, watching the shipping at anchor in Hampton Roads, a boat-load of well dressed, slick-looking, sailors from a British man-of-war lying near, rowed past us, jeering at our men as their boat moved away. Our poor fellows could resent the cowardly insult only with words—expressions of contempt for this uncalled for act of petty meanness.

About noon our steamer got under way, bound for Aiken's landing on the James, a few miles below Richmond, and passed in Hampton Roads near Newport News the gunboats Galena and Ironsides, both iron-clads, the former showing on her sides at least one indentation from the shot of the Confederate battery in the action of May 15th, 1862, at Drury's Bluff. We passed also the famous Minnesota, and the wreck of the Cumberland which was sunk by the Merrimac in the great naval engagement of March 8, 1862, the tops of the masts of the sunken man-of-war being visible above the water-line.

About sunset our steamer anchored for the night off Harrison's landing. At eleven next morning, Sunday, October 19th, we were at Aiken's landing. At the landing we found another large steamer having on board another large lot of prisoners, who, like those on our steamer, were mostly wounded men, and had arrived the day before, but were not permitted to land. About five o'clock in the afternoon we descried on the

hill near the landing a number of vehicles, and soon we began to disembark. A long line of ambulances, spring-wagons, drays, carts and other conveyances had come down from Richmond to take to the city those of us who could not walk. Tarver and myself were soon among the occupants of one of the spring-wagons and in motion towards Richmond.

As we moved off there was a long line of Federal prisoners standing near the road, awaiting the proper order to take them aboard one of the transports at the wharf. The poor fellows were in rags and showed in complexion and general appearance the signs of long confinement, some of them having been captured in 1861 at the battle of Belmont, as they told us, but their countenances were bright at the prospect of soon being among their own people. Between these men and ourselves there was a strong feeling of sympathy, and many kindly words were exchanged. "Is there any *coffee* on the boat you came on?" several asked, and great was their delight at our reply, "Yes, boys, a plenty of it."

To complete the history of this Sabbath day, which rounded up even nine weeks since the Sabbath in August on which we broke camp at Falling Creek, I take the following from my note book:

"Night catches our wagon train just getting well under way. Our expectations are bright. In a few hours we could be safely landed at some comfortable hospital in Richmond and would on the next day be furnished our furloughs and be speeding our way to rejoin our friends. Such were our confident expectations. We doze as our little spring-wagon moves along. We strike the outskirts of the city. Soon we will stop at a hospital. But the train continues to move. Surely we have moved sufficiently far to have reached the main portion of the city. We enquire of the driver. He tells us we have passed *through* the city. Where on earth are they carrying us to? The train halts about midnight and we disembark, and are ordered to find our beds in the tents of a cheerless encampment about two miles from the city. What can this mean? No one can tell us at first. We were to be *quarantined*—'small pox' was feared. We would be released, it was said, in six or seven days. Many now were the imprecations heaped upon the head of the responsible party. We strive, however, to make the best of the situation."

The campaign into Maryland was a striking but unlucky episode of the late war, and will so go down in history, but to the individual Confederate soldier who had the good fortune to survive its dangers and hardships, and, if a prisoner, to fall into the hands of such kind friends as it was the lot of many of us to meet with, it is a pleasing memory, ever to be cherished as such.

ADDENDA.

As an *addendum* to the foregoing address, there should be added an account of the battle of Crampton's Gap, written for the Norfolk (Va.)

Ledger about 1876, by Mr. T. B. Ruffin, an extract from whose account of the battle of Second Manassas has already been given in a note. Describing the action of Crampton's Gap, Mr. Ruffin says:

"Upon the tattered battle-flags of three of the regiments of Mahone's old brigade, the Sixth, Twelfth and Sixteenth, there was inscribed a name to which their ragged followers were wont to point with pride, as representing one of its most glorious achievements. Although overwhelmed by numbers at Crampton's Gap, on the 14th day of September, 1862, and compelled to retreat, the participants in that action were characterized as 'a band of heroes,' who had accomplished all and more than was expected of them. Their defence of the pass contributed in great degree to the capture of Harper's Ferry, a prize which richly repaid all it had cost. On that day Col. Munford,42 with about two hundred cavalry, who was picketing the Gap and the village of Birkettsville,† beyond, gave notice of the approach of the enemy. Under the impression that the advancing force was merely a body of cavalry, Mahone's old brigade, commanded by Col. Allen Parham, of the Forty-First, then bivouacked near Braunsville,‡ in Pleasant Valley, was dispatched to the Gap to hold them in check. With his accustomed daring, as soon as he arrived on the spot, Col. Parham deployed his men, numbering 520 all told, behind an old worm fence at the foot of the mountain, with a narrow field in front of them. The attenuated line was supported by two sections of Grimes' battery, of Portsmouth, posted on the mountain in the rear, which during the battle did most effective execution. The line had scarcely been formed when the enemy advanced, and instead of a small force of cavalry, it was found that an entire corps (Slocum's)‖ of the Federal army was present. Franklin's§ division was pushed forward and made several fruitless attempts to cross the narrow plateau, which was swept by a destructive fire. For two hours and forty minutes did the little band sustain the shock, but their ammunition becoming exhausted their fire slackened, and a final advance, made by the whole corps of the enemy, was successful in driving the Confederates from their indefensible position, and gaining possession of the entrance to the Gap, Cobb's Legion, of Georgia, which had been sent forward as a reinforcement, made its appearance at this time, fired one volley and scattered to the four winds, losing its battle-flag and a large number of prisoners.

"The heroic defenders of the Gap had not escaped scratchless. A large number had been killed, among them the noble Lieut.-Col. Taylor, of the Twelfth, who, too unwell to assume command, had accompanied his boys into the fight and received his death wound. Among the wounded was Capt. J. R. Lewellen,* in com-

42. Col. Thos. T. Munford, of Richmond, Va., colonel of the Second Virginia Cavalry.

†Burkittsville. ‡Brownsville. ‖Franklin's. §Slocum's.

*The gallant bearing of Capt. Lewellen at the time when our regiment formed its line of battle on the slope of the mountain and began to descend to the road and fence at its foot was conspicuous. Drawing his sword, and I think waving it over his head, he placed himself a few paces to the front and right of the regiment, and in this position went forward with it. This battle-scene, the 12th moving down the slope in line of battle, with steady and vigorous step, its commanding officer looking every inch a soldier as he led it forward to the serious work about to begin, is one of the lasting memories of Crampton's Gap. Dur-

mand of the Twelfth, and Lieut. Chas. H. Dashields, of the same regiment. Among the prisoners taken that day was the loved old Maj. Holladay, in command of the Sixteenth, who, with his comrades, was marched off to taste the miseries of Fort Delaware.

"But the delay had been sufficient to bar the road to Harper's Ferry with a living wall, which Slocum did not venture to attack."

To the foregoing account of the battle of Crampton's Gap given by Mr. Ruffin, there should be added the following official order issued by Col. Parham a few days after the action:

"*Headquarters Mahone's Brigade,*
Anderson's Division,
September 26th, 1862.

"The general commanding, being permitted to retire for a short time for the purpose of recruiting his health, desires, before leaving, to express his high appreciation of the courage and good conduct of the officers and men in the engagements of Crampton's Gap and Sharpsburg. More especially would he refer to the former as a gallant yet unfortunate affair. He was ordered to hold the Gap at all costs, and never was a desperate task entrusted to truer hands and hearts than the troops of this command. Their conduct on that occasion has frequently been the subject of encomium, and an officer who has won some distinction and witnessed the affair, has eulogized them as a band of heroes. Verily the participants in that action will be honored among the true and the brave.

"By command of Col. Parham.
"R. TAYLOR, A. A. G."

There should be added the following graphic account of the appearance of the Federal column in the neighborhood of Burkittsville given by Comrade Jno. T. Parham, of Petersburg, Va., who, from an elevated position, witnessed these troops as they were being advanced for the assault upon the Confederates defending Crampton's Gap:

PETERSBURG, VA., June 6, 1892.

GEO. S. BERNARD, Esq.

Dear Sir: At your request I will give you my recollections of the battle of Crampton's Gap. At that time I was a member of Co. C, 32nd Va. Infantry, Semmes' brigade, McLaws' division, and was one of the regimental color-guard. Our brigade held the pass over South Mountain, south of Crampton's Gap and immediately west of Burkittsville. A battery of artillery, with four guns, was just to the left of my regiment, and early in the afternoon opened fire on the Federals as they came through and to the south of the town (Burkittsville). This battery

ing the lifetime of this genial gentleman it was my pleasure more than once to tell him of the impression his conduct left upon me.

In this connection I should mention that since the foregoing has been in type a letter received by me from Maj. Richard W. Jones, now a professor in the University of Mississippi, and who gallantly led the Twelfth at the Crater and in several other engagements, recalls the fact that, on the morning after the battle of Second Manassas, he took command of it, and was in command until about the 14th of September, 1862, when Capt. Lewellen, who had been slightly wounded in that battle, reported for duty in time to participate in the action of Crampton's Gap. The brave Lieut.-Col. Taylor, although a sick man, went along with the regiment, not having reported for duty, and, as stated by Mr. Ruffin, received his wound when with his men at the post of danger. Lieut. Manson's command of the regiment as mentioned in my note book was but temporary—perhaps not an hour in duration.

had a fine position and I had a clear view of the enemy's advancing column, and as I looked down upon them it appeared to me that the men came out of the ground—there was such a multitude of them. I never saw so many blue-coats in my life—I never have since. They looked to me more like forty thousand than ten or fifteen thousand in number. They were marching in lines of battle four or five deep, officers riding and cheering the men on. It was a grand sight and I will never forget it. The battery near me played terrible havoc among them. The shells would burst and tear large gaps in the Federal lines, but they would close up and forward on. As they reached the foot of the pass that our brigade held they seemed to oblique to the right and to push on to Crampton's Gap where your brigade was located, looking as if their whole attention was directed to that point. Just before night a courier dashed up to Gen. Semmes and brought him orders to move down the mountain towards Crampton's Gap. We started down at a double-quick, and when we had gone some distance came to a sudden halt and soon found out that we were in a trap, as your command had fallen back. So we about-faced and went back about as fast as we came. We then went down the mountain on the west side to Brownsville, and just to the north of that town formed a line of battle across Pleasant Valley, and in this position lay on our arms all night—the worst night I ever spent. The next morning about light we fell back about two or three hundred yards to a better position, formed a line of battle and waited for the enemy, who did not come. I then saw several of the Petersburg boys. That evening we crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry and got a plenty of maple sugar and crackers. We were all nearly starved. The next day we crossed the river at Shepherdstown and on the 17th fought the battle of Sharpsburg, the hardest fought of the war to me.

Your comrade,

JNO. T. PARHAM.

A letter received from Prof. W. A. Shepard, of Randolph Macon College, Va., since this address has been in type, informs me that in addition to Privates Spotswood, Gwynn and Nash, Privates Julian R. Peebles and himself, of Co. E, were present at the battle of Sharpsburg, giving the Riflemen five, instead of only three, of the twenty-three men of the 12th regiment present in that engagement.

In this letter Prof. Shepard says: "In the battle of Crampton's Gap, on our retreat up this mountain, Berry Stainback and myself sought shelter behind the same tree. The proximity of the enemy caused us to leave this shelter, and, his avoirdupois not allowing him to exercise the agility that the occasion demanded, he was captured and I escaped. At our next meeting he was a discharged prisoner from Fort Delaware and both of us had been lifted out of the trenches and given the rank of major."

Lt. J. R. Patterson says that Berry Stainback voluntarily left a bomb-proof detail given him a few days previously to take part in this fight. He further says that the boys declared that Buck Johnson and himself had only one blanket between them and that Buck got captured when he found that Berry had been, in order to continue to share the blanket, which was in Berry's possession—a story which a man of Buck's approved courage could well afford to have told about him.

Referring to these gallant fellows, I recall a humorous account my friend Sydney Jones, on my return from capture, gave me of the retreat up the mountain. As the men were making the best time practicable, with the enemy close on their heels, Sydney, always full of fun, seeing a few yards distant Buck Johnson or Berry Stainback (I forget of which he told the story), like himself and all of the others whose means of locomotion had not then been injured by Federal bullets, moving at the most rapid pace, hallooed to his fleeing friend, "Hello, Buck (or Berry)! What's your hurry? Trying to *catch a train?*"

To the list of the members of Co. E who

were wounded at Crampton's Gap the name of Orderly Sergeant W. W. Tayleure, one of the most gallant soldiers in the 12th Virginia regiment, should be added.

Comrade Hugh R. Smith, of Petersburg, Va., states that, at the battle of Crampton's Gap, when we were lying in line at the foot of the mountain, he as acting orderly sergeant of his company (Co. C of the 12th Virginia regiment) was immediately between Robert E. Eldridge, of his company, next on his left, and Mills, of the Richmond Grays, next on his right, both of whom were killed whilst the three lay together in this position.

A letter received June 13th, 1892, since the note on page 27 was printed, from Mr. John M. Shepherd, of Suffolk, Va., who was present at the battle of Crampton's Gap as a member of the 16th Virginia regiment, informs me that this regiment was on the right of the 12th at the foot of the mountain and was posted behind a stone wall. Not knowing the position of this regiment, I had supposed it was somewhere on the slope of the mountain to the *north* and *left* of the 12th and 6th regiments, the latter being the left regiment.

GOV. WM. E. CAMERON.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

A SKETCH OF THE BATTLE AND OF THE PART TAKEN BY MAHONE'S BRIGADE, WITH INCIDENTS AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY EX-GOV. WM. E. CAMERON BEFORE A. P. HILL CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, OF PETERSBURG, VA., ON THE EVENING OF APRIL 3RD, 1890.

COMRADES:

At Second Manassas, on the evening of the 30th of August, 1862, I was struck by a fragment of shell from an enfilading Federal gun just as our charging columns reached the top of a hill and passed through a battery of brass pieces abandoned by the enemy. Accordingly, during the ensuing months of September, October and November, while the command was dearly winning glory at Crampton's Gap and at Sharpsburg, I was enjoying the honors and pleasures of what the boys used to call (with more of expression than of grammar) "a wounded furlough." And I may be pardoned for adding that these were the only engagements in which Lee's army took part from which I had the fortune—good or bad—to be absent. Returning to duty on the 12th day of December, I found the army in position at Fredericksburg, Mahone's brigade in line near the Stansbury house, supporting the batteries on the extreme Confederate left. Three months had done fearful work, and the camp-fires of the Twelfth cast a mournful light upon the places, evermore to be vacant, of many a gallant soul. And far into the night I listened to the stories of the Maryland Campaign, and heard how May[1] and

1. Maj. Jno. P. May, killed at 2nd Manassas.

movements were carried out as laid down. On the night of the 30th Hooker was at Chancellorsville in easy reach of a country favorable for maneuvering, and in a position to strike at the communications of his opponent. But he hesitated, and ——was lost. Lee neither retreated southward nor tried to hold his lines defensively; but when apprised of the presence of Hooker on his left seized upon Jackson's masses, hurled them in reverse to the enemy's right, wheeled his own left wing by the rear into a line at right angles to the river, left Early with nine thousand men at Fredericksburg; and first crossing the Federals in the dense forest around Chancellorsville, became the assailant and the victor. Then he turned upon Sedgwick at Salem church, enabling Early to regain the heights at Fredericksburg, and forced him back over Banks' Ford, and returning was ready to give Hooker's main body the *coup de grace* when an advance disclosed that officer's withdrawal, and the Rappahannock again divided the contestants. [*a*]

This is the outline of the picture as history will present it, with the ghastly addition of losses; but there is absent all the coloring and detail, the first alarm, the hurried march, the swift attack, the deadly grapple, the myriad voices of battle, the cheer of triumph, the curse of defiance, the moan of suffering—and the changing panorama, the tongues of flame leaping from the cannon, the smoke hanging in wreathes above the tender foliage, the long gray lines of grim-faced soldiery charging through the twilight, the gleam of bayonets and waving colors above the low parapets, and there, at last, the dark masses of men in blue, the burst of fire, the storm of shot, the wild confusion, the moment of suspense, the wavering foe, and then the madness of pursuit. "It is well," said one of Britain's great cavalrymen, as he wiped his sword upon his horse's mane, after a famous charge—"it is

[*a*] General Hooker never made any official report of this campaign. General Halleck says in his general *resume* of military affairs for 1863, "I received no official information either of his plans or their execution." He, however, afterwards testified with great minuteness before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, and one of the pleas offered in explanation of his defeat was that Lee's army contained "the finest body of infantry of modern times." General Warren, whom we afterwards encountered so often as commander of the 5th army corps under Meade and Grant, and who was so harshly treated by Sheridan at Five Forks, was then chief engineer of the Army of the Potomac, and gives the most complete and professional history of Chancellorsville to be found in the Federal archives. He says: "The flank movement in our very presence which General Lee had decided upon, and the execution of which he intrusted to General Jackson, was one of great risk under almost any circumstances. On the present occasion it offered more advantages than it generally does. * * * Its conception was well adapted to the situation, and its execution by Jackson was excellent, though the lateness of the day when his blow was struck deprived him of the full advantage of the maneuver." The opinion is well grounded, and is shared by many Federal officers with whom I have conversed since the war, that, but for the wounding of General Jackson at a critical moment, the results would have been much more decisive, perhaps to the extent of cutting Hooker off from United States Ford and destroying that wing of his army.

well that war is so terrible; we should grow too fond of it."

* * * * * *

In was late in the afternoon of Wednesday, April 29th, that two cavalry videttes galloped up to General Mahone's headquarters and reported the enemy to be advancing in force on the road from Ely's Ford. At the same time demonstrations were made at United States Ford, which showed plainly his intention to throw a force over at that point, and a little later information came of another column marching east by the plank road from Germanna Ford. In a few moments couriers were dashing back and forth, and within the hour the winter-quarters were abandoned, wagons and *impedimenta* of all sorts on the way to the rear, and the two brigades were in position to meet the advancing foe—Mahone to the north of Chancellor's house and Posey's facing westward, with two guns of Grandy's (Norfolk Blues) battery covering each road. Pickets were thrown out, but the enemy halted before collision was had, and the men went into bivouac in line of battle.

At 9 o'clock General Anderson arrived at Chancellorsville, where Mahone had occupied a room, and, after consulting with that general and Posey, determined to fall back in the morning to Tabernacle Church on the Fredericksburg 'pike, where we were to be joined by the rest of the division, and there oppose the enemy until General Lee could bring up the rest of the army. At midnight General Anderson, after reading a chapter from the big family Bible on a centre-table in the chamber, pulled off his boots (I remember he had on woolen socks,) and slept soundly until 4 o'clock, when, after issuing final orders for the withdrawal, he returned to the selected line. During the night a sharp rain fell. The staff was in the saddle betimes, and just at the crack of dawn, Thursday, April 30th, there was a popping of caps and occasional discharge of pieces in the direction of the picket line, followed by utter silence. General Mahone was puzzled to understand this, and I rode into the woods some distance beyond the ridge on which the pickets had been posted the evening before, without finding a sign of them. Neither did the enemy at that time betray their presence. Upon my galloping back and reporting to General Mahone, he made some impatient exclamation, and Col. Allen Parham [*b*], who was near by and mounted, dashed off at speed, and hardly reached the ground I had just left when he was greeted by a volley from the Federal cavalry at only a few paces distance.

[*b*) Col. Wm. Allen Parham, of the 41st Virginia Infantry, deserved, among a band of fearless patriots, to be known as "the bravest of the brave." He was as reckless in battle as generous in all the relations of life. After many hair-breadth escapes he was at last a victim to wounds received in the forefront of battle, and is remembered by all of the old brigade as their beau ideal of a dashing soldier.

Fortunately he was not struck, but, his horse shying, his cap was thrown off by a swinging limb, and the colonel returned, shaking his head vigorously, and cursing "the —— Yankees" with a freedom and *vim* all his own. Captain Thos. F. Owens,[5] one lieutenant (Woodhouse,[6] I think,) and twenty-three men of the Norfolk Juniors, had been gobbled up with not as much noise as a clever darkey would make in robbing a hen-roost. We heard, months afterwards, that the rain had so moistened the leaves which covered the ground like a mat that the approach of the enemy was unheard until they rushed in among the men, and that then the rifles had been rendered useless by the rain, so that no resistance could be made. It is lucky that the enemy did not move forward at once, or the brigade would have been caught napping and the artillery was entirely exposed; but now their opportunity had passed.

The troops were at once set in motion on the Fredericksburg road, while the 12th regiment was deployed in a double line of skirmishers to cover the rear. The Federal cavalry promptly followed, and when we had reached a field about one mile east of Chancellorsville made a bold attack. The 12th was commanded by Lieut.-Col. E. M. Feild[7] [c], who who conducted the maneuvers with rare precision, retiring each line alternately, and when pressed uniting the two for resistance. He soon punished the enemy so severely that they desisted from further demonstration, contenting themselves with observation, at a respectful distance.

Of this movement General Lee says: "The enemy skirmished with Anderson's rear-guard as he left Chancellor's, but being vigorously repulsed by Mahone's brigade, offered no further opposition." Gen. Anderson says: "They subsequently attacked the rear-guard of Mahone, but were so effectively repulsed that we were no further annoyed by them." General Mahone says: "He subsequently came upon our rear-guard—the 12th Virginia Infanfantry, Lieutenant-Colonel Feild commanding,—was repulsed, and so effectually as to leave us free from any further annoyance during the change of position to which I have already referred, and then in process

5. Capt. Thos. F. Owens, of Norfolk, Va., Captain Junior Blues, Co. H, 12th Va. regiment.
6. Henry C. Woodhouse, of Norfolk, Va., Lieut. Co. H, 12th Va. regiment.
7. Col. Everard M. Feild, of Petersburg, Va.

[c] Lieut.-Col. Fielding L. Taylor, a brave and accomplished officer, and who had given promise of great distinction, died from the effects of wounds received during the Maryland campaign; Major John P. May had fallen dead, shot through the brain, at Second Manassas; and Col. D. A. Weisiger had suffered on the same field a dangerous and well-nigh fatal wound, the effects of which disabled him from further service until the autumn of 1863. On the promotion of Col. W. to a brigadier-generalship, Feild was given full command of the regiment which he led on so many occasions with so much cool intrepidity and skill during the absence of his superior, and served as such with distinction to the close of the war.

Just here it should be stated that at Crampton's Gap Capt. J. Rich'd Lewellen, afterwards lieut.-colonel, commanded the regiment, and that Capt. Rich'd W. Jones, afterwards major, commanded it at Sharpsburg and in many of the engagements during the last year of the war.

of execution." I do not remember that we sustained any loss during this skilful and gallant maneuver, nor do the records particularize any. Neither am I able to give the loss of the Federals, as their cavalry was engaged at several points that day, and the returns of killed and wounded are only given in aggregate for the whole series of collisions.

About 10 o'clock Tabernacle Church† was reached and a line of battle was formed, the order being Mahone, Posey, Wright, our brigade on the turnpike, Wright's on the plank road, and light intrenchments were erected with a redoubt for artillery on each road. The day was spent quietly, save for occasional sharpshooting. The Federals moved up within sight, but made no demonstration. About noon one enterprising rifleman climbed a tree in a farmyard some hundred yards in our front, and wounded two of the men who were throwing up cover for the guns. It was some time before his eyrie was discovered, but finally one of Posey's Mississippians obtained permission to "hunt" for him, and fifteen minutes later spied him out, and with a long shot brought the troublesome marksman down from his lofty perch, the body falling like that of a wounded squirrel from limb to limb until it struck the ground. Looking at the descent through my field-glasses I could almost hear the *thud*. The next morning when we advanced an old woman living in the cabin near by reported that the man was dead when picked up. During the evening I was sent back with dispatches and met the head of Jackson's corps hastening forward, and all night long his columns filled the roads. The night passed without incident. At sunrise (Friday, May 1st,) Gen. McLaws arrived with his division, except Barksdale's brigade, which remained with Early at Fredericksburg, and extended our line to the right, occupying the trenches along Mott's run. The men were still engaged strengthening the breastworks when, at 8 A. M., General Jackson arrived and assumed command, at once issuing an order that work on the intrenchments should be discontinued. I find a note to that effect in my memorandum book, with the comment in pencil, "That means we are not to wait for Hooker."

†This church being of wood is frequently called the "Wooden Church," to distinguish it from Salem Church, which was of brick and is frequently called the "Brick Church."

THE ADVANCE.

Sure enough at 11 A. M. the column was ordered forward, Mahone taking the lead on the turnpike with McLaws' division following, the Twelfth, under Col. Feild, being deployed in front to develop the enemy and to gain time for formation of line of battle when he should be encountered in force. The column was preceded by a detachment of the Third Virginia Cavalry, under Capt. Hill Carter, and accompanied by one piece of Capt. Charles R. Grandy's

and one of Capt. Tyler C. Jordan's light batteries. About a mile and a half from the church Carter came upon the cavalry outpost and drove it in. His horse was shot and he stopped in the road and with deliberation, under heavy fire, unbuckled and brought off the saddle and accoutrements, fortunately escaping without a scratch. The Twelfth now met the advance of Sykes' regulars and pressed them back upon their supports, the fire becoming general, and the regiment holding a brush fence for some time against the enemy's line of battle. The artillery came into action within point-blank range, engaging Weed's Battery "I," Fifth U. S. Artillery, and held its own, though without cover in the open 'pike, under the rapid service of four guns, until the enemy yielded the position. [*d*]

It was now that Capt. R. R. Banks, [8] of the Petersburg Riflemen, received the hurt from which he eventually died. General Mahone says in his report: "Among the gallant spirits who were seriously wounded Capt. Banks, Co. E, Twelfth Virginia Infantry, must be mentioned. He fell among the foremost in the skirmish fight of his regiment on the turnpike, May 1st, and was at the time commanding the advance. His conduct was beautifully heroic."

The engagement now waxed hot, and the supports were thrown in. As McLaws moved forward the Federal artillery opened on the head of his column. By some blunder his ambulance wagons and ordnance train had followed immediately in the rear of Mahone's troops, and were now not only in the way but were exposed to the full fire of the enemy. A stampede followed, each teamster whipping furiously into the woods with sublime disregard of getting out again. Wheels were locked against trunks of trees, teamsters swore, mules kicked, and the shells flew fast and furious. Presently a six-pound shell struck an ambulance 'midships, tore off all the rear parts of the vehicle and left the driver perched on two wheels, himself and animals unhurt. Finally I found a road leading off to the right by which the train could be brought, by a circuit, back to the turnpike and sufficiently to the rear, and so overcame the panic. But while looking for this road I rode into a picket post on the Mine road, and was captured for the first and only time. Fortunately the detention was of short duration; for being carried back to the cavalry reserve I recognized Dr. Jas. S. Gilliam, an old Petersburger and friend, and found I was a prisoner to Rooney Lee.

About 3 o'clock Jackson's musketry was heard in brisk rattle on the plank road. Wright was sent to make a *detour* towards Sykes' right-rear, and a general advance was made before which the enemy slowly re-

[*d*] The Norfolk Blues battery lost here, of the crew of their single gun, one killed and six wounded; and Capt. Grandy says: "During the sharpest of the engagement I had only two men and Lieutenant Peet to work the gun."

8. Capt. Ro. R. Banks, of Petersburg, Va., who died September 4, 1871.

tired. The Twelfth had lost, though not heavily in numbers, some of its best men, and had performed its duty so as to win praises from the officers directing operations. Gen. Mahone writes, in his report to Gen. Anderson, "The conduct of officers and men * * * deserves high commendation and at least this acknowledgment at my hands: the Twelfth Virginia, Lieut.-Col. E. M. Feild commanding, for its rigid and efficient resistance to the superior force of the enemy while covering the formation of our line of battle on the turnpike on Friday." Thereafter the progress of the brigade was steadily onward, "fighting its way," says Gen. Anderson, "along the old turnpike to a point (near the Magee house) about one mile from Chancellorsville." Wright's movement had meantime been successful and Gen. Jackson had established his line in sight of Chancellorsville on the plank-road. Darkness put an end to operations.

In this engagement Gen. Sykes deployed three brigades on the turnpike and claims that with this force, "after sharp fighting," he drove our skirmishers in. His losses cannot be exactly ascertained from any documents now in my possession; but his division was not actively engaged except on this occasion, during the operations around Chancellorsville, and it may be therefore assumed that most of the casualties reported were sustained on May 1st, and they summed up, killed 28, wounded 167, missing 91. [e]

The sounds of conflict now ceased, and were replaced by the ringing of axes as the Federals strengthened their already formidable works. But the night was big with events which were to burst on the morrow. A short distance from the line on which our men found such rest as turf and sky afforded, the last council of war was being held, the participants being only Gen. Lee and the great lieutenant who was "his right arm." I saw them twice as they gravely conversed. What passed we only know from the events which ensued, and from the brief sentences in which Gen. Lee announces the conclusion reached. "It was evident," says he, "that a direct attack upon the enemy would be attended with great difficulty and loss, in view of the strength of his position, and his superiority of numbers. It was, therefore, resolved to endeavor to turn his right flank and gain his rear, leaving a force in front to hold him in check and conceal the movement. The execution of this plan was entrusted to Gen. Jackson with his three divisions. The commands of Gens. McLaws and Anderson, with the exception of Wilcox's brigade

[e] From reports of the regimental commanders who were engaged under Sykes, obtained since the above was written, I find that the figures given in the text are substantially correct. I received more than double the number of prisoners reported by Sykes as missing during the evening of the 1st, but some of them may have come from Meade's column, advancing further to our right. Sykes' men were in the trenches east of Chancellorsville and were not put into action on the 2nd or 3rd.

of the latter, which during the night had been ordered back to Banks' Ford, remained in front of the enemy." [f]

In consequence of the contemplated movement some changes in the position of the troops had to be made. When Gen. Jackson moved off early on the morning of the 2nd, Wright took the place of his troops who had held the left of the plank road, and later when Posey and Wright were sent to the Furnace to protect Jackson's rear threatened by Sickles, Mahone's brigade was transferred from the turnpike to Wright's former position on the plank road.

JACKSON'S LAST VICTORY.

Affairs were now in shape to make answer to Hooker's announcement to his army that "the enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him."

Jackson moved off early Saturday morning by the Brock and Furnace roads, his movements covered by Fitz Lee's cavalry commanded by Stuart in person. His march was silent and rapid, and his column had gained the dense thickets to the south-west of Chancellorsville without any interruption from the foe. As the rear of his train was passing Catharine Furnace a large force of Federals, under Gen. Sickles, advanced from the plank road and attempted its capture. The small force left there by Jackson was unable to resist the enemy with success, and the greater portion of the 23rd Georgia regiment was taken prisoners; but Posey and Wright were sent to reinforce the threatened point, and after a severe fight Sickles was repulsed and the train saved. [g]

While the flanking column was pushing its way silently and swiftly, the lines of which our brigade formed part were handled so as to make a show of great force and to impress the enemy with the belief that assault was imminent. The skirmishers were active all day, and by feigned attacks made in rapid succession kept their opponents constantly on the alert. When the guns of Jackson were heard, giving notice that Jackson had struck the enemy, the

[f] McLaws was also short by Barksdale's brigade, which had been left with Early, so that the force confronting Hooker while Jackson's movement was in progress, consisted of only Wofford's, Semmes' and Kershaw's brigades of McLaws, and Wright's, Mahone's, Posey's and Perry's, of Anderson; in all, seven brigades numbering eleven thousand muskets.

[g] Gen. Sickles seems at this time to have been among the Federal officers in suspecting the real meaning of the Confederate movement. He reported it and asked for authority to press with his whole corps; but Hooker when informed of the troops and wagons marching across his right concluded that Lee was retreating on Gordonsville and so telegraphed to Washington—a misinterpretation which caused him not only to refuse to Sickles the authority asked for, but to neglect measures which were recommended to him for strengthening the exposed flank. It is hard to understand too why, such being his belief, he did not make some demonstration against Anderson and McLaws, or did not seek to embarrass the supposed change of base. Sickles' attack, if made with insistance, would have proved a serious interruption to Gen. Lee's plan of battle; and even as it was, his presence in advance of the rest of the Union line enabled him to interpose the only serious obstable that evening to the victorious onset of our lines.

troops in front of Chancellorsville were ordered to press him strongly on the left to prevent the sending of reinforcements to the other wing. Gen. Lee's orders were not to make actual assault of the works unless some unexpectedly favorable opportunity should offer, and a general oblique to the left was directed so as to gradually close the interval between the wings of the army as Jackson closed in. Our brigade took part in this operation with trifling loss, the lines advancing upon hostile intrenchments and the artillery playing vigorously, until the increasing darkness put an end to hostilities. [See addendum 1 to note *i*.]

Jackson had reached the turnpike at 4 P. M., and formed his three lines at right angles to and across the road, Rhodes in front, then Colston, and A. P. Hill last. At 6 o'clock the advance was ordered, and the enemy first encountered (Schurz's division of Sigel's corps) were taken utterly by surprise and fled with slight resistance. "Gen. Rhodes' men," says Gen. Lee, "pressed forward with great spirit and enthusiasm, followed closely by the supporting lines. Position after position was carried, the guns captured and every effort of the enemy to rally defeated by the impetuous rush of our troops. In the ardor of pursuit through the thick and tangled woods, the first and second lines at last mingled and moved on together as one." The resistless onslaught had swept all before it for two miles, when some Federal troops were with great effort collected by Gens. Sickles and Pleasanton, and a stand was made at the house of Metzie Chancellor, where a line of rifle-pits crossed the road. [*h*]

Here some detention occurred, but Rhodes' and Colston's men gathered for another effort, dashed over the intrenchments, and pushed on, "and the flight and pursuit were continued until our advance was arrested by the abatis in front of the works immediately covering the main position at Chancellorsville." It was now dark. Gen. Hill was ordered to move to the front and relieve the front lines which had so far borne the brunt of the action, and whose ranks had become so blended and disordered that it was necessary to reform them. General Jackson was very urgent that no time should be lost in pressing the advantage, and pushed to the front, leaving orders for Hill to follow. The men of the latter, coming up in hot haste, met their beloved leader returning from the direction of

[*h*] It was at this juncture that occurred an instance of heroism on the part of the Federal cavalry which deserves to be recorded. Pleasanton finding Howard's line broken and fleeing was seeking to gain time for a new formation and to post a large number of guns to sweep the field over which the Confederates were advancing. The latter were upon him before these arrangements were completed, and as a last resort he ordered the Eighth Pennsylvania to charge in the face of Rhodes' masses. Led by Maj. Heenan this small body of horsemen dashed straight into the withering fire, and though their heroic leader and eighty of his men were mowed down as if by a scythe, the object was accomplished so far as to make possible the only real resistance offered during that bloody evening.

the enemy, and mistaking, in the obscurity of the night, the cavalcade of horsemen for Federal cavalry, fired a too unerring volley. General Jackson fell from his horse wounded in two places. Capt. Boswell, chief engineer of the corps, was killed, and several others of the escort were injured, some fatally. The enemy, aroused by the fusillade, opened a heavy fire of musketry and artillery down the road, with such effect that twice the men bearing the general from the field were struck down. General Hill assumed command, and at the same moment the enemy advanced to the attack under cover of a furious cannonade. They mistook the confusion incident upon Hill's troops relieving Rhodes and Colston for a retreat. The Fifty-fifth Virginia met the assailants and repulsed them, losing their gallant colonel, Francis R. Mallory, in their counter charge.

General Hill was about this time disabled, and General Stuart was sent for to take charge, and just at this time the right of Hill's line was assailed by the division of Sickles, which had been pushed forward to the Furnace as before stated. There the fighting was obstinate, but Lane's North Carolina brigade drove the column back, and the line of battle was established in the trenches formerly occupied by the enemy. It was now 10 o'clock, and the men were ordered to rest on their arms. Stuart spent the succeeding hours in forming connection with Lee's left, and posting batteries to enfilade the fortifications at Chancellor's house. (*i*)

SUNDAY, MAY 3RD.

Morning broke dark and lowering. At daylight Perry's brigade of our division was moved towards the Furnace, and on his arrival Posey's skirmishers were pushed forward when it was found that the enemy had retired from that position. Stuart now resumed the attack with Jackson's corps on the right-centre of the enemy, and their first line was carried by assault, General Lee says, "under a terrific fire of musketry and artillery." The barricade was then taken, and the troops were brought face to face with the main intrenchments of Hooker, behind which his cannon were posted. Three times these works were carried, and each time the "brave assailants were compelled to abandon them;" but a fourth attempt, aided

[*i*] In my remarks on Chancellorsville as originally prepared, I made some criticism unfavorable to Gen. Stuart for not pressing his left toward U. S. Ford, but more careful investigation has brought the conviction that this would have been attended with too much risk. In fact, Gen. Lee was anxious lest the army should be cut in twain at the Furnace as evidenced by his orders to Anderson and McLaws already quoted. Gen. Lee, in his final report of this campaign bestows unqualified commendation upon Gen. Stuart's conduct of affairs. He says: "The latter officer (S.) ably discharged the difficult and responsible duties he was thus unexpectedly called on to perform. Assuming the command late in the night, at the close of a fierce engagement, and in the immediate presence of the enemy, necessarily ignorant in a great measure of the disposition of the troops and of the plans of those who had preceded him, Gen. Stuart exhibited great energy, promptness and intelligence."

by an enfilading fire from thirty pieces of artillery under Cols. Thos. H. Carter and Hilary P. Jones, proved irresistible, and the enemy gave way in confusion. At the same moment (here I quote Gen. Lee's report) "Anderson pressed gallantly forward directly upon Chancellorsville. * * * As the troops, advancing upon the enemy's front and right, converged upon his central position, Anderson effected a junction with Jackson's corps, and the whole line pressed irresistibly on. The enemy abandoned all his fortified positions at Chancellor's, and retreated towards the Rappahannock." Mahone's brigade moved with its right on the plank road. In the final charge the scene was inspiring to the highest degree. The Confederate lines visible along the whole curve-formation, the men rushing forward with triumphant yells, the batteries working in full view while on the other side the blue masses were fleeing through the burning woods, cannon, wagons, horsemen, while the smoke was lurid with bursting shell and the ground was strewn with the *debris* of battle and the guns and baggage of the defeated foe. Wright's brigade, from the lay of the ground, was first on the Chancellorsville works, but a few moments after the whole line was abreast, and when Gen. Wright came tearing down the road with his yellow hair streaming in the wind to announce his success, he found our flag already planted on a Federal redoubt. "By 10 A. M.," says Gen. Lee, "we were in full possession of the field."

But not long were we left to realize the fruits of triumph; for hardly had the retreat of the enemy been verified by the advance of skirmish-

(*1*) During the demonstrations made by Anderson's division in aid of Jackson's movement, Capt. W. Carter Williams of the 6th Infantry, Mahone's brigade, commanding the skirmishers of that regiment, charged on and through the enemy's abatis on the plank road, fired upon his main line in the rifle pits "captured there prisoners from four different regiments, and the colors and color-bearer of the 107th Ohio, returning to his position with his handful of men with only the loss of one prisoner." It is mournful to add that this gallant officer was mortally wounded the next morning while leading his company over the very ground of this bold and successful sortie.

(*2*) Up to dark of the 2nd of May about two hundred prisoners had been turned over to the rear-guard, of which, as inspector, I had direction, which consisted of Serg't Seay and ten men. They were stationed in rear of the brigade's position on the plank road, about one mile from Chancellorsville, and were charged with the duty of arresting stragglers and guarding the captured. About 8 o'clock the prisoners grew very restless and defiant, evidently expecting Sedgwick's advance upon our rear. Receiving notice from the sergeant, I rode back and saw enough to convince me that there was danger of an escape. One Federal lieutenant was particularly bold in urging his men to make a break for freedom. I had fires built in a circle enclosing the field, and borrowed a six-pounder from an unattached battery in park near by, which was trained upon the prisoners. The state of affairs was reported to headquarters, and later on orders were received to march the prisoners by the left to a point near the Furnace and turn them over to the provost there stationed. Marching in the gloom of the night and following no road, we managed to get between the picket lines. The Federals opened fire and our people replied, so that for some minutes the poor captives were exposed to a sharp fusillade from friend and foe. They obeyed with great alacrity orders to lie down, and were extricated from their dangerous position with no casualties but a flesh wound to the mutinous lieutenant. From the officer to whom the delivery of the prisoners was made, we first heard of the great success of Jackson,

ers, before Gen. Lee rode up in person and Mahone received orders to face to the right and take the road towards Fredericksburg, aiding McLaws to repulse the enemy advancing from that direction. So hurriedly back we trudged over the ground so hardly won by three day's fighting, learning meantime what had been going on at the right that morning.

The enemy had been quiet in Gen. Early's front up to Saturday afternoon. During that day Gen. Early was instructed, in the event Sedgwick should withdraw from his front and move up the river, to join Lee's main body with the bulk of his force. But the staff-officer bearing the message misunderstood its purport, and directed Gen. Early, unconditionally to move. Leaving Hays' brigade and one regiment of Barksdale's brigade at Fredericksburg, Early started with the rest of his command to Chancellorsville. The enemy at once made threatening demonstrations at the fords, and the mistake in orders having been corrected, during the night the troops were restored to their original positions. Before dawn on the 3rd, the enemy took possession of Fredericksburg and advanced against Marye's Heights. Several assaults were repulsed but the Confederates were outnumbered, outflanked and forced to retire. Gen. Early took up position on the telegraph road and Gen. Wilcox retreated on the plank road until he reached Salem Church, where he formed line on a wooded ridge and prepared to resist the enemy. Here we came up with him and went into position on the extreme left. A very short time elapsed before the enemy

and were welcomed as the bearers of glad tidings on returning to our own command.

(3) Towards morning I was sent with some message to the quarter-master, and riding back was hailed by Geo. L. Simpson[9] from a group of tents standing in a cedar grove near the road. It was the camp of the medical director of the army. The surgeons had been hard at work all night with saw, knife and bandage, and were about taking a very early breakfast, preparatory to a move to some less exposed position. I received an invitation to partake of their meal, very acceptable to one who had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and was just fairly seated to hot biscuit, butter, ham and real coffee, when a young enthusiast of a sawbones came in and laid on the table at my side an arm just amputated from some poor fellow, remarking on the extraordinary symmetry of the limb. I have never quite solved the doubt whether his action was prompted by honest motives of admiration for the subject of his handiwork, or by a desire to lessen the number and appetites of the partakers of the meal; but the effect was to deprive one of them of all further interest in the proceedings. I left, fortified only by the reinforced coffee which George had given me while the cook was making ready. Every one to his trade! The ghastly sights of battle had not hardened me to look upon mutilated humanity as a work of art. Regaining the lines, I tied my weary horse to a swinging limb and soon fell to sleep. After awhile I was wakened by the touch of something deathly cold and startled with the idea that my hand had come in contact with a snake, but, opening my eyes, found that in turning over I had thrown my arm over the nude body of a Federal soldier killed on the 1st of May. This coming immediately upon the intensely practical joke of the young surgeon overcame all sense of fatigue, and I found neither "slumber nor sleep" thereafter. (This expression was used by Maj E. L. Brockett to the troops at Charlestown during the John Brown trial, and was much ridiculed; but in the old Kirk version of the 131st Psalm the closing line of the noble stanza, beginning "I to the hills will lift mine eyes," the last line is rendered, "He slumbers not, nor sleeps.)"

9. Geo. L. Simpson, of Petersburg, Va.

attacked, the weight of his presence being, however, to the right of us. Wilcox and Posey had a spirited engagement, and drove back three lines of battle. In our front the brunt of the action fell upon the 61st Virginia regiment, under its accomplished colonel, V. D. Groner,[10] which command was deployed as skirmishers to cover our formation, and which held the enemy back with great firmness, maintaining its line after the last cartridge had been expended for some time and under heavy fire. Our casualties here were small, and the engagement of this afternoon was the last in which we were actually engaged during the campaign.

The next day troops were concentrated on Sedgwick's front and rear, and Gen. Lee hoped to crush him; but the movement was delayed too long, and during the night of the 4th the enemy escaped across bridges which he had laid at Banks' Ford. On the 5th we returned to Chancellorsville and Early occupied his former positions around Fredericksburg. On the 6th our division (Anderson's) moved forward to the junction of Ely's Ford and Mine roads, where, on the 30th of April, we had opened the campaign, to attack Hooker in his new fortifications; but the works were found to be abandoned. Our army went into camp, many commands returning to the camps occupied during the winter. Mahone's brigade occupied a new camp near Salem Church and there remained a few days before starting on the Gettysburg campaign.

The loss in Mahone's brigade during the series of engagements footed up 255 killed, wounded and missing. The casualties in the Twelfth regiment were 86, of whom only 5 were killed. [*k*] [*m*]

ADDENDA.

As a member of the Petersburg Riflemen, Co. E, Twelfth Virginia Infantry, into which company, during the previous winter, I had been transferred from Co. I of the same

10. Gen. V. D. Groner, of Norfolk, Va.

[*k*] The 12th regiment's colors were borne by a succession of heroes to whose memory we owe eternal honor. They were borne untarnished by shame, but tattered and begrimed with the balls and smoke of many hard fought fields, to the last scene of all at Appomattox. The story of their course from Seven Pines to Farmville, and of the brave men who bore them, should form a chapter of itself. Williamson, the first, Dawson shot through the heart while waving them in the very mouths of the guns at Malvern Hill, Nicholas killed at Manassas, Parker desperately wounded at Crampton's Gap, May struck down at Spotsylvania, the ever soldierly Wm. C. Smith, Allen Magee, George W. Cogbill, and others, who formed the steadfast guard and reinforced it when thinned by death. Some comrade should prepare and perpetuate the record! [Even as I write this note, the *Index-Appeal*, May 13th, 1892, announces the death of Joe Fowlkes,[11] the peer in gallantry and devotion of any of the noble band. No more gallant heart ever beat beneath the Confederate gray.]

[*m*] The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was ten thousand. The Federals lost seventeen thousand killed, wounded and prisoners, sixteen pieces of artillery, seven standards and a vast amount of ordnance and other stores. Gen. Mahone, always careful of the comfort of his troops, sent me out after the battle to the scene of Sigel's rout with men and wagons to secure the spoils abandoned by the "flying Dutchman." We got overcoats and blankets enough to supply a division.

11. Joseph C. Fowlkes, of Crewe, Va.

regiment, I took part in the Chancellorsville campaign whose history is so well told in the foregoing address by Gov. Cameron, and made entries in my diary of what was at the time deemed noteworthy, and also in the winter of 1865-6, began to write in my note book an account of the campaign which was never completed. From these sources, and from memory, in which much that does not appear either in note book or diary is firmly fixed and still fresh, I will make some additions to what Gov. Cameron has said, and will also give accounts from other participants.

First, let me reproduce what I find in the note book descriptive of the camp of Mahone's brigade and the rollicking, happy, fellows I there found on my return to my company after an absence of something over seven months whilst recovering from a wound received at Crampton's Gap, the sketch made of this camp and its occupants, portraying them as still vividly remembered, being as follows:

"On the 19th of April, 1863, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I find myself seated in my father's ambulance, driving through a large body of woods, thickly studded with ill-constructed and odd-looking huts and swarming with men who, from all directions, are gathering towards our vehicle as we slowly pick our way along the swampy roads, and who eagerly ask, 'What have you for sale?' I do not at first understand the purport of the question and suspect the men mean to quiz me. Such, however, is not the case. They take me for a *sutler* and fancy my wagon contains innumerable supplies. The camp is that of Mahone's brigade, about three miles from United States Ford on the Rappahannock.

"The appearance of things, to eyes unaccustomed to such, was odd and even ludicrous. First, I am struck with the strange looking houses, half logs, half canvas, with huge chimneys suggestive of the importance attached to fires by their builders. They were scattered about with little reference to order of position, and no two of them resembled each other in architecture, except perhaps in the single particular of the chimney, which in almost every instance was a monstrous appendage, out of all proportion to the hut.

"In these little tenements, however, I found as lively a set of fellows as I ever before met. They were all in the highest spirits, full of life and seemingly free from care—ready for a laugh at almost anything. But in the matter of dress it seemed that they were not precisely in that condition in which they would have liked to make their appearance at home. There was scarcely one of them but was ornamented by a large patch upon his pants, the odd shapes and divers colors of which, to say nothing of their material—some of them being made of leather or oil cloth—would often provoke a laugh despite your sympathy for the poor fellows who wore them."

In the Petersburg (Va.) *Express* of May 12th, 1863, there was published a private letter signed "A. M. K.," written by Lieutenant Anthony M. Keiley,[12] of the Petersburg Riflemen, to Capt. Daniel Dodson,[13] the first captain of this company, giving

12. Judge A. M. Keiley of Richmond, Va., one of the judges of the international court at Cairo, Egypt.
13. Capt. Daniel Dodson, of Petersburg, Va.

an account of the battles and marches of the Chancellorsville campaign, which, coming from a gentleman of his intelligence who had participated in them, is valuable as a contemporaneous contribution to the history of this memorable campaign. This letter will here be reproduced, and next after this a very interesting letter from Col. Feild, giving his recollections of the campaign and a very clear account of the part taken by Mahone's brigade and especially by the Twelfth regiment. At appropriate places in these two letters I shall append notes with extracts from my diary and other narratives.

Lieut. Keiley's letter is as follows:

"CAMP TWELFTH VIRGINIA,
"May 7th, 1863.

"DEAR CAPTAIN: I was loitering in front of my tent on the evening of Wednesday, April 29th, in a rather moody frame of mind, as news had just been received in camp of the attack and capture of a large detail of men, several of whom were of the 12th, who for some weeks before had been engaged at Germanna, on the Rapidan, constructing a bridge under 'Jeb Stuart's' direction, when a courier came galloping by with information that the Yankees had crossed the Rappahannock in large force, both before Fredericksburg and at Kelly's Ford, and were advancing to the occupancy and investment of the much troubled 'burg.' Confident that a rough night's work, and perhaps many of them were before us, I strapped up my blanket, paid that attention to my commissariat, which in Dalgetty's case, always impressed me with a favorable opinion of his sense and soldierliness, and before the order came to 'fall in' I was ready.

"There was a great deal to make the prospect gloomy. In the arrangement of the defence of Fredericksburg, which has existed since the memorable action of the 13th of December, the line east of the railroad has been assigned to Jackson—that west to Longstreet. When the expedition to Suffolk was planned, Longstreet was sent thither, leaving but two divisions, Anderson's and McLaws', to perform the service hitherto assigned to the whole corps. Still, we fell in with a will, and soon filed out to our position in the brigade, which moved with a quick step past Chancellorsville and down towards the United States Ford. Here we took up our position and lay on our arms, awaiting an attack. The Riflemen, Co. E, were sent to the front about three-fourths of a mile, and there remained until 3:30 A. M., when they were relieved by the Norfolk 'Juniors,' Capt. Owens.

"About dawn two or three of the Juniors came into camp with the disagreeable intelligence that Capt. Owens, Lieut. Beale,[14] and about fifteen of the men had been captured. Shortly afterwards the enemy's cavalry appeared on our front, and supposing (as subsequently turned out to be the case) that these were but the advance of a heavy body of the enemy, it became necessary to maneuver back to some effective supporting position. To the 12th was assigned the task of covering this movement, and it is but doing simple justice to one of the most competent officers and gallant men in the service to say that Col. Feild conducted the movement with the greatest dexterity and success. Dividing his regiment into three battalions, he ordered a successive retreat by which there were always

14. Lieut. Charles Beale, of Norfolk, Va.

two lines facing the enemy, the third marching to the rear. The movement had scarcely begun when the cavalry attacked the first line on its left, where an open field and two or three roads gave them peculiar advantages. This attack was promptly met and gallantly repulsed, and the retreat safely prosecuted.

"We moved down the turnpike which leads from Orange Court-House to Fredericksburg, until we arrived at what is known as the Wooden Church, about three miles from Chancellorsville, where a crest of hills commands the road. Here we were put in line of battle, and commenced an intrenchment, which was completed before daybreak at most points. Every hour brought its couriers with information of the steady approach of large bodies of the enemy, and it soon became evident that an attack on our left in heavy force would come off on Friday. To meet this our numbers were ridiculously inadequate, and yet it was so vital a point that there could be no difference of opinion as to the necessity of accumulating sufficient troops there to make the onset decisive. Orders were issued to General Jackson to start immediately for our left, with a large portion of his corps, and to enable him to get time to throw his men into position, our little army was ordered to open the attack in front. Our brigade headed the column, and the 12th as the right regiment led the advance. About ten we moved to the front by the road we had come down the preceding day. We had not left our intrenchments a half-mile before the enemy's cavalry pickets appeared in sight, and some fifteen of our own cavalry trotted forward to reconnoitre. General Mahone ordered the 12th forward as skirmishers to feel the enemy, drive in his skirmishers and ascertain the position of his line of battle. He told us to press the enemy as fast and as far as we could, and not to stop until we had driven them back upon the main body. The Petersburg Riflemen were again detailed to lead the advance, and in a few minutes the ring of the 'Enfield' and the sharp 'hiss' of the rifle-ball told that the skirmishers had met. The regiment was now thrown out on either side of the road. Company C, Lieut. Graswitt;[15] Company A, Capt. Waddell,[16] first on the right; then Company D, Lieut. Leath;[17] and Company K, Capt. Clements,[18] on the left. Subsequently the line on each side was extended by adding Company B, Capt. Bowden,[19] and Company F. Lieut. Scott,[20] to the right; and Company G, Capt. Branch,[21] and Company I, Capt. Jones,[22] to the left.

"We soon came in view of the enemy's skirmish line, and with a rallying cry the boys charged. The country, which is composed of a succession of hills, gave the enemy considerable advantage, as they could choose the most defensive positions, but the enthusiasm of our men exceeded anything I have witnessed since I have been in the service. They had an open field and a specific duty—all they ever want. Over hill and dale they chased the flying Yankees, driving them from crest to crest for a sweeping mile, when, as they hurried over a ridge a trifle higher than the rest, they came upon the line of battle of the foe, drawn up in splendid array, covering our front (which was composed, as you are aware a skirmish front always is, of men scattered five

15. Lieut. Benj. W. Graswitt, of Petersburg, Va.
16. Capt. Chas. E. Waddell, of Petersburg, Va.
17. Lieut. Wm. Leath, of Petersburg, Va.
18. Capt. John T. Clements, of Petersburg, Va.
19. Capt. Ro. R. Bowden, of West Point, Va.
20. Capt. E. P. Scott, of Greensville county, Va.
21. Capt. Edward W. Branch, of Richmond, Va.
22. Capt. Rich'd W. Jones, then of Greensville county, Va.

or ten yards apart,) with a solid column in double ranks, and sweeping around to our right with a heavy flanking party, that now poured down upon us.

"We turned to find our supporting line, but to our surprise it was not in sight. How to get back to our line was now the question. We were warned, on starting, that we might all be taken prisoners, but assured that we would be recaptured, a rather doubtful consolation, especially to officers, since the proclamation of President Davis has put a stop to paroling. There was little time for discussion, so a 'fall back' rang out over the line, and our little line came back in order, turning at every fence to deliver a fire on the advancing line. Before the distance to our line was half accomplished, the enemy charged our right from a body of woods that skirted the field in which we were, and cut off some prisoners, but the main body recovered their position, in order, having successfully and gallantly accomplished the purpose for which they were detailed.

"In this engagement Capt. Banks received the severe wound from which he now suffers, and the command of our company devolved on Macon Martin,[23] as I was acting adjutant of the regiment. At this point Capt. Bowden went to the rear sick, and Lieut. Pollard[24] took command of Company B.

"Another night on our arm and under shelling.

"Saturday morning about ten we were moved to the left to support a battery which was playing upon the enemy from the left of the turnpike. Here Lieut. Martin was wounded, and I applied for permission to take command of his company, now without an officer, which was granted. By this time the ubiquitous Jackson, with Ewell's, A. P. Hill's and Rhodes' divisions had got well around to our left, and was in position to attack the main body of the enemy on the road leading to Ely's Ford to Chancellorsville. Gen. Lee established his headquarters immediately on the plank road, a mile below Chancellorsville, and our division was drawn up in front of him, and at right angles to the road.

"During Saturday afternoon the left of our division was heavily engaged, and the centre and right slightly. About midnight the most tremendous cannonade along our front announced that Stonewall had opened on Chancellorsville. By dawn the batteries on our right and rear opened, and we soon had a full opportunity of enjoying that most ticklish of sensations, 'standing a shelling.' You can make no resistance, of course, and the villainous projectiles howl about your ears like so many mad demons shrieking out death-knell and doom.

"Gradually the lines were contracted and our division advanced a couple of hundred yards nearer and under full play of the batteries at Chancellorsville. Hooker had despatched to the army before Fredericksburg to cross over, *as he had whipped us above*, and a cannonading in that quarter notified us that the battle was joined above and below. It became necessary now to redouble efforts on the left, and the shot and shell hailed upon the earthworks at Chancellorsville. Cheer after cheer broke forth as the line advanced, and finally those of us who were in a position to see the Yankee works, soon observed the lines wavering. About 10 a white flag rose over the enemy's works, and Chancellorsville was ours. For two hours a heavy cannonading on our extreme right told us that the the second column

23. Lieut. Nat'l Macon Martin, of Petersburg, Va.
24. Capt. Thos. P. Pollard, of Richmond, Va.

of the enemy had crossed at Fredericksburg. Here they made a vigorous dash, captured seven pieces of the Washington Artillery, two regiments of Barksdale's brigade, and were pressing our lines, when Gen. Lee, now relieved of the enemy in his front, pushed us down towards Fredericksburg. We occupied the left of the line of battle, and the engagement began again on the afternoon of Sunday, the battle raging in a semi-circle from the plank road near Salem Church to Marye's hill, already historic in the defence of Fredericksburg.

"We had now a fresh army in our front, though smaller by a third than that we had whipped in the morning; and although the night was closing in we renewed the attack. In two hours the enemy fell back, and on the river road leading from Fredericksburg along the river bank to United States Ford. Parallel with this line the army was now placed, and preparations were made to prevent an advance. Every hill was crowned with a battery, and the intrenchments that our men had been digging with much toil for the last two months, came into useful play. In them we spent Monday and Monday night.* From that time until the present we have been marching up and down these infamous roads, up to our knees in the tenacious mud of this forsaken country, expecting every moment to meet one or the other of the two armies that have been balancing across the river each day of the past week.

"At every turn of every road we came upon long squads of prisoners and wagon trains of guns and accoutrements, while so precipitate was the retreat that at every step we found the most valuable articles thrown away in the flight. Nearly every man in the regiment supplied himself with a rubber cloth, and a Yankee 'shelter tent,' and the camp is supplied with an unlimited assortment of Yankee stationery.

"Such, in a few paragraphs is a 'notion' of the way in which we have moved during the week that closed yesterday. Of the general battle, the papers and the official bulletins will tell you all. I anticipate the most gratifying results from this battle. The execution of the

*To what Judge Keiley wrote in respect to the action near Salem on Sunday afternoon, and as to what was done the next day, I may properly add the following, written in my diary Monday, May 4, 1863:

"Arriving at a point near Salem Church, our brigade was filed off to the left (north) of the plank road and moved to the extreme left of the line on this side. Very soon the skirmishers got to work and action began in earnest. Our regiment faced to the rear, being on extreme left, did not participate, but was exposed to both minie balls and shells, losing three or four men slightly wounded. The 41st, 6th, 16th and 61st, I believe, were all at times engaged. The struggle for a long time seemed to be of very doubtful issue. At times I thought it would go against us, but after an hour or so the firing ceased and cheers from our boys announced the result. The enemy were beaten back and retired some half mile. What our loss or theirs was I have never heard estimated—only that they left the field strewn with their dead and wounded. I have heard we captured 500 prisoners, many of whom threw down their arms and ran into our lines. At night our line of battle seemed to remain unchanged. Early this morning our brigade shifted position further to the left. The skirmishers commence work again, the bullets whizzing past us. We expect every moment to get into action. The firing somewhat ceases and we move further around to the left, until finally we get to our present position in an excellent rifle trench commanding the fields in front of us. We see the enemy's batteries in position across the river. Once or twice one battery of ours to our left has exchanged shots with them. We learn that Early's division now occupies Marye's Hill at Fredericksburg, and that the enemy are being driven up this way—also that we have them hemmed in above us. I hear we captured yesterday and the day before over 3500 prisoners."

COL. EVERARD M. FEILD.

"To the 12th was assigned the task of covering this movement, and it is but doing simple justice to one of the most competent officers and gallant men in the service to say that Col. Feild conducted the movement with the greatest dexterity and success." P. 61.

Conscription Act, difficult at all times, will probably be impossible under the depressing circumstances of such a defeat, and the re-enlistment of the nine months and two years men, so confidently counted on by the Abolitionists, is now put beyond hope.

"All the prisoners I have conversed with, and I have spoken to several, seemed absolutely to enjoy their condition, and to consider the tramp to Richmond a pleasure excursion.

"Captain Banks acted with the most conspicuous gallantry and coolness throughout, and when he received the severe wound which disabled him, he was at the head of the men cheering them on. Cary Batte's behaviour was equally creditable, and we all feel that we have lost an excellent soldier, and a most amiable and exemplary man.

"Excuse this very stupid letter, but really I am so tired and generally used up that I can scarcely write intelligibly.

"When I reflect on the vastly superior numbers of the enemy, on their perfect organization and equipment, and then recall, as I now do, the magnificent earthworks they threw up—far the most perfect I have ever seen—with which they fortified their lines—three deep—I am amazed that we were able to carry their first line.

"All that we have endured, and much more, will be nothing, if it assists towards the early restoration of an honorable peace, and this infernal tithing of our blood may come to an end, and we may once more shake hands under a flag established, and with a name recognized as it merits to be, the bravest of the youngest of the nations.

"Yours very truly,

"A. M. K."

The following is the letter of Col. Feild:

"PETERSBURG, VA.,
"June 11th, 1892.

"GEO. S. BERNARD, Esq.

"Dear Sir: Complying with your request to give my recollections of the battle of Chancellorsville, and particularly of the part taken by the 12th Virginia regiment, of Mahone's brigade, with such incidents as came within my personal knowledge, I will now give an account of this campaign, with its incidents, as I now recall them:

"Early in the spring of 1863, Mahone's (Virginia) brigade and Posey's (Mississippi) brigade were moved from the vicinity of Fredericksburg, Va., some ten or twelve miles west, and were placed in position to watch the Federals then commanded by Gen. Hooker, and to dispute their passage of the Rappahannock should they attempt to cross at United States Ford, or of the Rapidan, should they attempt to cross at Ely's or Germanna Ford. A detail was immediately sent from the two brigades to bridge the river at Germanna. Capt. J. Edward Tyler,[25] of Co. D of the 12th Virginia regiment, of which I was then in command as its lieutenant-colonel (its colonel, Col. D. A. Weisiger, not yet having recovered from a severe wound received in the battle of Second Manassas), was placed in charge.

"For several days nothing interesting or exciting occurred in our new camp, except the almost nightly cry of 'pole-cat!' 'pole-cat!!' from some sentinel, repeated by every man awake in camp, which always created considerable excitement until the men were satisfied that the strong-smelling little animal had been frightened off.

"I think it was about one o'clock of the 29th day of April that two cav-

25. Capt. J. Edward Tyler, of Richmond, Va.

alrymen reported to Gen. Mahone that the enemy were crossing at all three of the fords, and had captured all of the detail at Germanna. We were immediately put under arms (the wagons, &c., being sent to the rear) and moved, with two pieces of artillery, westward to a point near the Chancellorsville house. Here we were placed into position with Mahone's brigade on the Ely's Ford road to the right, and Posey's on the plank road to the left, about a quarter of a mile distant. Being ordered by Gen. Mahone to throw forward one of my companies, I directed Capt. Banks, of Co. E, to advance along the road and take position a half mile in our front. Almost continuously during this night there was a fall of rain, which was exceedingly disagreeable, but there was no disturbance by the enemy. Before daylight next morning (April 30th), I directed Capt. Thos. F. Owens, with his company (Co. H), to relieve Capt. Banks' company and to instruct him (Banks) to report to the regiment. Soon after day a member of Co. H, returning to camp, brought information that his company had been charged by a number of Federal cavalry, and that, their guns being wet and failing to fire, the men could offer but little resistance, and he thought that the entire company, himself excepted, had been captured—a serious loss to the regiment.*

"About seven o'clock (I think) Gen. Mahone rode up to me and said: 'Col. Feild, Gen. Anderson has determined to do *now* what I advised him to do last night, that is, to fall back to the Wooden Church, about two miles on the road to Fredericksburg. Had this been done last night under cover of darkness, it could have been done without loss; but now we will have to retreat in the face of a large force of cavalry, and I have determined to leave you here, with your regiment, to cover my retreat.'

"He then informed me that Gen. Posey would leave one of his regiments on the plank road to cover *his* retreat, and at the same time to keep me from being flanked from that direction, and that the commandant of neither regiment should retire without first informing the other. He then instructed me to retire outside of the field and place my men in position across the road from Ely's Ford, along which he would retreat, and there to remain exactly thirty minutes after the last of his brigade had passed, and then to fall back to the Wooden Church as rapidly as possible.

"About ten minutes after the last of our troops had retired, a Federal general, with a staff and body guard about one hundred strong, came out

*In my diary is the following entry:

"THURSDAY. APRIL 30TH.
"On the Road to Fredericksburg.

"Since last wrote, *status* of things very much changed. Enemy got across yesterday or day before at Kelley's or Ely's Ford, and yesterday afternoon their advance was within a mile and a half of Chancellorsville on Ely's Ford road. Our company sent forward deployed as skirmishers yesterday afternoon—encountered their advance about one and a half miles beyond (N. W. of) Chancellorsville. We were immediately deployed on both sides of the road, but neither party fired. At 2½ this morning we were relieved by the Norfolk Juniors (Co. H)."

It was late in the evening, near sunset, when the men at the head of our company, marching by the flank down the road towards the advancing enemy, saw a hundred or two yards ahead of them a few of the enemy meeting us, when some said, "There they are!" and we were at once deployed as skirmishers in the dense woods, there to remain in the damp undergrowth in silence until relieved by the Norfolk Juniors, not knowing at what minute there would be a dash upon us. To state that it was a gloomy, disagreeable, night to all of us is unnecessary.

of the woods on the opposite side of the field, about half a mile distant from us, and riding down to the farm house about three hundred yards in our front, turned into the yard, from which place, with his field-glasses, he made a survey of things generally and of the 12th regiment in particular, and then retired slowly by the same route by which he came. My men were very anxious indeed to fire at them, but I would not allow them, knowing well that their fire would bring large reinforcements to the aid of the general.†

"After twenty minutes of the thirty minutes allowed me had expired, I sent a message to the officer commanding the Mississippi regiment on the plank road on the left that I should fall back promptly in ten minutes. The officer bearing the message returned hurriedly and informed me that the Mississippi regiment had already retired. Knowing that we were liable at any moment to be flanked in that direction, I ordered Capt. R. W. Jones, of Co. I, my next in command, to take charge of the left wing of the regiment, about 250 strong, and fall back to the turnpike and there form line of battle and await my arrival with the right wing. He had gotten but a short distance when the enemy, seeing the movement (I suppose), came forward from the woods on the opposite side of the field with a heavy force of cavalry, and moved down on us at quite a rapid pace.

"Remembering well the positive and emphatic instructions given by Gen. Mahone to hold my position thirty minutes, which time had not expired, and knowing full well my inability to cope with so large a force with only 250 muskets, I sent an order to Capt. Jones to halt his column, form a line of battle across the road and await instructions.

"When the enemy got within about 400 yards of us, they slackened their pace and pushed forward a line of skirmishers. When these skirmishers had gotten within about 250 yards of us I gave the command to fire, and of the 250 muskets not a single one fired. The strain of that moment was the most severe that I had during the war. My first thought was that the men would be completely demoralized, and that we were at the mercy of the enemy now rapidly advancing, without power to resist. I have often thought since how great a mistake I made on that occasion, and how little at that time I knew of the fine material of which the 12th regiment was made, for not a man left the line, but the men went to picking the tubes of their guns with pins and re-capping them. The bringing down of the guns to the aim caused the enemy's skirmishers to halt and dismount, and my men, re-capping their wet guns, soon opened a scattering fire, which kept them in check until I was ready to retire, which I did by falling back through the woods immediately in my rear until on a line with the left wing of the regiment. The enemy's skirmishers, when they dismounted, got behind their horses and fired over their backs at us. I now took charge of the left wing and ordered Capt. Jones to take charge of the

†The sight of this body of Federal cavalrymen riding into the yard of the residence immediately in our front and surveying us seemingly with such cool assurance as we lay behind a fence not two hundred yards distant was indeed exciting. The men had their guns cocked and it was with great difficulty that they could be restrained from giving the blue coats a shot. In my diary is the following entry: "We see the enemy's advance ride up to within two hunhundred yards of us. How impudent they look as they file into line and sit on their horses, surveying us!"

right wing and form another line of battle across the road, 200 yards in rear. We retreated in this way until the enemy ceased to follow. We had skirmishing for some distance, but the enemy did not press us and could not flank us, being unable to reach us except by the road, on account of the thickness of the woods. When we reached the turnpike road, Gen. Mahone and staff were awaiting us. The general appeared very glad to see me, for, riding up, he offered his hand and said: 'I am glad to see you, sir. I thought that you and your whole regiment were captured. I heard the firing and thought it was in your rear.' We moved on to the Wooden Church, and there took position on the right of the line and dug rifle pits until the evening.‡

"The strain on our nerves was considerable the whole day. We knew that Hooker's whole army was in our front and that we had only 4,000 men to oppose him, and the balance of Lee's army from ten to twenty-five miles distant.

"Just before night I was ordered to extend the line by deploying a portion of my regiment as skirmishers, and later to extend the line still further to prevent our being flanked. Consequently, I had nearly the whole regiment deployed as skirmishers. I shall never forget the groans and oaths of Lieut. E. P. Scott,[26] of Co. F, who had joined us about ten o'clock that night. He had been home on leave, and was not due in camp until the 1st of May. Gen. Mahone was always very severe on both officers and men for over-staying their time, and Scott knowing this and not knowing exactly where to find his command, said he thought that it was best to start a day before. The consequence was that he was groaning, and cursing his luck for having to go into the fight the next day with a furlough in his pocket, about which all soldiers become superstitious.

Just before day on the morning of May 1st a brigade came up and I had orders to assemble the skirmishers on the left of the regiment, and the brigade that had just arrived was ordered to fill the place vacated by the skirmishers. I remember that the arrival of this brigade made me feel much more comfortable, for it meant that other troops would soon follow. Gen. Mahone had his headquarters at a small house on the turnpike road, about 100 yards to the rear of our lines. About sunrise I walked up to see him and found him washing his face at the well in front of the house. Seeing a general officer and staff, some 200 yards off, examining our breastworks, I asked Gen. Mahone what officer that was. His reply was: 'Don't you know, sir? Why, that is Gen. Jackson.' Never in my life did I hear anything that exhiliarated me more than his reply, for, from

‡In my diary appears the following entry made on the morning of the 1st of May, describing the retreat:

"Our company brought up the rear some quarter of a mile behind the balance of the brigade. When we reached the point in the road opposite here we filed off to the left (east), and after resting an hour or two soon change position and get into line of battle. A few shots on our left tell that the enemy have come up. Towards evening we learn that by morning we are to be re-inforced. The divisions of Early, A. P. Hill and McLaws to come up. Last night Gen. Semmes' brigade took position immediately on our right. Wilcox's was already on our extreme right. Soon after night we begin to throw up breastworks—at least our regiment. I learn we have a line now from this point to the road. The work seems now (about 8 A. M.) to be ended. We expected an attack from the enemy the first thing this morning. We are ready for them now."

26. Capt. Edward P. Scott, formerly of Greensville county, Va., who died in Louisiana a few years after the close of the war, a gallant soldier.

having been very much depressed about our army during the entire previous evening and night, the knowledge of Jackson's presence made me confident that everything would be all right, and that we had another victory before us to add to the large number already gained over the Army of the Potomac.

"Looking now down the road towards Fredericksburg, as far as the eye could reach, I could see a solid mass of men moving towards us. I went back immediately to the brigade and quickly communicated the news to the different regiments and found that the effect of the news was as inspiriting on the men as on myself.

"A short time after this we were all eating our breakfast, when Capt. Robertson Taylor, assistant adjutant-general on Mahone's staff, rode up and directed me to get my regiment under arms and report at Mahone's headquarters immediately.

"I moved out quickly with my men in column of fours, and, receiving a sign from Gen. Mahone to advance, rode on to the turnpike ahead of the regiment. Before reaching it I saw two pieces of artillery in the road, with their horses' heads towards the enemy. I thought this strange, but judge my surprise when riding up to Gen. Mahone, he said: 'Col. Feild, I wish you to take your regiment with these pieces of artillery down this road. You will find a strong picket in the house ahead of you, and on the hill beyond a strong skirmish line. Detach one of your companies to drive in the pickets. Deploy a sufficient number of your companies as skirmishers—if necessary, the whole regiment—and drive in the Yankee skirmishers. I wish you to drive them. Drive them quickly, and until you find the enemy's line of battle. I expect that you and your whole regiment will be captured, but we have a trap set for them, and we will re-capture you.'

"I directed Capt. Banks, with his company, to advance ahead of the artillery and drive the pickets from the house.* He soon reported that they were too strong for him, and asked for re-inforcements.

"Remembering Mahone's orders about haste in driving in the Yankee skirmishers, I determined to deploy the entire regiment forward on centre, and at once. I gave the order to that effect, at a double-quick. The Federal pickets, seeing that they were about to be flanked on both sides, quickly fell back on their skirmish line on the hill. The regiment now advanced rapidly with a yell, and, striking the enemy's skirmishers on the hill, routed them and followed them for a long dis-

*Mr. Richard B. Davis, of Petersburg, Va., a member of the Petersburg Riflemen, tells the following incident, of which I remember hearing at the time of the battle from the men who were on the north side of the turnpike where it occurred:

"As we were passing up the road in the direction of Chancellorsville and had nearly reached that point at which Capt. Hill Carter's horse was afterwards killed, we came to a small hut on the north side of the road having a broad rock chimney extending nearly across the end of the house next to us. Behind this chimney there stood an old colored woman, who, appearing to know that there was a large force of the enemy a short distance up the road, and seeing our thin line of skirmishers advancing (we had only thirty-two men in line), and frightened about out of her wits at the prospect of the impending collision, with wild gesticulations, pointing in the direction of the enemy, and in tones of most earnest entreaty, exclaimed to us, 'Oh, for God's sake, don't go up there! Don't go up there!! There are thousands of them up there and they will kill every one of you all!' This she repeated several times, most earnestly. Some of us said to her as we approached and passed by her, 'Never mind, old lady, we've got a plenty of men just behind us to take care of those Yankees. Don't be alarmed.'"

tance before finding their line of battle, which was composed of regulars and before whom we in turn had to retreat rapidly. We were very close to their concealed line of battle before I discovered it. The fire was so great that we lost very heavily in this engagement, among those lost being some of our best officers and men. I saw Capt. Banks, of Company E, shot down about thirty yards to my left on its retreat, and several of its best men were captured while taking him behind a house for safety. Capt. Banks was a very gallant officer, a man who always obeyed orders, and required his own to be obeyed. His loss was very severely felt, not only by his company, but by his regiment and brigade. His wound received on this occasion disabled him permanently.

"After this the regiment was allowed to rest some hours, for the men were exhausted from their great exercise. Towards evening we were ordered to rejoin the brigade, which moved to the west and took position in front of the Chancellorsville house.§

"Nothing of importance occurred until the next afternoon. We were passing in the rear of some artillery, the brigade moving by the left flank, my regiment being in the rear, when Gen. McLaws rode up and asking me my name and regiment, and

§In my diary, on the 2nd of May, I wrote out the following account of the fight of the day before:

"About 11 o'clock yesterday morning left our entrenchments, our brigade leading. Upon reaching point where entrenchment crosses the road, our company was sent forward as skirmishers, and when getting one and a half miles down the road, in front of our breastworks, we were deployed—first platoon on the right of the road, second on the left—and having advanced thus about a quarter of a mile, came up with a few of our cavalry skirmishers, and also with the enemy's skirmishers, who were cavalry and infantry, or cavalry mounted and dismounted, and were in full view about three hundred yards across an open field. We immediately commenced firing, the enemy returning our fire very briskly, their mounted men acting very gallantly. But we continued to go forward until we reached their position and had advanced about two hundred yards beyond it, after which we fell back to near the position held by the enemy when first seen by us. Here the rest of our regiment, deployed as skirmishers and advancing beautifully, joined us, and there the whole line halted for about ten minutes, during which time one or two pieces of our artillery opened on the enemy, firing over our heads. Now the order to advance was given, and the whole line of skirmishers, jumping over a wicker fence behind which we had been lying, rush through a little patch of chinquapin growth, and upon getting within fifty yards of the fence enclosing the thicket, we see the blue coats scattered about, some in the open field not fifty yards from the fence. We immediately open fire upon them, which they return, and we then advance quite up to the fence, firing as rapidly as possible, the enemy retiring and our boys in fine spirits. Immediately on our right we see their mounted men galloping for life from out of the woods and several of them are dropped. But ahead of us, in the open field, we see a line of battle, a regiment or two, perhaps more, about 150 yards distant, which, facing to their left, commence to march at a double quick to their left, as if for the purpose of getting on our right flank. Some of us fire at them, when many of this line of the enemy are seen to fall, or stop as if to avoid our balls, and some of them to return our fire. Immediately now they commence to advance upon us and we are ordered to fall back, the enemy firing as they advance. It was a tight time. Heated and fatigued, we could scarcely get along, and many gave up from sheer exhaustion and were captured. But backward we moved until, scattered and broken, we reached the point where our company first fired upon the skirmishers. Here we found the rest of our brigade drawn up in a line of battle and also some artillery. The enemy advance still and a volley is exchanged with our troops, their artillery having now opened. Our regiment soon rallies somewhat to the rear, and muster only 75 or 100, although it entered the action with about 400."

The above note is long, but I must add an incident or two not therein recorded:

When we first began to fire upon the ene-

being told, ordered me to halt my regiment and support the artillery, then about fifty yards in our front. I immediately halted and sent forward to Gen. Mahone to notify him. Receiving my message, he came back at once, and learning that I had been instructed by Gen. McLaws to support this artillery, he ordered me to make room with my regiment to the right so that he could get the whole brigade in position, saying, with considerable emphasis, that no one regiment of his brigade should support *twenty* pieces of artillery. While we were in that position there was an artillery duel between some pieces of this artillery and some of the Federal guns at Chancellorsville, but did not last long, and I only remember that Lieut. N. Macon Martin was wounded.‖

"Later in the afternoon we moved to the left and took position to the left and immediately on the plank-road, and it was at this point that I saw more of Gen. Lee than during any battle of the war.

"Four regiments of the brigade were now on the skirmish line under the command of Col. Rogers, of the 6th, with only the 12th regiment in reserve, and for four miles in Hooker's immediate front we had only a skirmish line to oppose him, while Jackson was passing to the rear. Gen. Lee sat on his horse a

my's skirmishers, I noticed particularly across the field a cavalryman who fired a carbine. I thought I would take a shot at him, and accordingly did so, but, although I took good aim, my fire was ineffective. The fellow rode along as if no bullet had been sent after him.

When we reached the extreme point of our advance, where we saw the enemy's line of battle in the open field about 150 yards in our front, the situation was exciting in the extreme. Tack Cowles (Judge Jas. R. Cowles, of Goldthwaite, Texas, of the Riflemen), standing at my side loading and firing as fast as he could, was the most excited man I ever saw. "By G—d," he exclaimed, "I will be d—d if I wouldn't give a hundred dollars for a loaded gun." "Tack, don't curse so," said I. His reply was, "D—d if I wouldn't."

‖In my diary early Sunday morning, May 3, 1863, I made the following entry:

"Yesterday afternoon about 3½ o'clock brigade moved about a quarter of a mile to left side of turnpike and took position behind a battery (2nd Richmond Howitzers) posted about fifty yards from our regiment on the brow of a hill. This battery immediately opened on the enemy, who replied with great spirit. It did one good, in spite of the great danger we were in, to see how beautifully the men at the pieces worked. After about fifteen minutes' time a cheer from the boys at the guns announced the result. The enemy's battery was completely silenced. There were some casualties in our regiment—5 men wounded by pieces of shell—among them Lieut. Macon Martin, commanding our company."

Our fifteen minutes' experience lying on the slope of a hill, upon the brow of which stood the guns of the Richmond battery in hot action with those of the enemy, whose shot and shell every few seconds were skimming the crest where the Confederate guns were posted, was one never to be forgotten. I remember watching the men at the guns work, with the intensest anxiety, and lying where I was in line immediately in rear of one of the guns, just about fifty yards up the hill, the men and guns were strongly outlined against the sky, and actually seemed to grow in size as the action progressed. The artillerists handled the pieces with a rapidity and precision of movement that seemed marvelous, and their work at the guns was almost fascinating. But that cheer which announced the silencing of the Federal battery was one of the most welcome ever heard.

*Mr. Richard B. Davis gives the following graphic account of this artillery duel:

"Finding that the battery was composed of a section of one of the companies of the Richmond Howitzers, I went up to the guns, along with one or more members of our company, to see if any of our friends in the Howitzers were there. Finding at least one of these present, we staid there some little time in conversation with the artillerymen and were told by them that they had been stationed at the place they occupied to prevent the enemy from putting a battery upon a hill they pointed out some distance beyond them in the direction of Chancel-

great deal of the time immediately in the rear of our regiment, and you could see a shade of anxiety not only on his face, but also on that of Gen. Mahone. Whilst here I saw a shell explode immediately over Gen. Lee's head. I was lying on the ground at the time, behind a little breast-work, and watching him closely, but did not see a muscle of his face move, nor did his horse flinch. Soon after this there was a lull in the firing in our front. I heard Gen. Lee tell Gen. Mahone to order the officer commanding his skirmish line to feel the enemy, to feel them 'pretty heavily, pretty heavily.' These were his words. Gen. Mahone turned to his adjutant-general, Capt. Robertson Taylor, who, a moment later, dashed forward, and in a short time Rogers was certainly obeying orders, for the firing in our front was terrific.

"During this heavy fire in our front, brought about by Gen. Lee's order, I saw a large body of men coming down the line from our right almost at a double quick. The enemy at the time were shelling us furiously, but this did not seem to have had any effect on the spirits of the men, for some of our men, recognizing the men of the Florida brigade, greeted them with 'Hello, turkey! Hello, turkey!' and in a moment the whole of the entire two regiments was hallooing out, the

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lorsville and on the north side of the road. They told us that they had measured the distance to this hill and had their ammunition prepared accordingly, and that, if the enemy should attempt to put a battery there, they (the enemy) would have a very warm time of it. While we were talking a battery of Federal artillery came dashing down the road from the direction of Chancellorsville, and wheeling into the field at the point on the hill they were expected to occupy, went into battery and commenced firing, all of which was done in a time hardly longer than it has taken me to tell of it. As they came up, however, our artillery friends, true to their promise, commenced firing very rapidly, and with such accuracy as to kill one or two teams of the enemy's horses, blow up one or more of their caissons and disable some of their guns. Every shell from the Confederate guns seemed to burst right at the mouths of the enemy's cannon, and, although I was very much scared and anxious to get back to my place in the line of battle, I could not resist the temptation to stay a little while and watch the effect of the shots from our artillery. I did not, however, stay long at this place, but ran back to my place in line, where I found that Lieut. Macon Martin had been struck on the foot by a piece of one of the enemy's shells. In a very few minutes thereafter I heard the shout of our artillerymen as the enemy retired from the position they had attempted to occupy. I do not think there was as much as fifteen minutes of time from the first appearance of the enemy's battery until we heard the shouting of our men as they witnessed the utter discomforture and retirement of the hostile battery.

"We passed over this ground the next day on our way back to Fredericksburg to oppose the advance of the enemy from that direction, and I saw the remains of the exploded caissons and the dead body of a man lying directly under one of them.

"The impetuous advance of the battery in full gallop as I now remember it, and the unerring and destructive fire of our men pouring a veritable shower of iron upon the devoted men and beasts belonging to the battery, are now as vividly before my mind's eye as they appeared upon that memorable day, and often have I told my boys of this well-remembered incident."

Mr. Jos. V. L. McCreery, of Richmond, Va., who, as a sergeant in the First Howitzer Company of Virginia Artillery, took part in this artillery duel, states that the artillery engaged was not the Second (Richmond) Howitzers, but his company, the First (Richmond) Howitzers (as the company was commonly known), commanded by Capt. Edward S. McCarthy, who, with Lieuts. R. M. Anderson and J. M. Nimmo, and Serg'ts W. H. Blackador, J. V. L. McCreery, D. S. McCarthy, Sclater and Moncure directed the firing of the two guns of the battery engaged, which two guns, with a like number of guns of Capt. Manly's (North Carolina) battery, participated in the action with the enemy's battery at this point, the loss in which was Private Nat'l W. Selden, killed, and Private George P. Richardson, wounded, both Howitzers.

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"That night we slept on our arms in line of battle. The next morning early the fighting was resumed. Our skirmish line was advanced nearer to the enemy's breast-works, and my regiment advanced in the woods some quarter of a mile from the position of the evening before. Here we were under a heavy shelling, but from this position I could see much that was going on about Chancellorsville. We captured Chancellorsville and about 1,500 prisoners that morning, and had scarcely halted there before we moved down the turnpike road towards Fredericksburg, the whole of Anderson's division with another division (McLaws', I think). After moving down the road a little, Gen. Lee made his appearance near the head of the column. The yell that went up from the 10,000 men must have startled the enemy, who had fallen back but a short distance in the woods between us and the river. I heard no cheer during the war to compare with this. When we were commanded to move down the turnpike in columns of divisions, I thought it was to form two lines of battle and to attack the enemy, but after marching three or four miles I was at a total loss as to where we were going and what we were going to do, but did not remain in this condition very long. My regiment was the right of Mahone's brigade, and Mahone's brigade the right of Anderson's division. This placed the 12th regiment in front of the column. Gen. Mahone's position was a short distance in front of the division, and mine in the rear of him. During this march the men were more noisy and cheerful than I had almost ever seen them. You could scarcely hear anything that was going on. Every man was giving his experience during the fight to his neighbor, and evidently thinking that the battle was over and the victory won. They would probably have forced me to the same conclusion, had I not noticed that Gen. Mahone's spirits did not correspond with those of the men under his command. In fact, his face expressed dissatisfaction. At this time we had heard nothing of Jackson's wound, or of the crossing of the enemy at Fredericksburg.

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"Thus ended the battle of Chancellorsville, one of the greatest victories won by the Army of Northern Virginia; for, with an army fifty-seven thousand strong, Gen. Lee had overcome Gen. Hooker, whose army was one hundred and thirty-two thousand strong.

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"Dear Sir: At your request I fur-

W. Schooles, Dennis Heffron, P. H. Pettiway and R. N. Hite; *missing*, Thomas R. Kersey, Miles Botts, James Hardy, James Scott, James E. Hawks and William Goode Talley.

"I find no list of the casualties in either Company E or Company I, in each of which I know there were several. I do not now know why I did not enroll them in this memorandum book.

"Your Comrade,

"HUGH R. SMITH."

The casualties in Company I will be given in the Appendix. Those in Company E appear in the following extract from the entry made in my diary on the morning of May 2d:

"In our company Capt. Banks was severely wounded and Sergeant Cary D. Batte, it is thought, mortally wounded. Ned Newsom[27] and John E. Scott[28] were also wounded, probably not severely. Our missing (in Co. E) are Austin Maclin,[29] Putnam Stith,[30] Jim Nash,[31] James Medley,[32] Marcellus Harrison[33] and Henry Robinson.[34] In the regiment there are known to have been killed 2 and wounded 18 men. The enemy's loss was considerable heavier than ours in killed and wounded. We captured scarcely any. From all I can learn, we engaged regulars. Their cavalry were certainly splendid—no doubt the same that charged upon and bagged most of the Norfolk Juniors last Thursday morning."

With the exception of Lieut. N. Macon Martin receiving a wound in his foot, which occurred on the 2d of May after the foregoing entry was made, we had no further casualties in the Petersburg Riflemen. The wounds of Cary Batte and Ned Newsom were mortal, and Capt. Banks died of his after suffering from it nearly eight years. Most of the missing men were captured.* G. S. B.

27. Edward S. Newsom, of Petersburg, Va.
28. John E. Scott, of Baltimore, Md.
29. Austin J. Maclin, of New York.
30. Putnam Stith, of Petersburg, Va.
31. James E. Nash, of Newberne, N. C.
32. William Medley, of Halifax county, Va.
33. Marcellus W. Harrison, of Brunswick Co., Va.
34. Henry B. Robinson, Jr., of ——

*The following extract from the entry made in my diary Monday, May 4, 1863, descriptive of what occurred about the Chancellorsville house on the morning of the preceding day (Sunday, May 3), intended to be inserted at a more appropriate place on a preceding page, must be given here:

"About 10 A. M. firing suddenly ceased. White flag flying from Chancellorsville, and it is reported the enemy have surrendered there. We soon advance to the breastworks—meet numbers of prisoners being carried to the rear—expect to find a whole army of them—it turns out that the white flag was only a surrender of a few of them, the balance taking the opportunity to make their way to U. S. Ford, but we were all now in the highest spirits. Halted on the plank road, we were talking and trafficking with the Yankee prisoners passing us, when, to our amazement, a piece of artillery was fired by the enemy and the shell came near sweeping our whole line, but fortunately hit no one. Immediately some five or six pieces of ours opened on them and they were soon quieted."

I well remember the indignation we all felt at what was regarded as an act of treachery, the firing of that piece ot artillery, whose fiercely hissing shell whizzed down the plank road on which we stood—a long column of men, among whom there would have been great loss of life had the course of the missile been but a few feet lower—and I also well remember the feeling of satisfaction with which we saw in the open field just in front of the Chancellorsville house, and scarcely a hundred yards from us, the five or six pieces of our artillery which opened on the enemy, hurling in the most rapid and vigorous manner shot and shell into the woods immediately north of the house from which came that treacherous shot.

SIMON SEWARD.

AN ESCAPE FROM POINT LOOKOUT.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MR. SIMON SEWARD BEFORE A. P. HILL CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, OF PETERSBURG, VA., ON THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1889.

COMRADES:

I was captured June 28th, 1863, in Maryland, near Rockville, the same day we captured that wagon train of 350 wagons, and a few days before the battle of Gettysburg. I was carried to Washington and put in the old Capitol prison; was kept there six weeks. I formed the acquaintance there of several noted men, among them one of Mosby's captains, of whom I will tell you later. From there I was carried to Point Lookout prison. This place was situated in the fork of the Potomac river and Chesapeake bay. On reaching there I found about 1,000 prisoners. We received the rations of a regular soldier and had a good time. Just imagine a Confederate soldier eating fresh loaf bread, good coffee with sugar in it, and beef and pork in abundance. We feasted but a short time when the cook-house was built. Then stealing and short rations commenced.

A friend, McPherson, of Atlanta, Ga., and myself, not liking the board and various other things, decided we would quit the place and go home. The prison was square, containing about a space of ten or more acres, and at that time had no fence around it. The guards continually marched up and down on their beats. We decided to wait for a dark night, then crawl as near the guards as possible and wait until they met and turned their backs, then run through in the darkness. During this time I caught a severe cold and had a wretched cough, so could not go with my friend, whom I loved better than a brother. I told him the way to go, gave him my father's address (which he cut on his finger-nail) and told him to leave word on the road that I would soon follow. He did this and also

wrote to my father giving all the news and telling him I was still living. Up to this time my people believed me dead, as it had been so reported by persons who said they saw me killed. Well, our rations continued to grow smaller, and my friend was gone; so I was more determined than ever to leave. A tall fence had now been built around the place, making it very difficult to escape. I tried many ways and failed. Once after I had gotten out, I was caught and put in the dungeon (a tent) and fed on bread and water. This made me all the more anxious to leave. It was customary to close the gates at sunset. These gates let us out to the sinks during the day. The first day of December, 1863, was dark and rainy. I thought this was my time, so just before time to shut the gates I crept out. Not a soul was to be seen. The fence was very strongly built with very large posts and a parapet on top where the guards were on duty.

After passing out of the gates I went to the right for several panels. Seeing a squad of soldiers, I hid behind a post until they passed. They were within thirty yards of me, going up in their search on the water's edge, and I knew when they returned they must pass within five feet of me. So I got on the other side of the post when I saw them coming back. I expected to be found and pinned to the wall with a bayonet, but it so happened that when they came within twenty feet of me their attention was called to a pile of sand on the beach that looked like a grave. It was piled up during the day by some of the prisoners. The soldiers went at once to it and commenced to stick their bayonets through it. It was owing to this that I escaped detection. I remained close behind the post until 9 o'clock, when all was quiet except the tread of the guard overhead and the murmur of their voices as they conversed with each other. My next move was to go from post to post until I reached the corner. To leave there was to do one of two things—either swim the Chesapeake bay or go through the Fifth New Hampshire regiment in camp on the only ground there was. I decided on the latter. When inside the camp I saw some horses tied and tried to untie one, thinking to ride him through the camp and out, but this was "no go." The horse commenced to move; the men saw it and me and said, "Who is there?" I said nothing and they came to see. Then commenced a race for the bay about one hundred yards off, the soldiers and guards after me, raising *Jesse*. The darkness saved me from being riddled with bullets. I went at once into deep water and commenced to swim for my life up the bay towards Baltimore—the soldiers being camped on the shore for a mile or more. I had a fair wind and tide and made good time. When I found I could go no further I gave up to drown, bidding farewell to this world, when I found myself in water only three feet deep. I thought at first I had struck a whale, but

found afterwards it was a sand-bar. After a good rest I commenced again and continued in the water a distance of six miles, passing outside of what was called the Block House, where they had wires connected with bells in a house on shore.

Thinking myself safe I went ashore. A chill came over me from a sharp wind then blowing. My teeth commenced to chatter so loud I thought I would be heard. So I put my finger between them. My feet then refused to move. I was chilled through, but hard work and a determination to move on brought a circulation, and I moved, first slowly, then faster, until I struck a path through the woods. I ran up that path with considerable speed until I found myself in front of a large white house. What to do I could not tell. I rang the bell and a lady came to the door in her night dress, it being about 12 o'clock. She said, "I know who you are; don't speak or our servants will hear you; I will send my husband." He came, invited me in the parlor, and said, "I will help you all I can, but don't speak of it if caught." He gave me a hunk of beef, a bottle of whiskey, a coat and several dollars. He said he was an officer in the Federal navy, but loved the South and owned negroes. I walked all night and at the break of day took a little rest to wait for more darkness. I soon fell asleep, but it was a short nap. I found that too much walking, beef and whiskey had made me so stiff I could not walk. Some dogs came across me and made so much fuss that I forgot my lameness and ran through the woods in an opposite direction from which I was going. This saved me from capture, as a company of cavalry was right after me. The dogs followed me through the woods until I came to a deep break covered with ivy. I frightened something, either a man or deer, I can't say which, but it scared me nearly out of my wits. The dogs left me and ran after it. I then crossed a little stream up the hill and found myself in a field near a small negro hut. I went to it and spoke to a very bright colored man, and asked him the way to a certain place. He replied, "Go away from here. If they find you here I am ruined, for I am just out of the penitentiary yesterday." I moved on through the woods and fields until I came to a road and started to cross it, when I met a man who said, "If you go up this road, you are caught, for the sheriff is coming." I looked and there he was, riding a horse, with a double barrel shot-gun on his shoulder and a prisoner walking by his side. I walked right by him, and, as soon as I could, took to the woods, running a mile or more, until I found a thicket, where I hid until nearly night.

Being much refreshed, but a little hungry, I started off again and reached a small house. Seeing a bucket of water in the porch and wishing for information, I asked for a drink of water. The lady said, "You are the

great deal of the time immediately in the rear of our regiment, and you could see a shade of anxiety not only on his face, but also on that of Gen. Mahone. Whilst here I saw a shell explode immediately over Gen. Lee's head. I was lying on the ground at the time, behind a little breast-work, and watching him closely, but did not see a muscle of his face move, nor did his horse flinch. Soon after this there was a lull in the firing in our front. I heard Gen. Lee tell Gen. Mahone to order the officer commanding his skirmish line to feel the enemy, to feel them 'pretty heavily, pretty heavily.' These were his words. Gen. Mahone turned to his adjutant-general, Capt. Robertson Taylor, who, a moment later, dashed forward, and in a short time Rogers was certainly obeying orders, for the firing in our front was terrific.

"During this heavy fire in our front, brought about by Gen. Lee's order, I saw a large body of men coming down the line from our right almost at a double quick. The enemy at the time were shelling us furiously, but this did not seem to have had any effect on the spirits of the men, for some of our men, recognizing the men of the Florida brigade, greeted them with 'Hello, turkey! Hello, turkey!' and in a moment the whole of the entire two regiments was hallooing out, the

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lorsville and on the north side of the road. They told us that they had measured the distance to this hill and had their ammunition prepared accordingly, and that, if the enemy should attempt to put a battery there, they (the enemy) would have a very warm time of it. While we were talking a battery of Federal artillery came dashing down the road from the direction of Chancellorsville, and wheeling into the field at the point on the hill they were expected to occupy, went into battery and commenced firing, all of which was done in a time hardly longer than it has taken me to tell of it. As they came up, however, our artillery friends, true to their promise, commenced firing very rapidly, and with such accuracy as to kill one or two teams of the enemy's horses, blow up one or more of their caissons and disable some of their guns. Every shell from the Confederate guns seemed to burst right at the mouths of the enemy's cannon, and, although I was very much scared and anxious to get back to my place in the line of battle, I could not resist the temptation to stay a little while and watch the effect of the shots from our artillery. I did not, however, stay long at this place, but ran back to my place in line, where I found that Lieut. Macon Martin had been struck on the foot by a piece of one of the enemy's shells. In a very few minutes thereafter I heard the shout of our artillerymen as the enemy retired from the position they had attempted to occupy. I do not think there was as much as fifteen minutes of time from the first appearance of the enemy's battery until we heard the shouting of our men as they witnessed the utter discomforture and retirement of the hostile battery.

"We passed over this ground the next day on our way back to Fredericksburg to oppose the advance of the enemy from that direction, and I saw the remains of the exploded caissons and the dead body of a man lying directly under one of them.

"The impetuous advance of the battery, in full gallop as I now remember it, and the unerring and destructive fire of our men, pouring a veritable shower of iron upon the devoted men and beasts belonging to the battery, are now as vividly before my mind's eye as they appeared upon that memorable day, and often have I told my boys of this well-remembered incident."

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"We now moved forward rapidly until we reached Salem Church, about four miles from Fredericksburg, where we ran into line of battle hurriedly to the left of the turnpike road, and in less than five minutes our skirmishers were engaged. We had hardly gotten in position, behind a ditch bank, when Gen. Mahone ordered the brigade to move to the left and make room for Gen. Semmes' brigade, which, although it looked very differently at the time, was, as things turned out, a very fortunate move for our brigade, as the attack on our portion was very light, and that on Gen. Semmes' front very heavy.

"We whipped Sedgwick, and forced him to retire across the river the next night under considerable shelling. After Sedgwick recrossed the river, we were moved back to attack that portion of the enemy left near Chancellorsville. About two hours before starting on this march, we had one of the heaviest rains I have ever seen fall, and as we advanced along the plank road, we saw quite a number of dead Federal soldiers who had been buried in the ditch by the road and had been washed up by the rain, and were being floated down the ditches by the running water.

"We reached our stopping point about dark and I was immediately ordered by Gen. Mahone to take my regiment down the road in rear of the army, to guard against an attack of Stoneman's cavalry, which was said to be in our rear. Against this I had to protest. I told Gen. Mahone that I had done all that human nature could stand—that I had been on the outpost for three nights and was compelled to sleep, and would not be responsible if he sent me on the duty. He told me to move down this road and put my regiment in position to resist an attack, to detach a company and send it two hundred yards farther down the road, and then to go to sleep, all of which I did. I slept soundly almost in water (the ground being very wet), until I was aroused the next morning to get ready to make an attack on the enemy. The line of battle being formed, we moved on the enemy's works and were very much surprised, and more pleased, to find that the enemy had left them during the night and retired across the river. We found most formidable breastworks which would have cost us many of our lives had we charged them. We also found large quantities of fixed ammunition and other stores that had been left by the enemy in their hasty retreat.

"Thus ended the battle of Chancellorsville, one of the greatest victories won by the Army of Northern Virginia; for, with an army fifty-seven thousand strong, Gen. Lee had overcome Gen. Hooker, whose army was one hundred and thirty-two thousand strong.

"Your Comrade,

"E. M. FEILD."

To the foregoing letter of Col. Feild I will add the following received to-day (June 27, 1892) from Mr. Hugh R. Smith, of Petersburg, Va., who was sergeant-major of the 12th regiment and subsequently its adjutant:

"PETERSBURG, VA.,
June 27, 1892.

"GEO. S. BERNARD, Esq.

"Dear Sir: At your request I fur-

ket streets, in the house now a drug store. I found him behind the counter. He looked at me quite a time and said, "Simon!" and ran to my mother and sisters.

ADDENDUM.

The following letter from Mr. Freeman W. Jones, of Petersburg, Va., gives an interesting account of a Confederate soldier's experience at Point Lookout about the close of the war, and makes an appropriate *addendum* to Mr. Seward's address describing his escape from the prison at that place:

"PETERSBURG, VA., July 4, 1892.

"Mr. GEO. S. BERNARD.

"DEAR SIR: At your request I will give you a brief account of my prison life at Point Lookout in 1865.

"I was a member of Company E, 56th Virginia infantry, Hunton's brigade, Pickett's division, and was captured near Five Forks, Friday, March 31, 1865. We arrived at Point Lookout Sunday morning, April 2, 1865, and I can never forget my feelings on that day, when those large prison gates were thrown open and we were marched in. Oh! how my heart did ache, when those heavy portals, with a loud crash, closed behind us! Then I thought of the loved ones at home, that quiet sabbath morning, wending their way to the old country church in Brunswick county, where from childhood we had been accustomed to worship in peace and quiet. I now realized for the first time that I was indeed a prisoner of war, and all the horrors of a prison life rose up before me. But a soldier must be brave. So, therefore, boy though I was, I tried to put aside such feelings, and did what I could to cheer and comfort others.

"I think there were some twelve thousand or more prisoners at Point Lookout when we arrived. This number was largely increased from day to day, until the prison was about as full as it could well be, having within its enclosures some 23,000 or more men, I was told. Six of us were placed in a small tent in rear of the large tents, all of which were now filled, and which occupied the fronts on the different 'streets,' as were termed the avenues on which stood rows of tents. The camp was parcelled off into divisions, like wards in a city. I belonged to what was called the 7th division. We had but little to interest us, or to look forward to with much pleasure. We were required to attend roll-call early each morning, and were then marched to a cook-house to get our breakfast, which consisted simply either of a small piece of pickled pork or salt beef, first of one and then of the other. Sometimes a piece of raw codfish was given us in lieu of the pork or beef, and without bread or coffee. We would take our meat back to our tents, and about 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning the bread wagons would come in, and then half of a loaf of baker's bread was given to each man. A thin slice of this and our pork or beef then made up our breakfast.

"About 12 or 1 o'clock we were marched in the same manner to the cook-house for our dinner, which always consisted of what was *called* 'bean soup.' It was rare indeed to find any beans, but you seldom failed to find one or more well cooked flies in your so-called 'soup.' Supper we had none, unless one managed to save a small slice of his bread for this meal.

"While I cannot say that any one

W. Schooles, Dennis Heffron, P. H. Pettiway and R. N. Hite; *missing*, Thomas R. Kersey, Miles Botts, James Hardy, James Scott, James E. Hawks and William Goode Talley.

"I find no list of the casualties in either Company E or Company I, in each of which I know there were several. I do not now know why I did not enroll them in this memorandum book.

"Your Comrade,

"HUGH R. SMITH."

The casualties in Company I will be given in the Appendix. Those in Company E appear in the following extract from the entry made in my diary on the morning of May 2d:

"In our company Capt. Banks was severely wounded and Sergeant Cary D. Batte, it is thought, mortally wounded. Ned Newsom[27] and John E. Scott[28] were also wounded, probably not severely. Our missing (in Co. E) are Austin Maclin,[29] Putnam Stith,[30] Jim Nash,[31] James Medley,[32] Marcellus Harrison[33] and Henry Robinson.[34] In the regiment there are known to have been killed 2 and wounded 18 men. The enemy's loss was considerable heavier than ours in killed and wounded. We captured scarcely any. From all I can learn, we engaged regulars. Their cavalry were certainly splendid—no doubt the same that charged upon and bagged most of the Norfolk Juniors last Thursday morning."

With the exception of Lieut. N. Macon Martin receiving a wound in his foot, which occurred on the 2d of May after the foregoing entry was made, we had no further casualties in the Petersburg Riflemen. The wounds of Cary Batte and Ned Newsom were mortal, and Capt. Banks died of his after suffering from it nearly eight years. Most of the missing men were captured.* G. S. B.

27. Edward S. Newsom, of Petersburg, Va.
28. John E. Scott, of Baltimore, Md.
29. Austin J. Maclin, of New York.
30. Putnam Stith, of Petersburg, Va.
31. James E. Nash, of Newberne, N. C.
32. William Medley, of Halifax county, Va.
33. Marcellus W. Harrison, of Brunswick Co., Va.
34. Henry B. Robinson, Jr., of ——

*The following extract from the entry made in my diary Monday, May 4, 1863, descriptive of what occurred about the Chancellorsville house on the morning of the preceding day (Sunday, May 3), intended to be inserted at a more appropriate place on a preceding page, must be given here:

"About 10 A. M. firing suddenly ceased. White flag flying from Chancellorsville, and it is reported the enemy have surrendered there. We soon advance to the breastworks—meet numbers of prisoners being carried to the rear—expect to find a whole army of them—it turns out that the white flag was only a surrender of a few of them, the balance taking the opportunity to make their way to U. S. Ford, but we were all now in the highest spirits. Halted on the plank road, we were talking and trafficking with the Yankee prisoners passing us, when, to our amazement, a piece of artillery was fired by the enemy and the shell came near sweeping our whole line, but fortunately hit no one. Immediately some five or six pieces of ours opened on them and they were soon quieted."

I well remember the indignation we all felt at what was regarded as an act of treachery, the firing of that piece ot artillery, whose fiercely hissing shell whizzed down the plank road on which we stood—a long column of men, among whom there would have been great loss of life had the course of the missile been but a few feet lower—and I also well remember the feeling of satisfaction with which we saw in the open field just in front of the Chancellorsville house, and scarcely a hundred yards from us, the five or six pieces of our artillery which opened on the enemy, hurling in the most rapid and vigorous manner shot and shell into the woods immediately north of the house from which came that treacherous shot.

SIMON SEWARD.

AN ESCAPE FROM POINT LOOKOUT.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MR. SIMON SEWARD BEFORE A. P. HILL CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, OF PETERSBURG, VA., ON THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1889.

COMRADES:

I was captured June 28th, 1863, in Maryland, near Rockville, the same day we captured that wagon train of 350 wagons, and a few days before the battle of Gettysburg. I was carried to Washington and put in the old Capitol prison; was kept there six weeks. I formed the acquaintance there of several noted men, among them one of Mosby's captains, of whom I will tell you later. From there I was carried to Point Lookout prison. This place was situated in the fork of the Potomac river and Chesapeake bay. On reaching there I found about 1,000 prisoners. We received the rations of a regular soldier and had a good time. Just imagine a Confederate soldier eating fresh loaf bread, good coffee with sugar in it, and beef and pork in abundance. We feasted but a short time when the cook-house was built. Then stealing and short rations commenced.

A friend, McPherson, of Atlanta, Ga., and myself, not liking the board and various other things, decided we would quit the place and go home. The prison was square, containing about a space of ten or more acres, and at that time had no fence around it. The guards continually marched up and down on their beats. We decided to wait for a dark night, then crawl as near the guards as possible and wait until they met and turned their backs, then run through in the darkness. During this time I caught a severe cold and had a wretched cough, so could not go with my friend, whom I loved better than a brother. I told him the way to go, gave him my father's address (which he cut on his finger-nail) and told him to leave word on the road that I would soon follow. He did this and also

JOHN R. TURNER.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

THE PART TAKEN BY MAHONE'S BRIGADE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY COMRADE JOHN R. TURNER BEFORE A. P. HILL CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, OF PETERSBURG, VA., ON THE EVENING OF MARCH 3RD, 1892.

COMRADES:

Having for years felt a desire to verify some of my impressions of the battle of the Wilderness, in which, on the 6th of May, 1864, I participated as a member of the Petersburg Riflemen, Co. E, 12th Virginia regiment, Mahone's brigade, and particularly wishing to verify my recollection as to the striking incident of Dr. Benj. H. May, the gallant color-bearer of our regiment, refusing to give up his colors to Col. G. M. Sorrel, of Longstreet's staff, a few weeks ago I wrote to Col. (now General) Sorrel to make some inqui- s of him as to his recollection of incident, and promptly received him a reply confirming my own s in many particulars. His letter was so interesting that I determined at once to read it to the camp, but after reflection it occurred to me that I might get together the recollections of other participants in the action and read them all as interesting details of that part of this celebrated action in which our particular command figured so conspicuously.

With this purpose, I turned over my correspondence with Gen. Sorrel to several members of our camp who were present in this action, as members of the 12th Virginia regiment, and requested each of them, after reading it, to furnish me with his recollection of the incident referred to, and also any other details or incidents of the engagement that they could recall. The several responses

of the gentlemen of whom this request was made, together with the statements of other participants, will be furnished in the order in which they were given, and I feel satisfied that my correspondence with Gen. Sorrel, supplemented by these statements, will interest you as they have interested me.

My letter to Gen. Sorrel I mailed to Savannah, Ga., and was as follows:

"PETERSBURG, VA.,
"January 13th, 1892.

"Gen. G. M. SORREL,
"Savannah, Ga.

"Dear General: Being anxious to to know if your recollection and mine accord as to certain movements made at the battle of the Wilderness May 6th, 1864, in which we both participated, I take the liberty of addressing you this communication, and hope (if not trespassing too much on your time) you will do me the kindness to favor me with a reply.

"You will remember, Mahone's brigade of Anderson's division was quartered near Madison Run Station. We broke camp on the morning, I think, of the 4th, and bivouacked near Rapidan Station that night. In the early morning of the 6th we made a forced march to the battle-field, which we reached about ten o'clock.

"Mahone's brigade was ordered very soon afterwards to the right in the Wilderness. After going some distance through the thicket, we encountered the enemy apparently bivouacking, and little expecting any attack from that direction. They fled pell-mell before us, leaving their light camp equipage scattered in every direction, making scarcely any resistance until they reached the Orange plank road, when, having a natural fortification, strengthened hurriedly by them, they stoutly resisted us. Just at this point you dashed up to the front of my regiment, the 12th Virginia, and approaching our color-bearer, Benj. H. May (as gallant a soldier as ever carried a flag or shouldered a musket, and who was killed at Spotsylvania Court-House the 12th of May), asked him for his colors to lead the charge. He refused to give up his colors, but said: 'We will follow you.' With great enthusiasm we followed you in the direction of the plank road. The enemy broke and fled before us. I remember seeing you then dash with great speed up the road in the direction, I suppose, of Gen. Longstreet, to inform him that the way was clear. Our color-bearer, in the excitement of the moment, failed to observe that the other regiments of the brigade had halted at the plank road. We became detached and passed over the road forty or fifty yards before halting. Our colonel, Col. D. A. Weisiger, observing that we were in advance of the brigade, ordered us to fall back on a line with the brigade. In doing so the other regiments, mistaking us for the enemy, fired into us, killing and wounding several of our men, and I always thought the same volley killed Gen. Jenkins and wounded Gen. Longstreet, this apparently putting an end to all operations for the day, as there seemed to be very little done afterwards during the day.

"I had the pleasure of a short conversation with Gen. Longstreet, returning from Gettysburg three years ago, and he told me that, while he knew he was wounded by his own men, he never knew exactly how it occurred. He said everything was working beautifully up to this point, and what seemed to be an opportunity for a brilliant victory was lost

by this unfortunate circumstance.

"I have so often thought of your bravery and gallant bearing as you led us through the woods up to the plank road, I feel that I would like to know with certainty whether or not my recollections are correct as to the part you took in that charge.

"Wishing you a long life, much happiness and great prosperity, I am very truly, your comrade,

"JOHN R. TURNER."

To this letter Gen. Sorrel replied as follows:

"NEW YORK, Jan. 19th, 1892.

"Lee's Birthday.

"JOHN R. TURNER, Esq.,

"A. P. Hill Camp, C. V.,

"Petersburg, Va.

"Dear Sir: Your letter of January 14th was forwarded to me from Savannah, and I am very glad to hear from you. The events you describe are so long ago, that one's memory may be pardoned if slightly treacherous as to details, but I may say at once that your recital of the incident and the movement ol Mahone's brigade at the battle of the Wilderness conforms accurately to my recollection of it, excepting, of course, the too partial and flattering view you take of my own personal service there. But I will give you briefly my own version of it, which really is nearly your own.

"Longstreet's corps had to move at the earliest hour in the morning of the 6th of May, and arriving at the battle-field was just in time to be thrown across the plank road and check the enemy whose attack had begun on A. P. Hill's corps. This of itself was a magnificent performance of the corps—to form line in the dense thicket after a hasty march, in the midst of troops suddenly attacked and retiring from the front in disorder. Being done during the enemy's attack, it displayed the steadiness characteristic of Longstreet's famous corps. This checked that attack, and for a short time there was some quiet. It was then, too, you will recollect, that Gen. Lee was about to lead the Texas brigade into action, so threatening was the situation. He was almost forcibly stopped by his officers and the entreaties of his soldiers.* It was soon

*The famous incident of Gen. Lee's charge with the Texas brigade, referred to by Col. Sorrel in his letter to Mr. Turner, is given as follows by Col. Chas. S. Venable, aid-de-camp of Gen. Lee, in his address delivered before the Virginia division of the Army of Northern Virginia, at its annual meeting in Richmond, October 30, 1873:

"It was here that the incident of Lee's charge with Gregg's Texas brigade occurred. The Texans cheered lustily as their line of battle, coming up in splendid style, passed by Wilcox's disordered columns, and swept across our artillery pit and its adjacent breastwork. Much moved by the greeting of these brave men and their magnificent behavior, Gen. Lee spurred his horse through an opening in the trenches and followed close on their line as it moved rapidly forward. The men did not perceive that he was going with them until they had advanced some distance in the charge; when they did, there came from the entire line, as it rushed on, the cry, 'Go back, General Lee! Go back!' Some historians like to put this in less homely words; but the brave Texans did not pick their phrases. 'We won't go unless you go back!' A sergeant seized his bridle rein. The gallant Gen. Gregg (who laid down his life on the 9th of October, almost in Gen. Lee's presence, in a desperate charge of his brigade on the enemy's lines in the rear of Fort Harrison), turning his horse towards Gen. Lee, remonstrated with him. Just then I called his attention to Gen. Longstreet, whom he had been seeking, and who sat on his horse on a knoll to the right of the Texans, directing the attack of his divisions. He yielded with evident reluctance to the entreaties of his men, and rode up to Longstreet's position. With the first opportunity I informed Gen. Longstreet of what had just happened and he, with affectionate bluntness, urged Gen. Lee to go further back. I need not say the Texans went forward in their charge

after this that Gen. Longstreet said to me that, if I were to collect some troops over on the right, get them in good line and in touch with each other, and make a strong movement forward, swinging by the right, he felt sure a splendid success would follow. I proceeded to follow out these directions, with full authority to control the movement. There were three brigades in addition, perhaps, to other troops, that I succeeded in getting into good form and ready to move. These were Mahone's, Wofford's, and I believe the other was Anderson's. The movement soon began, at a given signal, our right swinging swiftly around, driving everything before it. The lines in front of us made some sharp resistance, but they were quickly overcome and our troops—Mahone's brigade, notably distinguished in the affair—rushed forward through the dense undergrowth, carrying everything before them. It was then that the incident occurred of which you speak, about poor Ben May. He was doing all that man could do with his colors, but seemed to be somewhat embarrassed by the bushes, and I thought perhaps I might help him to get them forward, mounted as I was. As you say, he positively refused to let them leave his own hands, and I was filled with admiration of his splendid courage. I think it was on the 12th that poor May was shot, and I received from a member of the 12th Virginia an affectionate message that he sent me. I have always remembered him as one of the bravest of Confederate soldiers. The 12th Virginia did splendid service that day, and the regiment and myself became great friends. Till the end of the war, whenever in marches or elsewhere I met it, I was always honored with its friendly greetings. As our troops reached the plank road you will recollect that a volley was given to the enemy who were trying to rally on the opposite side. By this volley Gen. Wadsworth and his horse (while trying to rally his men) were both killed, and his soldiers could make no stand against us. Our rapid movement through the woods had disordered our line, as you correctly describe it. Leaving them for a moment, while recovering good order, I hastened to Gen. Longstreet with a view to bringing up supports to follow up our splendid success. I met the general near by, Jenkins' brigade immediately behind him. He had heard the sound of our rifles, and, with the quick instinct of the general that he was, was following us up with a strong and powerful support to pursue his victory. I had scarcely taken more than a few steps with him when a sudden and unexpected fire, at first scattering, then heavier, broke out from our men. The general was shot down by my side, and at the same time Gen. Jenkins, one or two staff-officers and several couriers. I have never known accurately who started this fire; there is yet some confusion about it; but it was fatal, and had the effect, by disabling the general, of putting a stop to the heavy blow he was about inflicting on the disordered enemy. Later in the day, you will remember, we made another attack rather more direct, with a strong force, on the enemy, who had gotten behind some intrenchments, but we there sustained

and did well their duty. They were eight hundred strong and lost half their number killed and wounded on that bloody day. The battle was soon restored and the enemy driven back to their position of the night before."

a repulse, and that about closed the principal features of the battle of the Wilderness on the 6th of May.

"The importance of our flank attack, which I have described here so briefly, was not underestimated by the enemy in his subsequent reports. The official report of the battle by Gen. Grant, or his immediate subordinate, describes the tremendous attack of these three brigades, which turned his own left flank and nearly brought about a wide-spread disaster to the Federal army. I cannot but think it would have so ended, had not Gen. Longstreet, in the flush of his success, and with ardent, fresh troops in hand, been struck down in the very act of delivering this blow.

"I am sketching this off to you hastily and entirely from memory, and while there may be some omissions, or inaccuracies as to detail, I think the account is not far wrong. With best wishes, I am, yours very truly and sincerely,

"G. M. SORREL."

In a subsequent letter, under date of January 24th, 1892, assenting to my reading our correspondence, Gen. Sorrel says:

"Please give my hearty regards, remembrances and all good wishes to the brave veterans you are associated with. They were my comrades too, and I shall never forget them or the tremendous days that brought us together."

To Comrade Geo. S. Bernard, a member of my company, I first turned over this correspondence with Gen. Sorrel, and requested his recollections of the battle. Here is his reply:

"I have read with much pleasure your correspondence with Gen. Sorrel, and am glad you propose to read it to the camp. It furnishes an interesting page of the unwritten history of the war. It connects our regiment and brigade with a most important move in the battle of the Wilderness, and shows how, when this move seemed about to prove a great success, it was arrested by an unfortunate accident.

"I did not witness the incident of the flag. Ben May's refusal to let the colors go from his hands was highly characteristic of the man. A splendid fellow he was, as brave as a lion and as gentle as a woman, resembling in this particular his distinguished uncle, Capt. Robert B. Pegram, of naval fame.

"The general appearance of the woods, with its scrubby oaks and other trees, in which we encountered the enemy, the marshy flat and gentle slope on either side at the point we first struck them, the enemy at the top of the slope on the north side, an occasional blue coat and a Federal flag indistinctly visible for a moment through the foliage of the thick undergrowth, say, less than a hundred and fifty yards ahead of us, our men in line of battle, just at the foot of the slope on the north side moving rapidly forward, some mounted officers riding along with the line encouraging the troops, one of these officers conspicuously leading, the men loading and firing as they moved forward, all yelling and cheering as they saw the enemy hastily retiring, the woods echoing with the rapid discharge of musketry and the 'rebel yell' sounding from more than a thousand Confederate throats, the men in the finest spirits as they pressed on —all of this always comes vividly back to me at the mention of the Wilderness.

"I have always thought that the mounted officer I saw and particu-

larly noticed, his gallant bearing attracting my attention, was Col. Sorrel, and still so believe. I noticed this officer just as the line was ascending the slope north of the marshy flat. He was, I think, less than fifty yards to the left of our company.

"The move through the woods in pursuit of the retreating Federals was highly exciting, the men seeming to have lost all sense of danger, although hostile bullets were doing some deadly work. The rapid charge soon brought our regiment to the southern edge of the Orange plank road, arrived at which we were so close upon the enemy that two—I think three—of us fired simultaneously at one retreating Federal on the north side of the plank road and not forty yards distant. As we fired, the Federal soldier fell. Leroy Edwards,[1] who was at my side, and one of those who fired, exclaimed, 'I hit him!' I am not sure that I also did not so exclaim—I know I *thought* I hit him and that it was under my fire he fell. In a few seconds we were at his side and to our surprise he did not appear to be badly hurt. Leroy Edwards,[1] as tender-hearted as he was courageous, first spoke to him, and offering to help, or helping him, to get to his feet, said in the most sympathetic way, 'I hope you are not hurt!' This striking incident, illustrating the feeling of a true and chivalrous soldier towards his fallen enemy, impressed me very much.

"Just after this our line—I mean the part of it composed of the 12th regiment—being in a flat about fifty yards north of the plank road, and depressed about five or six feet below the level of the roadway, was reformed, and facing southward moved back towards the plank road, ascending a gentle slope as we neared it, when suddenly we were startled by a sharp volley of musketry coming from a line of troops about forty or fifty yards south of the plank road, the bullets from which volley fiercely whizzed over our heads. I well remember my own thoughts—*The enemy are in our rear, and we are in a bad box.* This flashed through my mind. Immediately the men fell upon their faces and would doubtless have at once begun to return this fire, but several cried out, 'You are firing into your friends!' 'Show your colors!' Show your colors!!' It immediately became apparent to us and to the men on the north side of the plank road that a mistake had been made and the firing ceased.

"A part of our brigade, during the short space of hardly more than ten minutes that we were down the slope of the hill on the north side of the plank road, had moved to their right, so as to occupy exactly the ground over which we had passed a short time before, and not knowing that we were across the road, and seeing us coming in line of battle from the direction of the enemy, naturally took us to be Federals and greeted us with a shower of Confederate lead, most of which, fortunately, passed over our heads.

"When these men saw their mistake and knew that their fire had taken effect on some of our men, they were greatly distressed. 'Boys, we are *so sorry!* We are *so sorry!!*' many of them earnestly said. 'We did not know you were our friends!' No such protestations were of course necessary, but the manly fellows who had made the mistake seemed to think it necessary thus to assure us.

"In my diary on the morning of the 7th of May I wrote an account of this action, from which I take the following extracts:

1. Leroy S. Edwards, of Richmond, Va.

"'About ten o'clock our brigade went into action on the enemy's left flank, and Lieut. Patterson[2] was told by Dr. Pryor[3] this morning that Gen. Longstreet told him that the brigade behaved very well, and the 12th regiment most gallantly. We drove the enemy beautifully for a half mile or more through the woods, killing and wounding many of them. The casualties were five killed—Wm. F. Pucci, Co. A; D. McCracken, Co. B; John Mingea, Co. B; W. A. Jelks, Co. B; and R. B. Barnes, Co. F; and forty-seven wounded, two of whom, it is thought, are mortally wounded—Ben White, Co. C, and Wm. Delbridge, Co. I. Among the wounded are Capt. Stephen White, Co. C, Sergeant George Morrison,[4] Co. A, and Private John Lee* of Co. E. There were, unfortunately three cases of accidental wounding in the regiment. What were the casualties in the other regiments of the brigade I have not heard. Among those in the brigade, however, I hear of Capt. R. Taylor, of Gen. Mahone's staff, and of one of the general's couriers, Bernard,[5] being wounded, and also Lieut.-Col. Minetree, of the 41st.

"'A most unfortunate affair occurred just as the 12th was returning from the advanced position to which they had charged the enemy. They were fired into by the 41st, and I hear also a part of the 61st regiment, who took us to be the enemy. This fire wounded, and perhaps killed, some of our best men, but what is most unfortunate, it wounded General Longstreet and killed General Jenkins, who were riding along the plank road just at the time. Our division and Heth's are now in line of battle in reserve. From what I can gather we gained not much by the fight of Thursday, except four pieces of artillery, and I hear 3,000 prisoners. We lost heavily in wounded, judging from the large number we met on the road yesterday morning. In the fight of yesterday we had greatly the advantage, driving the enemy a half mile and killing large numbers of them.

* * * * * * *

"'Among the incidents of the fight I must mention the conspicuous gallantry of a member of our company, Jim Farley,[6] now of the sharpshooters, who received two wounds, one in the shoulder and the other in the face, but continued to charge on with the regiment to the most advanced position. The gallantry of Lieut.-Col. Sorrel, of Longstreet's staff, was also very conspicuous. He led us into action on horseback, waving his hat and crying out, 'Come on Virginians!'

"'Gen. Wadsworth, of the Yankee army, was found wounded—it is believed mortally—in that portion of the field over which the left of our brigade charged, and is therefore supposed to have been wounded by our brigade.'"

"About twelve months ago I made a copy of the account of this action given in my diary and sent it to Leroy Edwards. From his reply acknowledging its receipt, I make the following extract:

"'The fight that day, the burning woods, our marchings and countermarchings before and after the engagement, are well in my memory and are accurately recorded in your diary. Our company was not one hundred yards from the spot where Longstreet was wounded and Gen. Jenkins was killed; indeed the same volley that disabled these generals

2. Capt. John R. Patterson, of Petersburg, Va.
3. Rev. Dr. Theoderick Pryor.
4. Geo. J. Morrison, of Petersburg, Va
*John H. Lee, of Petersburg, Va.
5. Thos. S. Bernard, of Nansemond county, Va.
6. James A. Farley, of Petersburg, Va.

likewise struck down two (2) of the color-guard of the 12th regiment. I cannot forget the gallantry of May† (our ensign) at that critical moment, when our men (16th Virginia?) were striking us down, nor do I forget gallant May's bearing when Sorrel (of Longstreet's staff) asked May to let him (Sorrel) carry the colors of the 12th, and May's indignant reply. This incident occurred before we reached the plank road. May was knee-deep in a swamp and Sorrel's horse was floundering in the mud. At this moment young Lee, of Co. E, was wounded. We soon reached the plank road and hastily dislodged the enemy.

[Here follows a diagram, which is omitted.]

" 'This rough drawing presents my recollections of the swamp or marsh in which the May and Sorrel incident occurred (I. A.) and about the location of Lee when he was wounded. Our advance was then to the plank road, where we found some hastily constructed earthworks, breast-high, and where we met very little resistance. The organization of the regment, and indeed the brigade, was then very imperfect. Soon after passing over the breastworks (k. k. k.) we were recalled to the plank road. I remember John Patterson's[7] voice in the call. As soon as we reached the plank road on the advance, Sorrel galloped down the road to our left, and soon after our return to the road at k.k.k. May was waving the 12th flag and warning our friends (16th Virginia?) who were advancing to the plank road. It was immediately after two of our color-guard were shot down at M, that I heard of Gen. Longstreet's wound. I did not see him or Gen. Jenkins, but locate the point at O, probably a hundred yards from M.' "

I turned over to Comrade Hugh R. Smith,[8] who was the adjutant of our regiment, all of the foregoing correspondence, and received from him the following letter in reply:

"Lieut.-Comm'dr JNO. R. TURNER.

"Dear Comrade: Your correspondence with Gen. Sorrel, as well as the recollections of the battle of the Wilderness given by Comrades Bernard and Edwards, I find very interesting reading. The accounts given of the battle about coincide with my own recollection about it.

"My remembrance of the affair is that our brigade was advancing in line of battle, and the woods being on fire caused our regiment (the 12th Virginia) to swerve to the right, thereby becoming somewhat separated from the rest of the brigade, and we seemed to come in contact with the left flank of the enemy, who were holding the plank road, and I thought at the time that we were sent there especially to dislodge them.

"I distinctly remember the Sorrel-May incident and also recall the fact that, as we crossed the plank road in pursuit of the Federals, I looked down the road—towards Orange C.-H. I mean—and saw the fresh troops coming up with Gen. Longstreet at their head, Sorrel having gone to them to let them know that the road was clear.

"We advanced beyond the plank road to a ravine and then fell back to the road, and about this time the fir-

†Mr. W. W. Tayleure, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was first sergeant of the Petersburg Riflemen, says: "Ben May stood upon a stump, with his lithe, graceful, form, a smile upon his face, waving our battle-flag until it was recognized. It was a beautiful and grand sight—one for an artist."

7. Capt. John R. Patterson, of Petersburg, Va.
8. Hugh R. Smith, of Petersburg, Va.

ing by our troops from whom we had become separated began, and looking in that direction I recognized Maj. Etheridge, of the 41st Virginia regiment, that regiment having been on our immediate left in the beginning of the movement, and I immediately hastened over to him and informed him that they were firing into their friends and the order to cease firing was immediately passed down the line, but not until Longstreet was wounded and Jenkins killed, as set forth in the other accounts.

"Gen. Anderson at once assumed the command of Longstreet's forces, but the wounding of the latter general put a stop to the forward movement that was being so successfully prosecuted. Your friend,

HUGH R. SMITH."

In reply to a letter written to Comrade Putnam Stith, now in Florida, I received from him a communication sent me from Fort Meade, Fla., under date of February 9th, 1892, in which he says:

"I was present at the Wilderness fight and remember that orders to 'charge' were brought by Gen. (then Lieut.-Col.) Sorrel of Longstreet's staff. I remember that our part of the line was ordered to move forward by Sorrel in person. I think he attempted to take our colors out of the hands of Ben May to carry them himself, but he did not know the stuff that Ben was made of—one who could carry colors where any other man could. Of course Ben refused to give up his colors and carried them as gallantly as we were led by Sorrel. The bearing of Sorrel was such as to attract my attention, and I think the attention of every man in the brigade. More conspicuous gallantry on the field I never saw.

"I claim that we made a brigadier of him that day. His conduct on that field certainly entitled him to the distinction soon afterwards conferred on him by Gen. Lee.

"In making that charge we got far in advance of the balance of our command. A halt was ordered. Soon afterwards we were fired into by our own men, who, coming up, mistook us for the enemy. I think that was the time when Longstreet was shot. Hugh Smith saved us serious damage by waving his handkerchief on the point of his sword. I have always thought that, had it not been that Longstreet was shot then by his own men, we would have put the Federals across the river that night and changed the whole of Grant's flank movement which terminated in the seige of Petersburg.

"I don't remember that we saw Sorrel after that day until the evening we marched into Petersburg from across James river. On the march to Petersburg we met people going out of town. Some of them knew that the Federals were at the water-works. Others knew that they were even in town and by that time had full possession. By these accounts we were worked up to a high pitch of excitement. We finally crossed Pocahontas bridge and marched through town, greeting our friends on every side. I, and I reckon most of the command, fully expected to charge the Federals on the heights. In going up Sycamore street, when we reach Marshall, we saw Sorrel riding up Marshall and close to us. He was recognized at once. I believe every man took off his hat simultaneously and cheered, calling out, 'Lead us, Sorrel! Lead us as you did in the Wilderness!' He removed his hat and bowed very low, remarking that nothing would please him better than to lead those

men in another charge, but that no fighting was to be done that evening, as we were only going out a short distance to form a line and rest.

"I have met the general since the war and talked with him about this incident, which he remembered perfectly, and if I am not very much mistaken, he remarked that it was a proud day for him.

"Now, John, I am not a good hand at either writing or talking, but if I have succeeded in giving you any pleasure by this simple narrative, I am amply repaid for the time and labor it has cost me."

A letter to Mr. Wm. C. Smith, of Nashville, Tenn., of Company B, 12th Virginia regiment, requesting his recollections of the engagement, brought me a reply under date of February 26th, 1892, from which I take the following extracts:

"I cannot recall much of the route along which we passed, except that we moved in a northeasterly direction, somewhat; nor can I recall the place at which we bivouacked on the night of the 4th. On the night of the 5th, however, we bivouacked near a place called Vidiersville. In the meantime reports reached us that fighting was going on in that part of Orange county known as the Wilderness, and from the early start taken on the morning of the 6th and the rapidity of the march, it became evident that the Wilderness was our destination.

"After reaching the plank road, which was about 9 o'clock A. M., we were hurried along to the scene of action. By ten o'clock, or a little after, on the 6th, we were on the ground, but we had no sooner arrived than we filed to the right from the plank road, moving quite rapidly in a direction apparently at right angles to it, and after going some distance, about a third of a mile I suppose, we formed line of battle very quickly, and at once commenced a forward movement on the enemy. We had not proceeded very far, however, in line of battle, when Col. Sorrel (afterwards brigadier-general,) General Longstreet's assistant adjutant-general, appeared on the scene, and placing himself in front of the right wing of the 12th Virginia regiment, with his hat in one hand and grasping the reins of his horse with the other, he exclaimed, 'Follow me, Virginians! Let me lead you!'

"The gallantry of this officer on that occasion is as vivid to me now as if it had been but yesterday. I do not remember to have seen during the whole period of the war a finer exhibition of prowess than I witnessed that day in Col. Sorrel in the battle of the Wilderness. During the charge of Mahone's brigade on the 6th, and just a few minutes before it reached the plank road, the writer received a slight but very painful wound, on the ankle of his right foot, which disabled him for two or three days, and hence cannot speak from personal observation as to what occurred during the remainder of the fight. Soon after reaching the field infirmary, however, which I found about three-fourths of a mile to the rear from where I was wounded, I was informed by a member of my company who had been brought from the front wounded, that the left of the 12th Virginia regiment had become detached from the regiment of the brigade on its left (I think it was the 41st Virginia) during the charge, and that the 12th Virginia was far in advance of the brigade when it was discovered, and that in returning to resume its proper position, the 41st Virginia, supposing it to be

GEN. G. M. SORREL.

"The gallantry of Lieut.-Col. Sorrel, of Longstreet's staff, was also very conspicuous. He led us into action on horseback, waving his hat and crying out, 'Come on, Virginians.'" P. 93.

ENSIGN BENJ'N H. MAY.

"Ben May's refusal to let the colors go from his hands was highly characteristic of the man. A splendid fellow he was, as brave as a lion and as gentle as a woman, resembling in this particular his distinguished uncle, Capt. Robert B. Pegram, of naval fame." P. 91.

a part of the enemy had fired into the 12th Virginia, killing and wounding quite a number of its members.

"I can recall the name of but one only who was killed by this unfortunate mistake, and that was John Mingea, who was a member of my company. A more gallant and faithful soldier, or a more perfect gentleman, was not known in the ranks of the 12th Virginia regiment. He was a resident of this city (Nashville, Tenn.,) at the commencement of the war, and in company with the writer left this city April 29th, 1861, for the purpose of enlisting in a company in his native state. Together we returned to Petersburg in 1861, and together we went to Norfolk and enlisted May 10th, 1861. He was my personal friend, and in camp one of my constant companions. It is not strange, therefore, that his death, and the circumstances attending it, should be so readily recalled while writing my recollections of the battle of the Wilderness. My recollection is there was very little fighting, if any, after 2 o'clock P. M. of the 6th on that part of the line in which Mahone's brigade had been engaged before 12 o'clock. I was at the infirmary, not over three-quarters of a mile distant from where I was wounded, and where the brigade had its hottest fire, lying in a tent bathing my foot, which had become very much swollen, and I remember distinctly there was very little firing during the afternoon after 2 o'clock on the right of the plank road.

"Early the next morning, the 7th, I was informed by Dr. Claiborne [9] that he had orders to move, and that some time during the day we would leave, as the army was moving. Being unable to walk, and being unwilling to be left behind, I sent word to Hugh, my brother, the adjutant of the 12th Virginia, to send me his horse, that I wanted to keep up with the army. He complied with my request, and I went along with the brigade to Spottsylvania Court-House, where I rejoined my company, though my wound was still very painful, and took a part in that engagement.

"There was one feature of the battle of the Wilderness that impressed me very much, and that was the meagre use of artillery. The nature of the country thereabouts and the thick undergrowth throughout that section may account for this, no doubt, although the loss of men, especially on the Federal side, was very great. Quite a number of Federals were brought to our infirmary, among them Gen. Wadsworth, who was mortally wounded."

Comrade Joseph E. Rockwell, sergeant Company A, of the 12th Virginia regiment, having had the foregoing correspondence submitted to him, sent me a reply in which he says:

"Our movements forward were made with all possible haste, but owing to entangled undergrowth in some places, and the marshy nature of others, our line of battle was not well preserved, as in our impetuosity to get forward many of our extreme right became separated from our main forces in the charge.

"The enemy were in retreat, and we had the pleasure of seeing their backs for a considerable distance, except at intervals, when the smoke from the burning woods would conceal them from view, as the woods by accident or design had been fired by the enemy, and many of their dead and wounded comrades were lying about the fired woods; but were had no time to help them then.

9. Dr. Jas. W. Claiborne, of Petersburg, Va.

"Pressing on for a few yards further, for some reason we came to a halt, that is, our part of the command, which I am under the impression was in advance of our colors. Here the retreating enemy came upon their reserves, and we had it quite hot until many of our comrades were shot down. I was fortunate enough to catch a friendly ball myself, and as no surgeon would take the responsibility of cutting for it, I have carried it from that time to the present with special affection, and as a cherished memento of that sanguinary battle. My thoughts then very naturally reverted to our brigade surgeon, Dr. Jas. W. Claiborne, whom I found at his infirmary, about a mile to the rear, and principally occupied in attending the enemy, of which he had a large number, many of them desperately wounded, and among them was Gen. Wadsworth, of New York, who was brought to our infirmary with a minnie wound in the forehead, and was placed alone in an officer's tent which had been put in position for his especial benefit. He died, however, in a few minutes after being placed on his back in this tent.

"Permit me in closing to mention the name of Private Dillon, of Company A, 12th Virginia regiment, 'a low private in the rear rank,' when out of action. His conspicuous modesty gave place to conspicuous gallantry while in the field, and his peculiarity being that of crying in earnest and fighting hard when I left the field."

To Comrade E. M. Feild, lieutenant-colonel of the 12th Virginia regiment at the battle of the Wilderness and subsequently its colonel, I next submitted the foregoing correspondence, and here is his reply:

"I was present at the battle of the Wilderness in command of about 170 of the picked men of Mahone's brigade, who had but a short time before been organized by Gen. Mahone into a battalion of sharpshooters, composed of five companies. Soon after the brigade reached the Wilderness, on the morning of the 6th of May, we moved out to the right and south of the plank road and so extended our line of battle that was then formed in the woods facing east. I then advanced the battalion of sharpshooters as skirmishers about 150 yards in front of the brigade.

"I do not know exactly how long we had been there when General Mahone, riding up, informed me that an attack was about to be made on the flank and front of the enemy's line on the south side of the plank road; that General Longstreet had sent two brigades through an old railroad cut to attack the enemy on his (the enemy's) left flank, and that with his (Mahone's) brigade he would attack in front. He directed me to move forward slowly and gently with my sharpshooters until I heard the cheers of the flanking brigade, when I was to advance quickly to the front and attack.

"Ordering the men forward, we moved very slowly to the front for some distance, when hearing a tremendous 'rebel yell' on our right, we pushed forward as rapidly as the thick undergrowth would allow, but did not go very far, when coming to a slight opening about forty yards wide and seventy long, which looked as if it were the site of an old pond, I saw the enemy's line of battle on the opposite or eastern side of this opening moving to their right in column of fours at a double quick. Seeing this, I gave the orders to the sharpshooters to commence firing, which order was re-

peated in a loud tone by all of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the battalion, which I saw attracted the attention of the enemy. I saw four men just at this time step out of line and prepare to fire, and thinking it the part of a good skirmisher to seek protection when possible, and seeing a dead tree about the size of my body about three feet from me, I stepped quickly behind it, but not in time to escape a bullet which passed through my clothes, grazing my spine slightly, giving me great pain at the time and causing paralysis of my lower limbs that evening, so that I could scarcely use them. I came near leaving the field, thinking that I had been shot through, but was obliged to smile after finding the extent of my injury, and thought how I, who had been selected to command the picked men of Mahone's brigade, would have been laughed at had I left the field for so slight an injury. A sergeant of the 61st regiment, just as I was struck, fell at my feet, shot through the brain.

"The enemy's line at this place was somewhat broken by our fire, but a much larger number than composed my force of sharpshooters halted and returned our fire. While this was going on I could hear our brigade behind us advancing, and judging from the sound made by the canteens of the men striking against the bushes that the brigade was in easy supporting distance of us, I gave the orders to the sharpshooters to charge, which order being repeated by all the officers of my command, was, I thought, mistaken by the brigade for an order for them to charge, as they immediately came forward very rapidly.

"I had gotten nearly across the opening above referred to when our brigade reached it, and, as the men in our rear opened fire on the enemy before us without regard to the sharpshooters being in their front, I quickly withdrew to the rear with my men, and in that position went forward with the brigade until we reached the plank road. Before we moved forward and whilst we were about this opening I was particularly struck by the coolness and gallantry of Gen. Mahone. Our brigade had about reached the point at which we first saw the enemy as above described, and a considerable number of the enemy being gathered in knots at short range (about seventy-five yards distant) on our left flank and firing into it, this caused the left of the 6th Virginia regiment to double back until it had gotten to be twenty-five or thirty ranks deep. At this time Gen. Mahone dashed up on his horse and in a clear, shrill, voice, which could be heard above the rattle of the muskets, asked, "What regiment is this in this confusion?' Being answered that it was the 6th Virginia, he exclaimed, 'The 6th Virginia regiment of *my brigade — that splendidly drilled regiment—in this condition?*' It is needless to tell that the men were in their places as quickly as possible, and promptly moved forward.

"The brigade having swung around to the left, we soon had the entire force of the enemy on the south of the plank road routed, leaving in our hands a large number of dead and wounded, among the latter Gen. Wadsworth, whom I remember seeing lying on the ground as we passed along. I reached the plank road with the 6th regiment, where we halted and commenced to reform on the south side of the road. I saw coming down the plank road from the west Gen. Longstreet and staff, followed at some little distance by a column of men, which extended as far as I could see and

Wofford up the plank road, and learning the condition of things in front, we met the lieutenant-general commanding coming to the front almost within musket range of the Brock road. Exchanging hasty congratulations upon the success of the morning, the lieutenant-general rapidly planned and directed an attack to be made by Brigadier-General Jenkins and myself upon the position of the enemy upon the Brock road before he could recover from his disaster. The order to me was to break their line and push all to the right of the road toward Fredericksburg. Jenkins' brigade was put in motion by a flank in the plank road, my division in the woods to the right. I rode with Gen. Jenkins at the head of his command, arranging with him the details of our combined attack. We had not advanced as far as the position still held by Wofford's brigade, when two or three shots were fired on the left of the road, and some stragglers came running in from that direction, and immediately a volley was poured into the head of our column from the woods on our right, occupied by Mahone's brigade. By this volley Gen. Longstreet was prostrated by a fearful wound; Brigadier-General Jenkins, Capt. Alfred E. Doby, my aid-de-camp, and Orderly Marcus Baum, were instantly killed.

"As an instance of the promptness and ready presence of mind of our troops I will mention that the leading files of Jenkins' brigade on this occasion instantly faced the firing, and were about to return it; but when I dashed my horse into their ranks, crying, 'They are friends,' they as instantaneously realized the position of things and fell on their faces where they stood. This fatal casualty arrested the projected movement. The commanding general soon came in person to the front, and ordered me to take position with my right resting on the Orange railroad. Though an advance was made later in the day, my troops became no more engaged, except Gen. Wofford, who moved against the enemy in the afternoon on the left of the plank road, and met with some success in that quarter and suffered some loss."

Gen. Wm. Mahone, in his report, Rebellion Record, part 1, page 1090, says:

"The next day (May 6th) we were with our troops on the plank road, and where the fight was already earnestly progressing at an early hour. We were at once assigned a position in support of a part of the line of Lieut.-General Longstreet's front, but very soon after we were ordered to join and co-operate with Anderson's and Wofford's brigades, of that corps, in an attack upon the enemy's left flank. As the senior brigadier, I was, by Lieut.-General Longstreet, charged with the immediate direction of this movement. Wofford and Anderson were already in motion, and in a few minutes the line of attack had been formed, and the three brigades, in imposing order and with step that meant to conquer, were now rapidly descending upon the enemy's left. The movement was a success—complete as it was brilliant. The enemy were swept from our front on the plank road, where his advantages of position had already been felt by our line, and from which the necessity for his dislodgment had become a matter of much interest. Besides this valuable result the plank road had been gained and the enemy's line bent back in much disorder; the way was open for greater fruits. His long lines of dead and wounded which lay in the wake of our swoop, furnished evidence that he was not allowed time to change

front, as well as of the execution of our fire. Among his wounded Brigadier-General Wadsworth, commanding a division, fell into our hands.

"Lieutenant-Colonel G. M. Sorrel, of Gen. Longstreet's staff, who was with me in conducting this movement, and Capt. Robertson Taylor,[11] assistant adjutant-general of Mahone's brigade, who was wounded in the fight, specially deserve my earnest commendation for efficiency and conspicuous gallantry on this occasion.

"The casualties of the brigade were as follows: Officers, 1 killed and 3 wounded; men, 19 killed, 123 wounded, 7 missing; total, 20 killed, 126 wounded, 7 missing."

The historian Swinton, in his work above mentioned, at page 433, says:

"The contest that signalized Longstreet's arrival on Hancock's front, and restored the integrity of the shattered Confederate right, now died away; and for some hours, up to nearly noon, there was a lull. During this time Longstreet's troops continued to arrive, and when at last his line had acquired breadth and weight for the incoming force, it was advanced, and Hancock's troops, which had first halted, now began to feel a heavy pressure. The attack first fell on the left of the advanced line, held by the brigade of Frank. This force Longstreet's troops fairly overran; and brushing it away, they struck the left of Mott's division, which was in turn swept back in confusion; and though Hancock endeavored, by swinging back his left and forming line along the plank road, to secure the advanced position still held by his right, it was found impossible to do so, and he had to content himself with rallying and reforming the troops on the original line, along the Brock road, from which they had advanced in the morning. Wadsworth, on the right of Hancock, opposed the most heroic efforts to the onset of the enemy; but after several ineffectual charges, his troops broke into the retreat; and while striving to rally them, that patriotic and high-souled gentleman and brave soldier received a bullet in his head, and died within the enemy's lines the following day.

"But in the very fury and tempest of the Confederate onset the advance was of a sudden stayed by a cause at the moment unknown. This afterwards proved to have been the fall of the head of this attack.

"Longstreet had made his dispositions for a decisive blow; for while advancing one force in front, he sent another to move around Hancock's left and lay hold of the Brock road. At the time the Union troops were giving ground, and the Confederates were pushing on, that officer, with his staff, rode forward in front of his column, when suddenly confronting a portion of his own flanking force, the cavalcade was mistaken for a party of Union horsemen, and received a volley under which Longstreet fell, severely wounded."

In a foot note to the last paragraph Mr. Swinton says:

"General Longstreet stated to the writer that he saw they were his own men, but in vain shouted to them to cease firing. He also expressed, with great emphasis, his opinion of the decisive blow he would have inflicted had he not been wounded. 'I thought,' said he, 'that we had another Bull Run on you, for I had made my dispositions to seize the Brock road:' But on my pointing out that Hancock's left had not advanced, but remained on the original line, covering that road, he admitted that that altered the complexion of affairs."

11. Capt. Robertson Taylor, of Baltimore, Md.

Before concluding this address it is due to Gen. Mahone, and to the officers and men of his brigade, by whose fire Gen. Longstreet was struck down at the critical moment of the battle of the Wilderness, as has been narrated in the foregoing accounts of the engagement, to say that no blame attaches to him or to them for the unfortunate accident, which no ordinary forethought, it seems, could well have avoided, but which must rather be considered one of those mysterious interpositions of the Almighty in the affairs of men deemed necessary to shape for his own purposes the course of human events. The brigade, men and officers, won laurels in this action, and it has afforded me much pleasure to contribute what has been read this evening towards the history of its famous career, and in so doing to record specially the splendid conduct of the gallant Sorrel and no less gallant May, the ensign of the 12th Virginia.

ADDENDA.

Since the foregoing address was delivered, several letters and statements from participants have been received. From these it has been deemed proper to make some extracts under the belief that they will throw light upon and add interest to what has been already said.

Colonel (now General) V. D. Groner, of Norfolk, Va., who, as colonel of the 61st Virginia regiment, commanded that regiment in the battle of the Wilderness, in his letter dated March 5th, 1892, says:

"The 12th was on the right, the 41st next; then came in order the 61st, 16th and 6th regiments. We moved in this direction at right angles with the road some little distance, and then wheeled to the left, the 12th being on the extreme right, 41st next, in eschelon, and then the 61st, 16th and 6th. Mahone, I think, had been given another brigade, but what it was I do not remember. In front of the 6th and 16th we met Gen. Wadsworth's command. There was considerable fighting on the left of the 61st, but Wadsworth being mortally wounded and a large number of his command captured or killed, our entire front was soon cleared of the enemy.

"I discovered on the report of Lieut.-Col. Minetree,[12] in command of the 41st, that the 12th had been lost. I halted the brigade, reported to Mahone and went forward myself to see if I could find where the 12th was.* We had halted only about sixty or seventy yards from the road, but there was a dense woods in front of us and a great deal of fire and smoke. In fact, I do not think I have ever seen a battle-field where there was more destruction and more horrors than that of the Wilderness."

Capt. John R. Patterson, who, as first lieutenant of Co. E, 12th Virginia regiment, commanded that company in the action, in a statement furnished by him, says:

"I distinctly remember seeing Col. Sorrel attempt to take the flag from

11. Col. Jos. P. Minetree, of Petersburg, Va.

*Colonel Minetree states that there were two companies of the 12th regiment (those on its extreme left) that remained in the line with the 41st regiment, on its right, and did not go across the plank road with the main body of the 12th regiment.

the gallant Ben May. This occurred when we were near the plank road. Before we reached the plank road I recollect looking down the line to my left and seeing Sergeant George J. Morrison, of Company A, one of the best soldiers in the regiment, throw down his gun and start to the rear. Although we were then driving the enemy, the thought flashed through my mind that, if such a man as George Morrison was going to the rear, the bottom of the fight must be out on that part of the line; but as we advanced, swinging around to the left, I learned that he had been shot through the body.

"Just before I saw George Morrison, as above narrated, I remember hearing Gen. Mahone, who at the time was riding immediately in the rear of our part of the line, about ten feet from where I was, whilst we were pressing forward under heavy fire, say in his accustomed calm and imperturbable tone, 'Steady in the 12th!'

"Our regiment crossed the plank road, and I remember seeing numbers of the enemy in utter confusion and route running through the woods. In a little opening about twenty yards in our front a single man appeared, when one of our boys next to me raised his gun to shoot him, when I said, 'Don't shoot! We will catch him!' Just then the Federal soldier dodged behind a tree, and, as we approached, jumped out and started to run again. I then said to the man whom I had just before prevented from firing, 'Let him have it!' At the crack of the gun the retreating Federal fell dead. This was on the north side of the plank road.

"The regiment was now halted, and we were ordered to return to the balance of the brigade. As we came back over the ground over which the enemy had just been driven, the other regiments of the brigade naturally supposed we were the enemy and fired into us. As soon as this fire opened, knowing what it was, I fell flat on the ground in the plank road. Some one exclaimed, 'Show your colors!' I shall never forget what I consider one of the bravest acts I ever witnessed: The color-bearer stepped out on the plank road and calmly waved his colors over his head, although a line of our own men, not more than fifty yards—indeed, not that far—in his front, were at the time pouring a deadly fire into us, which resulted in killing and wounding some of the best men in our regiment."*

Judge D. M. Bernard, of Petersburg, Va., of Co. E, 12th Virginia regiment, furnishes the following statement:

"I have read with pleasure the correspondence and statements relating to the battle of the Wilderness you have handed me for perusal.

"I was a member of the corps of sharpshooters of Mahone's brigade, commanded by Col. Feild at the battle of the Wilderness, and remember well that we passed through marsh, swamp and burning woods. I was struck with the coolness and soldierly bearing of Col. Feild, and with the dash and gallantry of a mounted staff-officer, who, I believe, was Col. Sorrel. Whilst we were advancing through the woods, I picked up a fine pair of officer's gloves, which I immediately handed to this staff-officer, who was at the time riding near me. Receiving the gloves with a smile he thanked me for them, say-

*Sergeant Tayleure says that Ben May, the color-bearer, was standing upon a stump, with a smile upon his face, when he did this act of magnificent courage. See page 94.

ing, 'They are the very things I need.'

"I was not an eye-witness of the May-Sorrel flag incident, but remember hearing of it about the time of its occurrence. So gallant an act was to be expected of Ben May, as all who knew him can testify. I well remember, too, and can never forget, how, not many days after this battle, when he had received his mortal wound at Spottsylvania Court-House my heart was melted while shaking, in our last good-bye, the poor fellow's hand, hot with the fever that I knew must, and which did, in a few hours burn out his noble life."

To the foregoing address of Mr. Turner and its *addenda*, the following letter from Major Andrew Dunn, of Petersburg, Va., may properly be appended:

"PETERSBURG, VA.,
"July 1, 1892.

"Mr. GEO. S. BERNARD.

"Dear Sir: You have requested me to give you my recollection of the wounding of Gen. Longstreet in the battle of the Wilderness. As member of his staff—I was one his aids-de-camp—I was within few feet of him at the time he w wounded. We were on our hors on the plank road. A few minut previously I had suggested to h that he was exposing himself ve much, I thought. 'That is our b iness,' was his reply—which silenc me. When the volley, a shot fr which wounded him, was fired, fell from his horse heavily to t ground, and I thought he had be killed. I went immediately to h and found him breathing. Drs. J. Dorsey Cullen and Randolph Bar dale, of his medical staff, were i mediately sent for and took him the rear.

"Your Comrade,
"ANDREW DUNN."

The message sent by Ben May Col. Sorrel, referred to in Col. S letter to Mr. Turner, was, "Tell C Sorrel I could not part with t colors, but we followed him."*

G. S. B.

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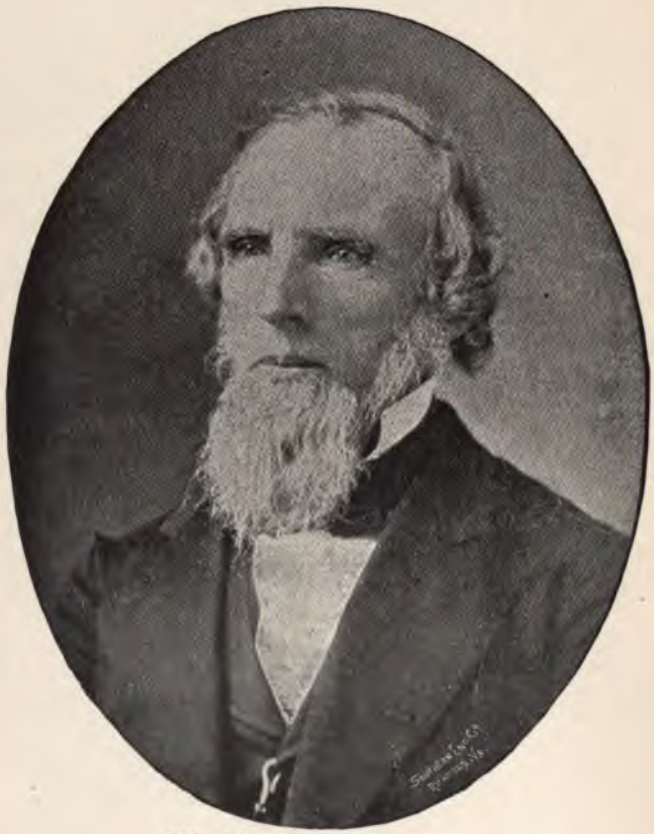
*Sergeant W. W. Tayleure, in a letter dated July 2, 1892, tells the following pathetic incident about young Wm. F. Pucci:

"Just a few days before the spring campaign opened with this battle, there was quite a religious revival going on in the camps and many were induced to join the church. Young Pucci had written home to his mother asking her advice upon the subject. A letter was received by me for him, and one to me also, asking me to advise him to do so. On the morning of the 6th of May, when we were ordered to pack up and march, I tried to find young Pucci, and in calling for him over the camp I at l found him, all ready for the march, but w others he was kneeling on all fours, with face in his hands, praying. I did not d turb him, and soon we were on the mar Shortly afterwards we were engaged w the enemy, and through fire and smoke pushed our way, while the enemy fled, lea ing their dying and dead to the ravages the flames. Almost the first news I r ceived was the death of young Pucci, sh through the head while pursuing the r treating Federals."



COL. FLETCHER H. ARCHER.

THE DEFENSE OF PETERSBURG

ON THE 9TH OF JUNE, 1864.

AN ADDRESS BY COL. FLETCHER H. ARCHER, WHO COMMANDED THE RESERVES AND MILITIA IN THAT ENGAGEMENT, DELIVERED BEFORE A. P. HILL CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, OF PETERSBURG, VA., ON THE EVENING OF THE 6TH OF JUNE, 1889.

COMRADES:

There is scarcely a city in Virginia, and but few within the broad limits of our Union, around which cluster more historic memories than around our own fair city of Petersburg. The falls of the Appomattox, the chief tributary to the noble stream upon which the first permanent English settlement was made, were relatively of too much importance not to elicit the early attention of those who, looking beyond the palisades of Jamestown, sought other localities where they might establish themselves to profit and advantage. Consequently, as early as the year 1645, only thirty-eight years after the arrival of the whites in Virginia, as we are informed, a party was dispatched to this place to make a permanent settlement. It is needless to consume time in attempting to portray the mutations through which this settlement passed, until, after the lapse of rather more than a century, it had attained a magnitude sufficient to warrant an application to the house of burgesses for corporate privileges.

Suffice it to say that the toils, the dangers, the privations and hardships, which the settlers were necessarily compelled to encounter, enstamped upon their characters an individuality and force which, having been transmitted to their descendants, have contributed to render them conspicuous in every time

of emergency or need. In one of the early Indian wars. when Virginia was a colony, and Washington, then a colonel in the colonial service, with a handful of citizen soldiers, was upon our frontier contending with the difficulties that environed him, and striving to suppress the ravages of a cruel and bloodthirsty foe, the good old Masons of Blandford Lodge, No. 3, assembled in their lodge room and adopted a resolution offering a liberal bounty to those who would enlist in the service. In the war of the revolution, when the tide of invasion rolled through Virginia, and our town was attacked by a force of twenty-three hundred British soldiers under the command of General Phillips, and the traitor Arnold, Baron Steuben, with a comparative handful of militia, met them upon the threshold, and though he could not drive them back, gave them a foretaste of what they, along with the whole of Cornwallis' army, were to encounter only a few months thereafter, upon the memorable plains of Yorktown—excepting of course the traitor Arnold, who had more than sufficient reason to avoid the risk of capture, and left the state before the final catastrophe. In the war of 1812, while our forces upon the Canadian frontier were undergoing alternations of defeat and victory, a band of ardent young patriots, numbering more than one hundred, under the lead of Captain McRae, tendered their services to the government, marched through an inhospitable wilderness to the post of danger, and by their gallantry in action, their submission to discipline, and their noble bearing, won for themselves the high approbation of their commanding general and for their town at the hands of President Madison the appellation of "The Little Cockade."

During the revolution in far off Texas, when the whole Southern mind was fired with indignation at the cruel butcheries of her assailants, and their utter disregard of the amenities of civilized warfare, a body of adventurous spirits, with Peebles at their head, set sail from our wharves, to cast in their lot with the struggling infant republic. When as a consequence of that revolution and the admission of Texas into our Union, a war sprung up between the governments of the United States and Mexico, and a call was made upon the Southern states for volunteers, our little city, true to her instincts, responded to the call by sending out two companies numbering more than one hundred and seventy young men, who repaired to the front, performed their duties as true soldiers, and remained in the service to the close of the war.

And finally, in the tremendous drama that opened upon us all but little more than a quarter of a century ago, the after-pieces of which have scarcely yet ceased to present themselves in kaleidoscopic view, before Virginia herself had fairly wheeled into line, nearly the whole

of our then available volunteer force, in obedience to the call made upon them, laid aside their civic employments, donned their uniforms, shouldered their rifles and marched away to the beginning of a conflict which was to culminate in a sacrifice of human life, a destruction of property, and a wide-spread devastation and ruin, never conceived of by the wildest imagination of an American citizen, and but rarely surpassed in the recorded annals of the world's history. And following these pioneers, company after company was raised with unexampled rapidity, until within a short space of time, out of a white population of less than 10,000 of all ages and of both sexes, seventeen companies of good men and true, comprising every arm of the service—artillery, cavalry and infantry—had gone forth from our noble old city to do battle to the end in behalf of Southern rights and Southern civilization. To follow these brave and devoted men through the vicissitudes of our four years' struggle; to portray in fitting terms their patient endurance of hardship, their unflinching adherence to duty, their ready adaptation to every necessity, and above all their deeds of noble daring in the face of danger and of death, would require a pen as facile as that which recorded the deeds of heroes at the siege of ancient Troy—and time far more extended than could be possibly embraced within the limits of the present occasion. I must therefore be content in passing on to say that from every battlefield on which they fought; from Wilmington to Gettysburg, from Norfolk to Appomattox Court-House, our boys of the old 12th, the 41st, the 9th, the 3rd—the artillery and cavalry, and wherever else they were—bore off a record which should illustrate the pages of our city's history, down to the latest period of its corporate existence. And now this leads to the pertinent enquiry, if the sons could thus manfully deport themselves and heroically stand up to their duty through the long lapse of days and months and even years, when the hours of gloom and darkness came, who kept watch and ward over the mothers, the sisters, and the children of those absent ones? What of the aged sires and the unfledged younger brothers? Well, there is a story connected with this, which, if fairly told, may enable you to trace the source whence the mettle came that made those boys in grey the heroes that they were, and to realize the fact that the stock from which they sprung still nourished scions lithe and strong, prepared for deeds for which they'd have no cause to feel the blush of shame—I mean

The story of the Defense of Petersburg
On the memorable 9th of June, 1864.

I would that some one else had undertaken the task of telling it, especially as it fell to my lot to be one of the actors in the scenes connected therewith; but as the duty seems by common consent to devolve

upon me, I must crave your indulgence while I attempt as briefly and simply as I can to give you at least an outline of what occurred on that occasion. In order that I may do so intelligently, permit me to refer to the previous condition of our city in a military point of view, and to the organization of our local force for home defense. The most of you are doubtless aware that from the beginning of the war to the year of its final termination Petersburg remained in a state of comparative repose. No hostile footsteps had ever resounded upon its streets, and no hostile gun had ever been fired within its limits. It is true that the low muttering of distant artillery as it came up the James and Appomattox from the field of Big Bethel had caught the ears of some of its citizens, and they had listened with heightened interest to its louder booming as it came across the country telling of the day of Seven Pines and the seven days around Richmond. But as the baffled and defeated army of McClellan retired in the direction of Washington, and General Lee with his victorious forces moved away beyond the Potomac, scarcely a vestige of apprehension remained even in the bosoms of the most timid, and all save the few who took a broad and comprehensive view of the situation apparently settled down to the conviction that, whatever might befall other places, Petersburg at least was safe from invasion. There came a very slight ripple in the month of July, 1863, which w followed by events, whether growi out of it or not, I am unable to sa that proved to be of no little i portance. One calm Sunday afte noon during that month, the sabat stillness of the day was sudden broken in upon, by the rumor that gun-boat was coming up the rive This caused a general rush to arm on the part of those who had them and the two or three militia comp nies then in existence were drawn u in line at their different places o rendezvous; but the rumor proving of course, groundless, they were i a short time dismissed; and th members returned to their home This or something else seemed awaken our authorities to the nece sity of vitalizing the meagre materi that remained on hand, and prepa ing it in some degree for any eme gency that might arise; consequentl not long thereafter, all who we subject to militia duty in Petersbu were required to go regularly in camp.

An encampment was establish at the head of Washington stree The companies already organized r paired thither. One or two ne companies were raised—and th whole were formed into a battalion and a commander was elected. Th battalion was not composed of milit of the line, who were subject to reg lar duty, but under the act of a sembly of the 7th of March, 186 consisted of men between the ages forty-five and fifty-five years, a

youths between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, and was intended for home defense. They were called "second-class militia"—many of them were among our best citizens. They were taken under the control of the Confederate government for the time being. Instructors were furnished by General Jenkins, the Confederate commander then in the city, and they were drilled as if for regular service. After the lapse of about a fortnight they were permitted to go to their homes, but, being still held subject to Confederate authority, were required to undergo daily drilling for a fortnight or more longer. They were then discharged and called out no more until the following spring, of which I will speak as I proceed.

Gen. Jenkins, having been relieved shortly thereafter, left the city with his command. I do not propose to follow in regular order the train of events that occurred between that time and the month of May, 1864, but will say just here that in the *interim* the Confederate congress, seeing the necessity of utilizing the whole available material of the Confederacy, passed an act requiring the organization of a reserve corps, in which were to be embodied all men between the ages of forty-five and fifty, and youths between the ages of seventeen and eighteen years. They were to be taken regularly into the Confederate service and subject to army regulations, but reserved mainly for home duty. The governor of Virginia, contemplating the retention of the second-class militia of certain cities and towns of the state, issued an order directing the enrollment of all white males between the ages of sixteen and fifty-five years of the towns and cities specified in said order, not in active service of the Confederate States, and whether aliens, citizens, detailed men or otherwise. This order was issued on the 5th of April, 1864, and a printed copy thereof sent to Petersburg. The commandant of the battalion, in pursuance of the order, proceeded to make the enrollment and obtained the names of nine hundred and ninety-seven persons of the classes indicated. Having reported his proceedings to Adjutant-General Richardson, while awaiting further orders, he learned in a personal interview with the governor and adjutant-general, that after a conference with the secretary of war they found it impracticable to make the arrangement contemplated except in the single instance of the city of Richmond. They recommended, however, that he should see the secretary of war, and furnished him with letters to that officer. He called on the secretary and presented the letters. After reading them, the secretary of war made an endorsation upon the one from General Richardson—virtually assenting to the enrollment and organization of the force, but requiring it to be transferred to the Confederate service. Although this was not in keeping with the governor's plan,

it was determined nevertheless to proceed with organizing the regiment. Before any definite progress had been made therein, however, events occurred, of which I shall presently make mention. To return a little, notwithstanding the quietude pervading the city, and its apparent exemption from danger during the fall and winter of 1863, there was a storm brewing, of which our citizens had not the slightest conception. We are told that as early as November, 1863, General Pickett, who was in command of the department of North Carolina, in which this part of Virginia was included, with his headquarters at Petersburg, received information from his scouts that the enemy intended to make an expedition up James river and against Petersburg.* This he immediately communicated to the war department by letter, and begged for a sufficiency of troops to meet such an attack. He subsequently went to Richmond and had a personal interview with the secretaries of war and navy, in which he represented the unprotected condition of his lines. Having received promises which were not complied with, he then wrote to Gen. Lee, who was with the Army of Northern Virginia, on the Rapidan river, and sent his letter by a special courier. General Lee at once responded and directed him to communicate with General Beauregard, then in command about Charleston, South Carolina. He did so forthwith, and had an interview in person at Weldon, North Carolina, in which he laid before him the critical state of affairs, the inadequacy of his force to repel an attack, and the pressing necessity of preparing for it. General Beauregard assented to all this without hesitancy, and promised to reinforce him with all the troops he could spare, but owing to circumstances beyond the control of Gen. Beauregard, the reinforcements were not sent, and General Pickett was thus left in Petersburg with a mere handful of men. About the 1st of May, 1864, General Beauregard was assigned to the department of North Carolina, and General Pickett was consequently relieved and ordered to the Army of Northern Virginia. On account of sickness, General Beauregard did not come on immediately, but sent on his chief engineer, Col. D. B. Harris, and his inspector-general, Maj. Giles B. Cooke, General Pickett being still in Petersburg. On the 5th of May the attack, of which he had so often warned the department, was made.

General Butler, with a force of about thirty thousand men, commenced his movement against Petersburg and Richmond by way of the peninsula between the James and Appomattox rivers, being intended as a co-operative movement with General Grant's army moving from the Rapidan directly upon Richmond from the north. Bringing up his

*See "Pickett's Men," by Walter Harrison, A. A. and Insp'r Gen'l of Pickett's Division, chap. xx, page 121.

main force in transports under the protection of a large fleet of gunboats, he effected without opposition a landing and debarkation at City Point and Bermuda Hundreds, while a division of his cavalry moved from Suffolk directly towards Petersburg and the lines on Blackwater. Thus, as had long been anticipated by General Pickett, our city was caught in a condition at once critical and almost defenseless, and might, according to all human calculation, have been speedily captured, had the Federal commander been possessed of sufficient energy and foresight. This you will readily see when I tell you of the force Gen. Pickett had in hand, according to the statement of Captain Harrison, his adjutant and inspector-general. He had, all told, at Petersburg, one regiment of infantry of Clingman's North Carolina brigade and a few pieces of artillery. On the Blackwater line there was a portion of Clingman's brigade, the 29th regiment of Virginia infantry, one battery of artillery and a few cavalry, and that was all. Notwithstanding General Pickett had been relieved and might, strictly speaking, have considered himself not in command, yet under the circumstances he could not think of leaving until the arrival of General Beauregard, and consequently proceeded at once to make as available a disposition of the little force as practicable. The infantry regiment was moved out on the City Point road to the front. The artillery—about twelve pieces in all—was placed in the works. The force on Blackwater was ordered back immediately, and Captain Harrison has been pleased to remark: "The citizens and militia were trotted out in the direction of the enemy at least." Permit me to say here, parenthetically, that the little band that stood in the Thermopylae, at Rives' farm, on the 9th of June, 1864, can afford to smile at this estimate of their worth on the part of the gallant captain. Thus, with a regular force of about six hundred men, and a local force of five or six hundred more, General Pickett occupied our lines, confronting Butler's thousands.

Providentially, they made no attack upon us on that day. On the next day, the 6th, a portion of Haygood's South Carolina brigade arrived and were sent across the river to Port Walthall Junction where they met Butler's advance column, and after a sharp skirmish prevented their breaking the railroad connection between Petersburg and Richmond. The cavalry division referred to, which was under the command of General August V. Kautz, moved around in the rear of and to the south of Petersburg, attempting to intercept Beauregard's troops on the Petersburg and Roanoke railroad as they came in from Weldon, but though causing some delay, the effort proved abortive. On the following day, the 7th, a portion of Wise's Virginia brigade arrived and was sent out on the lines in the direc-

tion of City Point, and thereafter, as additional troops moved in, matters began to assume a decidedly more favorable aspect in regard to a successful defense. It is not within the purview of my present undertaking to speak farther of the arrival of Beauregard's troops and the disposition made of them, but must ask your attention mainly to the movements of our local force. As I mentioned, on the 5th of May, we put into the trenches five or six hundred men. In a day or two companies of reserves from the adjoining counties came in, so that in a short time we had about one thousand men on duty in the lines—Prince George, Dinwiddie, Chesterfield, Amelia and Nottoway, all sent in their quotas and they were properly assigned. As General Butler in his initiative movements, however, confined himself almost entirely to the north side of Appomattox river, it was not very long before it was deemed unnecessary to hold so large a body of local troops together, and consequently all except the battalion of second class militia, the Prince George company and one or two companies of detailed men, were gradually relieved and sent away. The point at which our local force first occupied the trenches was at Jordan's farm, near the City Point road. After its reduction it was moved several miles to the right to Dunn's farm; then still further on to Rives' farm, at the Jerusalem plank road, then back to Dunn's farm, thence again to Rives' farm, where it remained for the time being stationary. Meanwhile Gen. Kemper, who was at the head of the reserve forces in the state, dispatched Col. Robert Johnson from Richmond to organize companies of reserves out of such of the militia as were subject to that duty, and there, without moving from the lines, four companies were culled out, organized into reserve companies and retained for service. This left only two companies of second-class militia, one of which, Company A, Captain O. H. Hobson, had been previously stationed at Butterworth's bridge and there continued; the other, Company B, Captain James E. Wolff, remained with the reserves at Rives' farm. For upwards of thirty days this local force had continuously remained upon the lines, employed in drilling, guard duty, and such other duties as are incident to camp life. Once during the time they had been visited by old General Wise, to whom had been assigned the command of Petersburg and the lines around it, and had been given a specimen of his characteristic brusqueness. It was on this wise: Riding up to the camp, he enquired for the commanding officer, who happened to be in the city at the time on legitimate business. He was told by Adjutant Guy G. Johnson that the commandant had gone to Petersburg. "Yes," responded he, "and if the enemy were to come, you would all be there in less time than it would take a cannon ball to reach there." Of

course, the gentlemen to whom and of whom he was speaking, who were his peers in every sense of the word save the stars upon his collar, made no reply; but in a very short time thereafter, as you will find in the sequel, they triumphantly vindicated themselves, and gave occasion to the old man to virtually take back every vituperative word he had uttered.

But to resume: As I said, they had remained upon the lines for more than thirty days, until in fact the situation had assumed the monotonous, and to some the wearisome appearance of undisturbed camp life. It is true they heard the oft-repeated roar of the conflict on the other side of the river, and had rejoiced in the successes which had generally attended the Confederate cause, but they had seen no sign of an advance upon our own immediate lines nor heard it authentically intimated that there was likely to be such at any given period. Indeed, so calmly had the hours of relaxation from duty sped on from day to day that apprehension had relapsed into repose; and even the most cautious had well nigh surrendered the thought that there was the slightest possibility of an early attack. Thus it was on the evening of the 8th of June, 1864. The sun sent forth his parting rays and sank back to rest as quietly as a gentle babe relaxingly yields to the impress of its mother's loving bosom and soothing lullaby. As the deepening shades of night moved on, and the tattoo was beat and the roll call was over, the gray-haired soldier and the slender, but manly, stripling repaired to their tents, and, stretching themselves upon their pallets or improvised beds, slept as soundly as though under the protecting roofs of their own loved domicils. The sentry on his lonely beat plodded his weary way with listless tread, or musingly watched the waning stars as they slowly descended toward the kindling portals of the coming morn, nor gave a passing thought into the possibilities of what the morrow held in store for him. And when the morning came (the morning of the 9th of June) it opened with a presage as bright and fair as the days which had preceded it. From reveille to breakfast call, from breakfast call to guard mounting, from guard mounting on to near the hour for drill, the ordinary routine remained intact; nor had the slightest incident occurred to indicate that it would be otherwise for many days to come. But just then a courier emerged from the woods beyond the camp and open field in front. He was mounted upon a black horse, fit color for the mission he was upon. Winding the path that led up from below, he shaped his course at once for headquarters. The commandant, seeing him approach, stood out in front of his tent. Riding up and dropping the bridle upon the neck of his horse, he drew from his breast a papaper and presented it; then, turning and retracing his steps, he soon disappeared from view.

The paper proved to be a communication from Colonel Harrison, in command of a regiment several miles below, or nearer the river (my impression is that it was the Forty-sixth regiment of Virginia volunteers), informing the commandant of the approach of the enemy and warning him to prepare for an attack. Already General Gilmore, who had crossed the Appomattox river the night previous, with a well equipped force of five or six thousand men, had made a demonstration upon the lower portion of our lines, either with a view to their capture, or of withdrawing attention from the real point of attack at the Jerusalem plank-road. Toward this point General Kautz, with his mounted brigade, estimated at from eighteen hundred* to two thousand men, with two pieces of artillery, was making his way. Of course, upon receipt of Colonel Harrison's note, the commandant proceeded at once to prepare for the emergency. He directed Adjutant Johnson to order the long roll, and to cause the companies to be formed as soon as practicable. This was done without confusion or delay. The men, as soon as they heard the signal, hastened to their quarters, put on their accoutrements and fell into their accustomed places.

The companies were then marched out and formed into line, where they were surveyed by their commander. And what a line it was! In number scarcely more than sufficient to constitute a single company—what with details on account of special service, and for guard duty in the city, there was but a handful of them left. In dress nothing to distinguish them in appearance from citizens pursuing the ordinary avocations of life. In age many of them with heads silvered o'er with the frosts of advancing years, while others could scarcely boast of the down upon the cheek—indicative of the earliest approach to manhood. In arms and accoutrements such as an impoverished government could afford them, but by no means adequate to the exigencies of the service in which they were engaged. But there was that in the situation and circumstances which lifted them above the ordinary rules of military criticism. They stood not there as mercenaries, who, having enlisted on account of the profit it would afford them, required the rules of art to guide and the strong hand of discipline to impel them to duty—nor as devotees of ambition, with no higher incentive to action than to gain the admiration of the giddy throng, or to have their names enrolled upon the delusive page of history. But they stood as a band of patriots, whose rights had been assailed, whose homes were invaded, whose property was imperilled, and, above all, whose loved ones were in danger of falling into the hands of an untried foe.

What boots it, then, that they

*General Kautz, in his official report, says about 1,300.

were few in numbers? What matters it that they were not attired in gaudy uniforms, that their ages were not according to the standard, and their arms and accoutrements bore not the impress of the newest pattern? Did any of these make them quail? Was there a timorous apprehension for their own lives and persons? Did they seek to avoid the issue so rapidly and inevitably approaching? No, no, emphatically *no*. I have seen men quail under the apprehension of danger. I have heard them whimper and known them to tremble when called out by the roll of the drum to meet an unseen foe, but it was not so with that sturdy little band on that bright June morning. As they stood there and by casting their eyes over toward the city could almost catch the shimmering sunbeams ascending from the roofs of their own dwellings, and could, in imagination, hear the voices of the gentle inmates who, assembled in family groups, spoke of their hopes and fears for the dear ones whose lives were held in jeopardy for them, there was no room for cowardly misgivings and no time for considerations of personal safety. On the other hand, when they were addressed by their commander in a few words of encouragement and admonition, urging them never to yield, but to stand up to the end in defense of their homes and firesides, there was no unreliable demonstration of enthusiasm, nor was there any loud and boastful asseveration of their purpose, but with a due sense of the gravity of the situation they marched away to their positions in the trenches with the firm and steady tread of men who understood their duty and determined to perform it to the utmost.

In order that you may understand the position occupied by these men you will permit me briefly to describe it. The most of you are doubtless aware that the defenses around Petersburg, before the arrival of Gen. Lee, consisted of a low line of breast-works, extending in a semi-circular form from a point on the Appomattox below the city to a point above. Along this line at due intervals were batteries for the reception of artillery. Here and there in the rear was a lunette. The batteries were all numbered from No. 1 on the east, consecutively on. The line was then intersected at right angles by the different roads running into the city. On the Jerusalem plank road, in the county of Prince George, at the distance of about one and a half or two miles, was the farm of the Hon. Timothy Rives. It was at this farm that the plank road intersected the line of breast-works. At this intersection was Battery No. 29. Immediately in front of the Rives house was a lunette, while on the right of the road, two or three hundred yards farther on, was Battery No. 30. Diagonally in advance of the latter battery was an earth-work, known subsequently as Fort Mahone. Commencing at Battery No. 29 to the

left of the road, which was occupied by Captain James E. Wolff's second-class militia, the remaining companies, all reserves, were placed in line about as follows: Captain R. F. Jarvis' company (Junior Reserves) immediately on the right of the road; Captain Peter D. Hare's company (Prince George Reserves), that day under the command of Lieutenant Berthier Bott, next on the right of R. F. Jarvis' company; Captain Peyton Alfriend's company next on right of Captain Peter D. Hare; then Captain Joseph A. Rogers' company, and finally, on the extreme right, Captain William H. Jarvis' company. I may not be rigidly exact as to the position of some of these companies, but that is as near as I can now recall them, and near enough for all practical purposes. These companies, if they had been full, would have numbered four or five hundred men, but, as they were, they numbered, all told, about one hundred and twenty-five. After the companies had taken their positions the opening at the road was effectually barricaded by means of a wagon and some fence rails.

A detail was made and a line of skirmishers was sent to the front, and then all we had to do was to wait—to wait and depend upon a kind Providence for support and protection. Occupying, as the command did, an isolated position, with but one company on the left between it and the river, Captain Hobson's company of second-class militia, and no available assistance within several miles on the left, they could see no other alternative than to bear the brunt alone of what was to follow.

Meanwhile, General Kautz had arrived and taken up his position in our front, but his forces being concealed by a body of woods, we could form no conception of his plan of attack. It was but a short time, however, before it was developed. Suddenly there came thundering down the road at a tremendous pace a body of cavalry, making directly for the opening in the line which had been barricaded. The first impulse was to fire upon them as soon as they got within range of our musketry, but this was immediately checked, and the men were directed to hold on until they got still nearer. It was the work of a moment. Close up they came, and then a volley was poured in upon them, which checked them at once and caused them to reel. Down came the foremost one, horse and rider, into the dust within a few yards of the opening. Off galloped another at a tangent parallel with our lines and was captured. Down came one or two others wounded, while the balance turned and fled as rapidly as they could get away. This episode created an immense degree of excitement among officers and men, and rendered them still more determined to hold their position at whatever hazard. A brief cessation in the attack then ensued, during which General Colston arrived, and shortly thereafter a detachment from

Sturdivant's battery, numbering five or six men, in charge of a sergeant, bringing with them one piece of artillery. This was all the assistance received during the engagement. The piece of artillery was placed in the battery on the left, and Captain Wm. H. Jarvis' company moved farther down the line to its support, while the lunette in front of the Rives house was manned by a detachment from Captain Wolff's company under the command of Lieutenant George V. Scott. With this slight addition and alteration, the command again awaited the attack. This was begun by the artillery, Kautz opening with his two pieces*, which were replied to by our one.

General Kautz, finding, no doubt, that he had met with an opposition more formidable than he had anticipated, dismounted a portion of his men and sent them forward as a line of skirmishers, while another portion, still mounted, made their appearance on our right. The advancing line of skirmishers was warmly received by our men, who kept up a continuous fire upon them, and the mounted column was fired upon by our artillery. As the contest increased in warmth, a party of sharpshooters from the enemy took possession of a dwelling in our front owned and occupied by Mr. Wm. A. Gregory, and, gaining an elevated position, opened a sharp and dangerous fire upon the commandant of our lines, as he necessarily exposed himself in watching the progress of the fight. Having stood this for some time, he finally determined to dislodge them, if possible. Going to the sergeant in charge of the piece of artillery, he directed him to shell that house. The sergeant replied, "I have no shells, sir." "What have you, then?" inquired the commander. "I have nothing but round shot," was the sergeant's reply. This was quite unfortunate, as with a good supply of shells and grape shot the fire of the artillery might have been rendered much more effective. In speaking of this, however, I do not mean to decry the services of the artillery on this occasion. They were, indeed, most valuable, and the sergeant and his little squad performed their duty with a heroism I have never seen surpassed. Two of them were shot down by the side of their gun, and none of them left it until compelled by inevitable necessity to do so.

Seeing the impossibility of holding the lines without reinforcements, it was determined, upon a consultation between General Colston and the commandant, to despatch a message to General Wise, stating the absolute neceesity of assistance, and requesting it to be sent at once. Lieutenant Wales Hurt, a gallant young officer of Captain Richard F. Jarvis' Junior Reserves, was selected to bear the message. Mounting General Colston's mare, which was very readily furnished by the general, he started off upon his perilous expedition. It

*Subsequently reported as four pieces.

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was the last that they ever saw of him alive. The time and manner of his death have been stated, but I have never yet met with any member of the command who could give me an authentic account of it. The general recovered his mare uninjured. I may not be able, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, to give all the incidents *seriatim* as they occurred, but will mention them as they arise in my memory. As one of the pieces of Kautz' artillery held a position near our line and was continually playing upon it, an inchoate thought presented itself to the mind of the commandant, that with a determined force it might be easily captured. Going up to Captain Wolff, whose company he had occasion to visit, in order to direct an increase of Lieutenant Scott's force in the lunette at the Rives house, he inquired of the captain how he would like to charge that battery. The captain's reply was, "We have no bayonets," to which the commandant responded, "I do not intend to order the charge, but my order is that you increase Lieutenant Scott's force at the lunette," which was done. Meanwhile the Federal commander, keeping our men fully employed by his attack on our front, dispatched a competent force to turn our left flank, which force, crossing our works at a point where, from paucity of numbers, it was impossible to have a single man stationed, obtained easy access to our rear. Taking possession of the Rives house in close proximity to Scott's detachment in the lunette, they opened a deadly fire upon his rear, while facing the original line of attack. Soon the work of slaughter commenced, and the men began to fall, without any hope of relief. An effort was made to withdraw Captain Alfriend's company and place them in a position to meet the flanking party, but it was found impossible to do so in regular order. General Colston, seeing the desperate condition of affairs, then suggested to the commandant that he had better take care of his men, and left the lines.

The commandant, giving direction to the remaining companies to retire, which was done by the left flank, proceeded to the battery occupied by Sturdivant's gun. This he attempted to have removed, but while the men at the gun were endeavoring to limber up, the enemy within our lines were firing upon them at far less than point blank range. One of them was shot and fell in the pit while handling the gun carriage. This was the last effort, and the gun was left. Striking through the woods and passing in rear of the Ragland house, a portion of the command scatteringly collected on the Heights within the city limits. Meanwhile General Kautz, finding the obstructions in his immediate front removed, moved his command forward in two divisions, the main portion taking a direction to the city by way of New Road, which leads by the water-works—the other turn-

ing to the right and passing on toward Blandford. The first division reached the creek that forms the dividing line between the city and Prince George county, when suddenly Captain Edward Graham, who had hastened toward the scene of the conflict with his battery, unlimbered on the Heights and opened upon the advancing column a fire with shells. This brought them to a halt. Shortly thereafter Dearing, with his cavalry, arrived. Dismounting his men, he caused them to advance on foot. As they descended the hill in the direction of the enemy, the latter, seeing their approach and receiving a fire from their carbines, turned and retreated forthwith. The other column moving in the direction of Blandford was met by Sturdivant's battery, and perhaps other troops, and driven back. So precipitate was Kautz' retreat that he left behind one piece of his artillery, which was captured. In the meantime, the remnant of our little command was reformed by the commandant, and pursuant to an order from an officer who had arrived with a body of mounted men, whose name is not now positively recollected, was marched back to the lines, but finding the enemy had retreated, it returned to the Heights and there bivouacked for the night. Thus was our city Providentially preserved from falling into the hands of a man who, from his treatment to our fair country women at New Orleans, gave just cause for apprehension to our own. But it was not done without an extraordinary sacrifice of life and blood. Nine of our little force were killed outright, four were mortally wounded, and eighteen wounded. Permit me to name them: Killed—Lieutenant Wales Hurt, aged 18 years; Prof. Godfrey Staubley, professor of French at the Petersburg Female College, formerly of Randolph Macon College; John E. Friend, Wm. C. Banister, George B. Jones, John Crowder, George R. Conway of Prince George, William Daniel of Prince George, and E. P. Brown, of Sturdivant's battery. Mortally wounded—Adjutant Guy G. Johnson, Henry A. Blanks, Dr. William Bellingham, dentist, and W. H. Hardee. Wounded—William F. Johnson of Albemarle, Sturdivant's battery, in the head, supposed mortally; Lieutenant George V. Scott, severely in the face and leg; William E. Harwood, the present Dr. Harwood, then a youth, lost his arm; William Meanly, severely shot in three places; Lieutenant A. C. Harrison, Robert A. Martin, William T. McCandlish, in the hand and taken prisoner; Richard A. Harrison, Samuel Hall, severely in the thigh; Norborne T. Page, Joseph D. Cooper, wounded and taken prisoner; Richard M. Cary, severely in two places; C. L. Bartlett, severely in three places; A. S. Shaffer, Nathan B. Pritchard, Wm. Griffith, of Prince George, severely in both thighs; Richard Bagby, and James Cain, of Prince George.

Besides the killed and wounded,

twenty-eight or thirty were taken prisoners, including Captains Wolff and Alfriend, reducing the force about one-half.*

The command having returned to its original position on the lines, was in a few days thereafter visited by General Beauregard, who enquired of the commandant as to the manner of the defense. This was told him, when he replied: "You have done well, sir; we cannot always be successful, but you have done well." General Wise issued an order which I prefer to give entire, and which is as follows:

"REPULSE OF THE ENEMY AT PETERSBURG.

"CONGRATULATORY ORDERS.

"HDQRS. 1ST MILITARY DISTRICT,
"DEPT. NO. C. AND SO. VA.,
"June 12th, 1864.

"VII. To the troops of my command for the defense of Petersburg, on the south side of the Appomattox, on the 9th instant, I have, with the approval and under the instructions of the commanding general, to offer my grateful acknowledgments for their gallant conduct and my congratulations upon their successful repulse of the enemy.

"Approaching with nine regiments of infantry and cavalry, and at least four pieces of artillery, they searched our lines from Battery No. 1 to Battery 29, a distance of nearly six miles. Hood's and Batte's battalions, the 46th regiment Virginia Volunteers, and one company, Captain Wood's, Company F, of the 23rd South Carolina, with Sturdivant's battery and a few guns in position, and Talliaferro's cavalry, kept them at bay and punished them severely until they reached the Jerusalem plank road in front of Battery 29, defended by Major Archer's corps of reserves and second-class militia, and by one piece of Sturdivant's battery, a howitzer, under the temporary command of Brigadier-General Colston. Thus, with overwhelming numbers, they were twice repulsed, and succeeded only at last in penetrating a gap in the lines and in flanking a mere handful of citizen soldiers, who stood firmly and fought bravely as veterans, until ordered to fall back. Alas, some of the noblest of them fell with their backs to the ground and their front to the foe, consecrating with their blood the soil of the homes they defended. Their immediate commanders have reported the heroism of them all, the living and the dead, and now with pride and gratitude I announce that Beauregard himself has thanked Archer and his comrades on the very spot of their devotion. If they lost, killed, wounded and missing, sixty-five out of less than one hundred and fifty men, they spent their blood dearly to the enemy. If Sturdivant's battery lost one gun, a better was captured and another disabled—and if they

*The following is a complete list of the captured:

Captain James E. Wolff, Captain Peyton Alfriend, Lieutenant Berthier Bott, Lieutenant Thomas Chalkley, James Boisseau, Prof. Thomas D. Davidson, John Davidson, John B. Stevens, Robert McCandlish, T. J. McCaleb, George Cameron, B. T. Archer, Alexander Vaughan, Joseph L. Peebles, Joseph D. Cooper, James R. McCann, John L. Emory, Frank Mattox, William Lecture, William Mann, Rev. William A. Hall, (Washington Artillery—escaped), Rev. John A. Jefferson, Hon. A. M. Keiley, William Crowder (died in prison), R. H. Daniel (died in Baltimore), J. L. Evans, T. W. Clements, Joseph R. Johnson, Wm. C. Lumsden, Jas. Smith, Samuel H. Jones, E. A. Broadnax, Peyton Fuqua, Warren Russell, J. N. Roper, John E. Smith.

lost half a mile of ground, they gained a half hour of time, and saved their beloved city by holding on long enough for Sturdivant's and Graham's and Young's batteries, Dearing's cavalry and the 46th Virginia infantry, with Wood's South Carolina company, a company of convalescents, and a company of penitents, to drive back the insolent foe from approaches which their footsteps for the first time polluted. With the help of God, it will be the last time. With such troops as all have proven themselves, commanders may well give assurance with confidence to the people of Petersburg. A people who can thus fight for their altars must be aided, supported, guarded by every arm which can be outstretched for their defense. Comrades, their wives and daughters are daily and hourly nursing our sick and wounded; they wipe the hot brow, cool the fevered lips, and tenderly nourish and comfort the suffering soldiers in their hospitals. The angel nurses and the stricken patients of the patriotic place shall not fall into the hands of ruffian invaders. Its very militia has set an example which inspires the confidence that Petersburg is indomitable, and which consoles and compensates for every drop of blood which has been spilt at Nottoway, at Walthall Junction, and at Drewry's Bluff and Howlett's Neck for the defense of the old Cockade City.

"Let the reserves and second-class militia of the surrounding counties now come in promptly, one and all, and emulate this bright and successful example; let it hotly hiss to blood-red shame the laggards and skulkers from the streets and alleys of the city to the lines, and let it proclaim aloud that Petersburg is to be and shall be defended—on her outer walls, on her inner lines, at her corporation bounds, on every street and around every temple of God and altar of man, in every heart, until the blood of that heart is spilt. Roused by this spirit to this pitch of resolution, we will fight the enemy at every step, and Petersburg is safe.

[Signed] "HENRY A. WISE,
"Brig. Gen.

"Official:
"*J. H. Pearce*, A. A. Gen."

ADDENDA.

The foregoing exhaustive and authoritative account of the memorable action of the 9th of June, 1864, given by that staunch old soldier, Col. Fletcher H. Archer, of Petersburg, Va., who, as major, commanded the old and young citizen soldiers of Petersburg and Prince George in their famous encounter with the Federal cavalry, on the Jerusalem plank road, near the Rives and Gregory houses, might be left without an *addendum*, so complete is it, but for the interest which is felt in all the details of that exceptional affair. It has been accordingly deemed proper to make some additions to Col. Archer's interesting narrative.

First in order should come the following official report of the action made by Brigadier-General Raleigh E. Colston the day after the battle to General Wise:

"PETERSBURG,
June 10, 1869.

"I have the honor to submit the following report of the affair of yesterday:

"I reported for orders to General

Wise about 9:30 A. M., and he ordered me to take position at Lunette No. 16, and hold that position. I repaired to that point and remained there until 11 o'clock A. M. At that time a courier reported to me that the enemy were advancing upon the Jerusalem road, and threatening Major Archer's position. I started immediately to that point, leaving orders to my aide-de-camp, Tosh,* to remain at Lunette No. 16 and receive any orders that might come. Before I reached Major Archer's position at Lunettes Nos. 27 and 28, I heard the firing of musketry at Archer's position. I immediately ordered a 12-pounder howitzer to repair to Lunettes 27 and 28, at the intersection of the Jerusalem road and the intrenchments. When I reached that point I found that Major Archer's front had repelled a charge of cavalry of the enemy on the Jerusalem road. Shortly afterward the enemy advanced again, and formed a line of dismounted cavalry in front of Lunette 27, keeping also a line of mounted men back of Gregory's house. They advanced toward our intrenchments and began deploying to the right. About that time the 12-pounder howitzer came up and I placed it in position, but, to my extreme mortification, found that we had not a single round of canister. Just when the enemy were within easy canister range I ordered the gunner to open fire upon them with shell, which was done with some execution. The enemy soon began replying with four pieces of artillery. The militia under Major Archer stood their ground with great steadiness. The enemy then began to spread out on our right and left. I directed Major Archer to spread his men out toward the right or front if possible, and check the enemy, but at the same time the enemy began deploying and extending on our left. Their total force in view was at least 1,000 men. Our entire force, composed altogether of militia, was only about 170 men—less than 150 in line. On our left was a gap of 1 mile between us and the next support. On our right were no supports at all for a distance of 4 miles to the river. The militia and the howitzer remained at their post with great gallantry in spite of the galling fire of the enemy, who were completely protected by Mr. Gregory's dwelling-house and out-buildings and fence, and the exceedingly defective location and construction of our breast-works, which permitted the enemy to come up within fifty yards, completely sheltered and unseen.

"For two hours the militia under Major Archer maintained their position against overwhelming odds until being flanked on the right and left, and the enemy occupying Lunette No. 26 in their rear, it became impossible to hold the position any longer, and the order to retreat was given. The militia then retreated to the city, and took position on the heights, at the head of Sycamore street and by the water-works.

"I wish to bear full and explicit testimony to the steadiness and gallantry of the citizen soldiers who composed Major Archer's command. They stood to the breast-works like veterans, and did not fall back until ordered to do so, when they were surrounded on three sides, and almost entirely cut off. Knowing how important it was to hold the position to the last minute, and expecting re-inforcements every moment, I delayed giving the order to retreat until it was evident that a minute or two longer would have rendered inevitable the capture or death of every man in the breast-works.

*Capt. Jas. T. Tosh, of Petersburg, Va.

"The salvation of the city of Petersburg is undoubtedly due in the first place to the brave militia of the city; for, had they retreated five or ten minutes sooner, the artillery, which was the first to check the enemy's advance, instead of meeting them at the heights, on the south side of the city, would have been intercepted before they could have crossed the bridge, and the city would probably have remained in the enemy's hands. Major Archer's personal conduct was worthy of all praise, as was that of his command, whose severe losses will bear full testimony to their gallantry.

"I would respectfully suggest that Mr. Gregory's house and out-buildings be burned forthwith. They afford complete shelter to the enemy, who placed their sharpshooters in them, and in case of another attack they will cause the loss of many more lives.

"I am, sir, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. COLSTON,

"Brigadier-General.

"*Capt. Pearce*, A. A. Gen'l."

Col. Archer states that he made a report of the engagement, but it does not appear among the reports published in the Rebellion Record from which the foregoing report of General Colston is taken.

Gen. Kautz, in his report made on the 11th of June, 1864, says:

"In obedience to instructions previously received, the command, consisting of portions of the Eleventh and Fifth Pennsylvania, and First District of Columbia Cavalry, and a section of the Eighth New York Battery, about 1,300 men in all, commenced moving from camp between 11 and 12 o'clock the night previous. The infantry of General Gilmore's command, which should have preceded the cavalry, was delayed, and a portion of the cavalry also, in consequence, did not get across the Appomattox river until daylight. The cavalry then took the advance, marching south to the City Point road, where we captured 3 of the enemy's pickets, about ten miles out from their intrenchments. The march was continued on roads nearly parallel to the enemy's works to the Jordan's Point, Prince George, and Norfolk and Petersburg roads. Near the Prince George road we were delayed in driving Colonel Taliaferro's (Sixty-second Georgia Cavalry) [Seventh Confederate Cavalry] regiment out of their camp near their intrenchments, as skirmishers of his command were annoying the column. This regiment was reported by several prisoners that we captured to be between 300 and 400 strong. The march was continued to the Jerusalem plank road, which we struck at a point about four miles from the intrenchments. The circuit proved greater than I expected, and we did not reach the enemy's lines until midday, marching continuously, as we were meeting the enemy's pickets on every road, and they all retreated to a common centre, except four or five that we captured. The enemy had the advantage of knowing our movements. On reaching the enemy's lines it was evident they were not strongly defended. The force seemed about 200 strong, with one piece of artillery. The First District of Columbia Cavalry were dismounted and deployed as skirmishers, with a portion of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry on the right of the road. The Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry (mounted) moved forward in line on the works on the left to the intrenchments, where they dismounted and fired from the parapet. In about an

hour we had carried the works and killed, wounded, or captured almost the entire force, with the piece of artillery and caison.

"As soon as a squadron or two could be mounted we moved on toward town. A deep ravine intervening just before reaching the city, and no enemy being visible, the advance was ordered to proceed into the city. On reaching the bottom of the ravine four pieces of artillery and several hundred muskets suddenly opened from the opposite crest, from such an elevation, however, that they over-shot us. No one, apparently, was injured. Before the second volley opened the advance had fallen back under cover. The prospect of entering the city was here suddenly defeated, for while I thought it possible that the enemy was at that moment not very strong, it was strong enough to delay me an hour or two in the commanding position they held. By that time they could be reinforced. I could hear nothing of Gen. Gilmore's command; no firing could be heard in the direction of City Point, and I felt certain that his force had retired. I therefore ordered the command to fall back, and as we retired the enemy opened from our right at long range with one piece of artillery and some musketry. Before leaving the intrenchments the enemy's camp of forty or fifty tents and some huts were burned, and also a large house with some stores and ammunition. We moved off and returned by the route we came, and were not pursued or molested after getting on the road. We captured altogether 42 prisoners. Some of the officers who had better opportunity of knowing, report the number of the enemy killed quite large. Quite a number of their wounded were left behind for want of transportation. The force that held the intrenchme were mostly residents of Petersb and Prince George county, belo ing to the second-class reserv The loss of one gun and two c riages was not reported to me u we had retired, and I know noth of the circumstances except what contained in Lieutenant Morto report. Had I known it in time am satisfied that the gun at leas would have been saved."

Col. Samuel P. Spear, of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, commanding the Second brigade, in his report made June 11, 1864, says:

"Pursuant to instructions fro division headquarters, my brigade consisting of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, 640 men, two mountain howitzers, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel George Stetzel; an the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry, 45 men, and two howitzers, commande by Major Kleinz, left camp at 11:3 P. M. on the 8th instant, crossed th pontoon bridge over the Appomat tox, and marched forward about miles. There halted until 4:30 A M. on the 9th, when I took the lin of march toward the Jordan's Poin road, the Eleventh Pennsylvani Cavalry in advance. The advanc guard soon came upon and charge the enemy's pickets, capturing 4 o them, 2 being wounded. I the marched to the above named road and out in the direction of the Petersburg plank road. When with in 7 miles of the plank road th advance was again fired upon b the enemy. I ordered the carbineers of the Eleventh to dismoun and skirmish the woods to the front and two squadrons of the Fifth t the right and left. The enem opened upon the Fifth with howitzers. One squadron from that regiment charged them, driving the from their camp into the intrench

ments. In the flight they left arms, horse equipments, and clothing in considerable quantity, and which we destroyed.

"The front being cleared by the Eleventh, the command was mounted and proceeded on the route. On approaching the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad, the advance guard again came upon the enemy's pickets, charged them and wounded one mortally. The remainder made their escape to the woods. On reaching the plank road at 10:30 A. M. five miles from Petersburg, I received instructions from the general commanding to march in the direction of Petersburg.

"I did so, driving in and capturing some of the enemy's pickets on the road. Within 1 mile of the city I came in sight of the earth-works, consisting of four redoubts and a line of intrenchments about half a mile in length. I ordered one squadron of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry to charge the works with drawn sabres, which they did in gallant style; but owing to the superior force and position of the enemy they were compelled to fall back, forming line again in advance of the main column. After due consultation with the general commanding, I made a careful reconnoisance of the enemy's position, and ordered the following disposition of my command: On the right, carbineers of the Eleventh to dismount and advance as skirmishers; one squadron, mounted, of the Eleventh was ordered to the extreme right, and one to the extreme left, with orders to charge in concert with dismounted line of skirmishers; the remainder of the Eleventh were posted on the centre and right-centre, with orders to charge mounted on the appearance of wavering or confusion among the enemy. The Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry was ordered and took position on the left of the road, with orders to storm the two redoubts in their front and penetrate the line of intrenchments. The line moved forward simultaneously, under cover of two 6-pounder rifled guns, commanded by Lieutenant Morton, Eighth New York Battery, and two 12-pounder mountain howitzers of the Fifth, the right being assisted by a detachment from the First District. The enemy received us with a determined and vigorous musketry fire along the whole line; also on the left with grape and canister from one piece of artillery. The position occupied by the enemy was well chosen, and defended with obstinacy.* Our assaulting party continued to press forward in the face of the fire, captured the redoubts, and occupied them, then prepared to charge the line of intrenchments, which was done, with a loss to the enemy of 30 killed, many wounded, among whom were several officers left on the field, and about forty prisoners, besides one piece of artillery and a large quantity of small arms. The latter were destroyed by our men.

"The squadron on the right charged around the works to within one-half of a mile of Petersburg, and there halted for the main column. Owing to obstructions the squadron on the extreme left could not move forward, whereby the principal portion of the enemy made their escape into the woods close by. These works were said to be defended by two regiments of militia and one of regulars, under the supervision of General Beauregard.† On the approach of the main column the ad-

*This is a handsome tribute to the small force of citizen soldiers who were occupying this position.

†Another tribute to the courage of Col. Archer's command and to the skill with which they were managed.

vance squadron moved forward. It was ascertained that during the engagement mentioned the enemy had received large reinforcements, and when the advance reached within 150 yards of Petersburg the enemy opened with musketry, grape and canister from four pieces of artillery posted on a bluff immediately in front of the town. The fire was so severe that I ordered the advance to wheel to the left-about and retired about fifty yards to the cover of a bluff along the road. There I halted about ten minutes until it was ascertained that the column had left and the enemy approaching in force. I retired slowly, soon met the general commanding, stated the condition of the enemy's force, and was ordered to fall back slowly, which was done, after a delay of one hour and a half in order to prosecute a search for the wounded and missing. My rear guard was followed by infantry, cavalry and artillery for a distance of 2 miles from Petersburg. A detachment of the First District then formed in the rear of my column, and I returned to camp with my command, reaching here at 10:30 P. M."‡

Judge Anthony M. Keiley, who had been a lieutenant in the Petersburg Riflemen (Company E, 12th Virginia infantry,) but, having been elected a member of the Virginia legislature, was, on the 9th of June, 1864, in the city of Petersburg, and, taking part in the engagement, was captured. Upon his return from prison he wrote and published, in January, 1865, a very interesting little volume entitled "Prisoner of War, or Five months Among the Yankees. By A Rifleman, Gent."¶ From this book the following, as a nearly contemporary account of the action, is taken:

"The sun was clambering up the sky—a figure which astronomy has vainly tilted against since the great Italian's day—and the town clock had struck ten many minutes before, when a pair of frantic videttes —one of them without his hat —tore into camp on foaming steeds, with the news that the enemy, not more than half a mile away, were rapidly approaching in a body, consisting of several regiments of cavalry, and at least four pieces of artillery. Our position was an open earthwork, the front face of which was cut at right angles by the Jerusalem plank road, a thoroughfare which, some outside barbarians may not know, opens up to deserving Petersburgers the beatific vision of Sussex hams and Southampton brandy. This work, intended to accommodate two pieces of artillery, but then all innocent of ordnance, was accompanied by a line of low breast-works, running out on either flank, to afford shelter to such infantry as might be destined to support the guns, while beyond, on each side, lay a level and accessible country, inviting easy approach to man or beast. There was nothing in the character of the position to give the assailed men advantage, other than that which the breastworks offered in case of a direct attack, the ground being almost a dead level in every direction; and when Major Archer, our commandant, disposed his little force of about 125 men along the extended

‡This extract from Col. Spear's report, as was Gen. Colson's report, has been subdivided into additional paragraphs for the greater convenience of perusal.

¶In 1866 this book was republished under the title, "In Vinculis, or The Prisoner of War."

line—600 yards, I presume it was perfectly evident that 20,000 cavalry, or any respectable minority of the same, would make short work of us. In conformity to universal civilized precedent, the major addressed us a word of cheer and counsel before he assigned us our position; but there was eloquence incomparably superior to all the witchery of words in the hundred homes which stood but a scant cannot-shot behind us and in the reflection that, according as we did our *devoir*, to them and to hundreds more, there might be then and thenceforth grief or rejoicing. Small marvel then that as I looked down our little band, sparsely stretched over our extended and exposed front, and noticed how well the best and noblest of our townsmen were represented in its ranks, I felt that they would give an account of themselves; that no wife or mother, sweetheart or sister, would blush to hear or remember, though every Cossack that ever swam the Don, should charge our line that day.

"We had not long to wait. A cloud of dust in our front told of the hurried advance of cavalry, and the next moment the glitter of spur and scabbard revealed to us a long line of horsemen, rapidly deploying under cover of a wood that ran parallel to our line, and about half a mile in front of us. *Then we missed our cannon.* Our venerable muskets were not worth a tinker's imprecation at longer range than one hundred yards, and we were compelled *per force* to watch the preparations for our capture or slaughter, much after the fashion that a rational turtle may be presumed to contemplate the preliminaries of a civic dinner in London. A little of that military coquetry called reconnoisance, determined our enemy to feel us first with a small portion of his command, and on came at a sweeping gallop a gallant company of troopers, with as confident an air as though all that was necessary was that they should 'come' and 'see,' in order to 'conquer.' Every one saw this was a party we could easily manage, and we possessed, therefore, our souls in great patience till we could see the chevron on the arm of the non-commissioned officer who led them—a brave fellow—and then there broke forth (from such amiable muskets as could be induced to go off) a discharge that scattered the cavaliers like chaff—three riderless horses being all of the expedition that entered our lines. *This trifling event saved the city of Petersburg*—what else it saved let the reader ask himself; for the Yankees now became convinced that no cavalry charge would frighten these ununiformed and half-armed militiamen from their posts, and that a regular infantry attack must be made. For this purpose two regiments of their cavalry were dismounted and deployed on either side of the road, in a line double the length of our own, and it was evident that they had determined to flank us on both sides. The welcome rattle of artillery horses brought now a cheer to every lip as we observed two field pieces falling into position on our right, and the sharp shriek of a shell curvetting over the Yankee line, was an agreeable variation of the monotonous silence in which, to the right and left, their skirmish line was stretching away to encompass us. This occasioned another check, and provoked an artillery response, which continued for twenty minutes, with about the effect currently attributed to sacred melodies chanted in the hearing of a certain useful hybrid, deceased. But these were all golden moments for Petersburg—cannon and horses were pouring into

town. Graham's and Sturdivant's batteries were wheeling into position, and Dearing was hastening to the scene with his gallant cavalry.

"And now came the serious attack: The enemy advanced, outnumbering us five to one, and armed with the *sixteen shooting rifle*, thus increasing over fifty fold their actual superiority—and there we fought them; fought them till we were so surrounded that the two men nearest to me were shot *in the back* while facing the line of original approach; till both our guns were captured; till our camp, in rear of the works, was full of the foe; till the noblest blood of our city stained the clay of the breast-works as they gave out their lives, gun in hand and face forward, on the spot where their officers placed them. Their faces now rise before me on this summery morning in November; the calm, grave countenance of Banister and Staubley; the generous, joyous frankness of Friend and Hardy; the manly, conscientious fire of patriotism in all—Bellingham and Blanks, Jones, Johnson, and the rest—all gallant gentlemen and true, any one of whose lives was well worth all the Yankees from Indus to the pole; and I could but ask myself then as now the prophetic question, whose answer has in all ages sustained the martyrs of freedom as of faith: *can such blood fall in vain?*

"One by one they fell around me—Bellingham the last—and as I turned and stooped to change his position to one of greater comfort at his request, the enemy trooped over the earthwork behind me, the foremost, presenting his loaded carbine, demanded my surrender with an unrepeatable violence of language that suggested blood-shed, and all avenue of escape being cut off, I yielded with what grace I could to my fate, captive to the bow and spear of a hatchet-faced member of the First District Cavalry, greatly enamored of this honorable opportunity of going to the rear."

The following letter from Captain Wm. E. Hinton, Jr., of Petersburg, Va., who, on the 9th of June, 1864, was acting assistant adjutant-general of Brigadier-General Jas. Dearing, gives a very clear account of the part taken by the cavalry and artillery under General Dearing on that day in repelling the assault of the Federal cavalry after the little force of citizen soldiers under Archer had been overpowered:

"PETERSBURG, VA.,
"July 8th, 1892.

"GEO. S. BERNARD, Esq.

"Dear Sir: Having been requested by you to furnish my recollections of the part taken by the forces (cavalry and artillery) under General Dearing on the 9th of June, 1864, in repelling the assault made upon the city of Petersburg by the Federal cavalry under General Kautz, I will state that, in the early part of June, 1875, I prepared and published in the Petersburg *Index-Appeal* a brief article which gives the information you have requested, except in the overestimate of the force of the enemy. This article, addressed to the editors of that journal, and signed 'An Eye Witness,' was first submitted to Capt. Edward Graham and approved by him, and was as follows:

" 'PETERSBURG, VA.,
" 'June 9, 1875.

" '*To the Editor of the Index-Appeal:*

" 'This day eleven years ago witnessed the killing of many of Petersburg's bravest spirits, who fell battling in the defense of this gallant

city, and knew no surrender until they were overcome by a force nearly one hundred times their own number, under Kautz, thus leaving the town at the mercy of the enemy by the rout of the South. The writer was directed on arrival at Petersburg to report to General Wise 'that General Dearing, in command of the Fourth North Carolina and Taliaferro's Georgia cavalry regiments and Graham's artillery, was awaiting orders on the march from Chesterfield into the city.' General Wise was reported out on the lines where the fighting was in progress. Captain Pearce, of General Wise's staff, directed General Dearing to the Willcox farm. As the command proceeded up Sycamore street, opposite Mrs. Page Dunn's, we were met by Mr. E. H. Osborne, who informed General Dearing that the enemy were coming in by the route known as the Jerusalem plank road; whereupon the writer, being familiar with the surroundings, informed General Dearing that, if he proceeded to the Willcox farm (where our militia right rested prior to capture), the enemy would be left behind him. A few moments sufficed to familiarize his bright mind with the localities. Immediately he ordered Taliaferro to the Blandford Church, on the Jerusalem plank road, with a little piece of mountain horse artillery, and the 4th North Carolina regiment of cavalry and Graham's battery, to the reservoir. Reaching the spot under a run, it was discovered that the enemy were but a short distance south of Lieutenant Run, at the base of the water works. He directed a part of the 4th N. C. Cavalry, under Lieut.-Col. Cantwell, directly under the eye of himself (Gen. D.), to charge, and a part of the battery under Capt. Graham to open fire. The balance of the regiment and the remainder of the battery, Lieut. Edward Pollard commanding, were directed, under the command of the writer, to proceed to the head of Sycamore street and engage the enemy, then almost in the corporation limits. The result of both attacks was a complete victory for the Confederates, and thus Petersburg was saved, in my judgment, solely by the great daring and skill of Gen. Jas. Dearing. The writer does not, of course, desire to take a single laurel from the gallant militia on that occasion, nor from the troops who so bravely fought on the line from the river to Blandford Church, but simply to do justice to the gallant dead hero who directed the fighting of the brave Virginia and North Carolina troops, who saved the good city after the militia had been captured and slain.

"The only persons (citizens or military) capable of bearing arms whom the writer remembers to have seen were E. H. Osborne, General Colston, C. L. Petticolas, D. X. Branch and Roger A. Pryor. The enemy were driven back and followed as far as the Gregory house, on the Jerusalem plank road, where our command halted, the Federals going directly to City Point.

"Under direction of General Dearing, the following telegram, in substance, was sent General Beauregard:

"The enemy are repulsed and the city is safe. But should they attack it again more troops will be necessary for its defense.

"(Signed) JAS. DEARING,
"Brig.-General."

"This dispatch was sent off, I think, by Gen. Roger A. Pryor. Further than this no aid was given Gen. Dearing by any one, save the commands before mentioned. Gen. Dearing was largely instrumental on

three occasions in saving the city from capture.

"'AN EYE WITNESS.'"

"To the foregoing I will add that there were four guns of Graham's battery, all engaged, two of them stationed in the vicinity of the upper reservoir and the other two on the crest of the hill, about the present gate to the premises of Mr. Wm. Cameron, Lieut. Pollard being in command of these two guns, with Lieut. Wm. C. Butler, his junior, as his assistant.

"The enemy charged across the bridge over Lieutenant Run and up the New Road a little distance, but were met by a counter-charge, made by a portion of the 4th North Carolina Cavalry under Lieut.-Col. Cantwell, who routed them at once and captured several. The remainder of the (4th N. C.) regiment, being dismounted, were deployed as skirmishers around the slope of the hill from New Road on their left to about the head of Sycamore Street on their right, the ground upon which this line was deployed being covered with a crop of wheat or oats nearly matured, which furnished an admirable protection for sharpshooters, the residence and other buildings of Mr. Cameron on this hill being within the line of these skirmishers.

"Graham's battery and the cavalry of Gen. Dearing on the morning of the 9th of June, 1864, were withdrawn from the breast-works about Dunn's or Ruffin's farm in Chesterfield, near Port Walthall Junction and fronting Bermuda Hundreds, which works they left before daylight of that day.

"Your Comrade,

"WM. E. HINTON, Jr."

Capt. John Trusheim, of Petersburg, Va., who was a sergeant in Graham's battery, in a letter dated July 7th, 1892, says:

"I had the honor of being a member of the old Petersburg Artillery, the gallant Capt. Edward Graham commanding. We were attached to the cavalry command of Gen. James Dearing, than whom no braver officer ever unsheathed a sabre and who was as brave as a lion and as gentle as a lamb. The gallant William E. Hinton, Jr., was acting as his adjutant-general, who likewise was a man without fear and ever ready to perform his duty as a soldier.

"On the 9th of June, 1864, our command was stationed in Chesterfield county on the Ruffin farm, about seven miles from Petersburg, and early in the morning received orders to report to Petersburg. Arrived at Petersburg and crossing the river at Pocahontas bridge, we came up Second street to Lombard and went down Lombard to Main street, Blandford, arrived at which latter street, Capt. Graham was informed that the enemy were coming across to town about the water-works, and that he must take his battery there as soon as possible. We then turned down Main street to Bollingbrook and came up Bollingbrook to Sycamore and up Sycamore, moving through these streets in a sweeping gallop never to be forgotten by the members of the battery, the ladies and children who crowded the sidewalks cheering us as we moved along, and crying out, 'Here come our own men! Men who will defend us and drive the enemy back!' By words, look and gestures we told them 'to be calm' and that we would defend them at all hazards.

"Arriving at the Heights, two of our guns, under Lieuts. Edward Pollard and William C. Butler, took position at the head of Sycamore

street, near the residences of Messrs. William Cameron and James C. Kemp, and engaged the enemy then coming over and down the hill on the east of Lieutenant Run. The other two guns, under the command of Capt. Graham, took position near the reservoir and engaged the enemy coming across the field in line of battle down to the run, and also coming in column down New Road.

"As sergeant, I was in charge of one of the two last mentioned guns, and Gen. Dearing, being near by, ordered me to fire a shell close to a house he pointed out, but not to strike it. In this house he said the Federal officers were. I sent the shell as directed, but the officers in the house did not come out. The general then directed me to put a shell through the house, which I did, when those inside came rolling out in short order and retreated hastily across the field to the plank road. Gen. Dearing then said to me, 'They are putting a gun in position. Go to work on that gun before they go to work on you.' I could not see the gun, standing as I was on the ground. So I mounted my gun and could then see the Federal gun plainly. I then sent one shot and disabled this gun by cutting one of its wheels. Gen. Dearing remarked, 'A good shot! But *there* is another gun; they are putting it in position. Go to work on her before they go to work on you.' I again fired and this shot from my gun disabled this second gun of the enemy. Seeing this, Gen. Dearing exclaimed, 'Glory enough for one day! You have done well! They are now retreating! I will follow and drive them. Continue your fire until I get up on yonder hill, (pointing to the hill on which the Federal forces were), and then hold your fire. If they drive me, let me and my men come down the hill and then fire as fast as you can.' I did as ordered. Dearing charged and drove the enemy away, and thus our beautiful city was saved. The Federal guns that were disabled were brought in and did good service in Graham's battery afterwards."

Mr. J. William Young, of Petersburg, Va., another member of Graham's battery, who participated in the action and was with one of the two guns stationed near the reservoir (the gun of which Sergt. George W. Vaughan was in charge), says:

"The two guns stationed on the hill near the reservoir were near each other and about fifty yards south-west of the south-west corner of the reservoir. Gen. Dearing himself located these two pieces of artillery, with instructions to the men to fire as quickly and as rapidly as possible. The advancing column of Federal cavalry was then upon New Road, a part of it on the west side of the bridge, with the head of the column near the Rushmore lot on the top of the reservoir hill. Being with the gun nearest the road I remember seeing the men at the head of the column on the road to our right not a hundred yards from our gun.

"Obeying the order to fire, we opened upon the column upon the road on the east side of the bridge and our first shot struck the column at a point about a hundred yards east of the bridge. Our guns were fired as rapidly as possible, causing the cavalry to break and make for the rear. They attempted to rally on the hill south of New Road, but a few well directed shots caused them to fall back to a point near Petersen's house at the intersection

of New Road with the Jerusalem plank road, at which point they placed a battery in position, but their guns were soon disabled by shots from our battery. We captured a mountain howitzer belonging to them, left just at the spot at which our first shot struck the advancing column. That howitzer was used by Graham the remainder of the war, doing handsome work in the cattle raid into Prince George and Sussex counties, holding the enemy in check at Belches' Mill and giving our cavalry an opportunity to bring the captured cattle safely over Nottoway river. The two guns of our battery located on the Heights near Mount Erin (Mr. William Cameron's residence) gave the enemy a parting remembrance as they retired.

"As our battery galloped up Sycamore street the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and the boys in the battery responded with cheers. The Southern Female College building was filled with ladies, who waved handkerchiefs whilst we cheered. And just here a pigeon, in its wild flight in the air, darted down towards the moving battery, seeing which several of the old veterans gently ducked their heads, thinking the bird a ball from one of the enemy's guns, as we could hear the firing in the distance over the hills."

Miss Lossie Hill, of Petersburg, Va., referring to the rapidity with which Graham's battery moved up Bollingbrook and Sycamore streets in its haste to reach the Heights, says:

"I was crossing Bollingbrook street on my way to Mrs. Merten's when the artillery came tearing along and I thought I would be run over. Capt. Ned Graham seeing me, and possibly others in the way, impatiently said to his men, 'D—n the women! Run over them, if they don't get out of the way!' Knowing him well, the next time I saw him, I playfully told him he had insulted me by this order to his men, and I had intended to call him to account, but that he had behaved so gallantly when he got on the Heights I concluded to forgive him."*

Miss Virginia E. Davidson, of Petersburg, Va., referring to the battery's impetuous rush through the streets to the scene of action, says:

"The men leaped from the guns and caissons and with whip and cheers urged on the flying horses as they ran beside them. Sick soldiers, at the hospital on the lawn who saw the battery as it moved up Sycamore, and two of its guns were wheeled into Filmore street near the present residence of Mr. Robert W. Collier, whilst the other two continued up Sycamore, said it was God's mercy the caissons did not explode, and that they had never seen a battery go into action with more rapidity."

"Soon after one of the guns," says Capt. E. O. Hinton, of Petersburg, Va., who as a druggist was then doing business at the old drug store at the south-east corner of Sycamore and Lombard streets, "passed my store, and had gone not a hundred yards further up Sycamore, its front and rear wheels became detached, and I thought this was the most unfortunate of accidents. The mishap, however, was immediately rectified. The coupling-pin which had dropped out was quickly replaced, and on went the gun seemingly as rapidly as before."

And just here a little incident of the day, told by Capt. Hinton, too

*Capt. Graham, the son of a distinguished officer in the British army, was by inheritance a soldier.

good to be lost, must be given a place. Says Capt. H.:

"Being a druggist I was exempt from military service, but for several days previously I had been on duty out on the lines about Bell's farm in Prince George and elsewhere. On the morning of the 9th of June, however, I happened to be at home, and was attending to my ordinary duties in my store.

"My store was at that time a favorite place of resort for gentlemen to assemble and discuss the news and other subjects of general interest, and on this day there was the usual collection of them, talking about the topics of the day, the subject being the presence of a Federal force in Prince George county and the prospect of a move upon the city. Among those present were Judge Wm. T. Joynes, Mr. Leroy Roper, Z. W. Pickrell and Mr. Thomas H. Campbell, the last mentioned gentleman being the president of the South-side Railroad company and also a civil officer under the Confederate government, a fine conversationalist and a man of superior sense.

"Contending that the Federals could not be in Prince George county in such numbers as to give occasion for any alarm, Mr. Campbell, having given his several reasons for this opinion, and ridiculing the report about their presence in such numbers, with considerable emphasis, said, 'Gentlemen, give me a brigade of twenty-five hundred men, and I will obligate myself to drive every Yankee this side of City Point into James River before sunset this evening.' With some humor, one or more of the gentlemen present at once remarked, 'If Mr. Campbell will do this, he must have the brigade. Can't we get him the 2500 men? He must have them. It will not do to lose the opportunity to drive those Yankees into James River.'

"Just at this juncture Mr. Otway P. Hare came into the store with some excitement in his manner and said, 'Gentlemen, h—l is to pay! The Yankees in considerable force have advanced to the toll-gate on the Jerusalem plank road, have broken our lines, killed Geo. B. Jones, Wm. C. Banister and Jno. Friend (he mentioned these and others that were among the killed), and will soon be here.' The 'toll-gate' was at or about the Rives house, and this was indeed startling news. The little party of gentlemen at once ceased their discussion and Tom Campbell vanished like a sora. In a few minutes Graham's battery came at full speed up Bollingbrook, around Spotswood's corner and up Sycamore, one of the pieces meeting with the little mishap of which I have just told you. Then came some of Dearing's cavalry, also moving rapidly, and in a few minutes the welcome booming of the artillery about the water-works showed that Graham had reached the Heights and was at work with his guns."

The following letter from Mr. William Cameron, of Petersburg, Va., who witnessed from his residence on the Heights the approach of the Federal cavalry and their repulse, describes what came within his observation:

"PETERSBURG, VA.,
"July 25th, 1892.

"GEO. S. BERNARD, Esq.

"Dear Sir: I can add but little to the very faithful and vivid accounts of the heroic rescue of our city from capture on the memorable 9th of June, 1864, you have been collecting for insertion in your "War Talks of Confederate Veterans."

"About 9 o'clock, or perhaps later, that morning, my brother George came to my house—I resided then as now at the head of Adams street in this city—with his musket, on his way to our lines. I had just returned late the night before from my post of duty at Wilmington, N. C., and having, in consequence of a temporary interruption of the travel on the Petersburg and Weldon railroad, to ride from Belfield to Dinwiddie C. H. and to walk from Dinwiddie C. H. to Petersburg, I was so fatigued by the trip I felt unable to go along with him, and besides hoped that the report about the advance of the enemy might prove another 'false alarm.'

"Soon after 11 o'clock I heard, first, musketry, repeated volleys, then artillery, so near as to satisfy me that some fighting was going on about the Rives salient. This firing continued at intervals for more than an hour, and I was led to hope that re-inforcements had been brought up from our lines on the left. But soon after 12 o'clock this hope was banished, when, looking over the high ground across Lieutenant Run south of New Road and south-east of my house, I saw, first, a few of our men retreating rapidly to the shelter of the ravine about this run, and then enough more of them in like retreat to satisfy me that our forces had been overwhelmed by greatly superior numbers.

"A few minutes later I realized the true condition of things, when I saw a large force of the enemy coming down New Road to the bridge across Lieutenant Run. As you are aware, a person standing at or about the gate to the rear and east of my house, as I then was standing, could see the advancing column from this place, its head on the road about the foot of the hill and the body of the column on the summit of the hill west of and in the neighborhood of the plank road. Having sent the ladies and the servants of my family to Mrs. Keiley's on New street for greater safety, I braced up my nerves to accept 'the inevitable' and determined to meet the enemy at my gates and save all I could from destruction. Accordingly I stood at or about my gate east of my house above referred to, when lo! great joy! Turning my eyes towards the north, I descried two pieces of artillery coming up the hill towards the reservoir at a full gallop, followed by two others. The first two immediately unlimbered about the crest of the hill near the reservoir and opened on the enemy, whose column was then approaching along the New Road, and the first and second shots from these guns had the effect of bringing the column to an immediate halt.

"By this time Dearing's cavalry began to arrive and deploy in support of the artillery, when suddenly the enemy turned around and began to retreat—all of which happened in much less time than I have taken to narrate it, the artillery and cavalry being to our helpless city a relief that seemed almost as timely as the memorable 'relief of Lucknow.'

"I should mention that the two pieces of artillery that followed the two which took position on the hill near the reservoir were stationed west of my house, one of them near my then front gate about the intersection of Adams and Cupid streets, the other somewhere near my present front gate on Sycamore street. These guns—certainly the one about the intersection of Adams and Cupid streets—commanded the high ground or plateau in the neighborhood of the plank road and that part of New Road on the plateau.

"It has been over twenty-eight

years since the occurrences of that memorable day, but its events were deeply impressed upon me. I can now see those intrepid artillerymen whipping up their horses as they hastened to their position on Reservoir Hill and opened almost instantly, and I can see the other two pieces going to their position west of my house, and the equally intrepid cavalry of Dearing—it seems to me not over a hundred in number—coming up to the support of the artillery and then the sudden retreat of the Federal cavalry; all a vivid mind-picture.

"I remember, too, that when seeing the rapid firing from the two guns on the reservoir hill, and the firing from the other two guns, and the bursting of their shells, I thought it looked as if almost the whole heavens were filled with the fire of blazing guns and exploding shells.

"The work of defeating Kautz' 1,300 cavalry and saving our city from the assault was indeed a noble one, and there was great rejoicing that night in Petersburg. Believe me, my dear sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"WM. CAMERON."

Hon. Charles F. Collier, of Petersburg, Va., describing the action at Rives' farm, in a letter dated June 30, 1892, says:

"I was a volunteer private in the ranks, a member of the company of Capt. James E. Wolff. Our company, with the others of the command, lay entrenched behind the breastworks, but the eagerness of all to engage in the combat rendered it exceedingly difficult for the commandants of companies to keep the men covered by the earth-works. Finally the enemy, after reconnoitering a while, resolved to make a charge. In the distance the rising clouds of dust show that the raiders are coming with drawn swords and occasional firing of breach-loaders, and when within range of our men they are met with volley after volley from our old-fashioned muskets, sufficient to repel advancing foe, except some two or three who entered along the public road into our lines. These men promptly surrendered, and their horses, fine and fat, were soon taken into possession by us. It was quite amusing, nobody on our side then being hurt, to hear the jokes and jibes hurled at the foe by our then victorious soldiers, who thought that the retiring enemy would no more return to fight. But this delusion was of short duration.

"The enemy, largely outnumbering our forces, were not baffled by their first signal failure to capture our position. A flank movement was made and we were attacked from front and rear—the rear attack soon dislodging us from our position and causing the death of several of the command. Some of our men were killed in their positions behind the earth-works. Orders were promptly given to retire, and then a running fight was kept up, forcing us finally back to the city.

"Many of our men, however, were taken prisoners. The dead and prisoners captured on that occasion are so well known that I need not write their names in this paper; the names of the dead and the prisoners captured are written on the scroll of an undying fame and cherished in the memory of a grateful people evermore. Where all acted well, it is invidious to mention names, but I cannot forbear to refer to Adjutant Guy Johnson, who was wounded on the field and died shortly thereafter from the effects of his wound. He

did his part bravely, and fell fighting nobly for his city and state on that never to be forgotten day. I trust I shall be pardoned for this reference to Adjutant Johnson, as thereby the way is opened to make allusion to an incident which, though egotistic, as it relates to myself, and not before mentioned, I believe, I I will take the liberty of stating:

"When Adjutant Johnson was carried from the field wounded, bleeding, dying, our commander, a gallant hero of two wars, Col. F. H. Archer, approached me as we were falling back under the terrific flank firing of the enemy, saying, 'I appoint you adjutant of the batallion for gallantry in the face of the foe.' The compliment I acknowledged with a bow and thanks, and, accepting the office, served in that capacity with the batalion in the battle of the 16th June at Avery's farm. In that battle Col. Archer was wounded, and, only after the most persistent persuasion on my part, he reluctantly consented to be taken to the rear. Col. Archer has now a list of the killed and wounded in this battle made by me as adjutant.*

"The command then devolved on Maj. W. H. Jarvis, a good man, a brave soldier, a true Confederate. After the battle of the 16th June our 'boys,' with one accord, being of the mind that their services demanded a little respite from the perils of battle, suggested that I wait on Gen. Beauregard, whose headquarters were near where we were in line of battle on the extreme right, and request him to send the command to Petersburg and place it on guard duty. This I undertook. I was most gracefully received by the general, made known my errand, and my request was granted, with the most complimentary reference to Col. Archer and his men, not only for their gallant conduct on that day, but also on the 9th of June at Rives' farm. When I returned to the command and made known that I had been successful in the request that we be ordered into the city, I received an ovation like unto that bestowed on a Roman general on entering his city in triumphal procession.

"Much that any one writes in these war reminiscences must necessarily be personal, as our field of observation was limited to those immediately about us and ourselves; and this is my apology for so much that is personal in this letter."

Mr. Robert A. Martin, of Petersburg, Va., in a letter dated July 7, 1892, giving his recollections of the fight, says:

"Every one who loves the 'lost

*The following is the list here referred to:

Field and staff—Major F. H. Archer, wounded severely in left arm.

1st Co., Lieut. Thos. Smyth command'g—Priv. Jas. Brooks wounded in neck by shell.

2d Co., Capt. Peter D. Hare commanding—Private R. A. Spiers wounded mortally; Private Ed. Simmons wounded severely in arm; Private H. J. Saunders wounded slightly by shell.

3d Co., Capt. Wm. H. Jarvis commanding—no casualties.

4th Co., 1st Sergt. G. Baker Eanes commanding—no casualties.

5th Co., Capt. Richd. F. Jarvis commanding—no casualties.

6th Co., Capt. J. A. Rogers commanding—Private F. T. Scott killed; Corp'l T. J. Jarratt slightly wounded; Private C. K. Elliott slightly wounded.

7th Co., 1st Sergt. James E. Watson commanding—Corp. N. Hoag killed; Private Robt. L. Watson wounded; Private William C. Malloy slightly wounded; Private G. W. Eastwood slightly wounded; Sergt. Samuel Smith slightly wounded; Private Andrew J. Clements slightly wounded; Private Michael Quinn severely wounded; Private M. T. Sweeny slightly wounded.

8th Co., 1st Sergt. Wm. Webb commanding—Private James A. Barker slightly wounded.

ROBERT A. MARTIN.

"The *last* gun fired in the fight was fired by a deaf man, who had *advanced*, not hearing the order to retreat, after he had been shot down. That man is also living now, but he is satisfied that, had the Yankees captured him, he never would have lived to see the year 1865."* P. 141.

*"Mr. Martin does not so state, but I am satisfied that he himself was the game old Confederate that fired that last gun.—G. S. B." Note on p. 141, referring to the above.

cause,' and every one who knows the part played by the citizens of Petersburg, and especially the spirit and action shown on the 9th June, 1864, by about 140 'old men, boys, home guards,' &c., has cause to thank you for your earnest and zealous efforts to let coming generations know of what sort of stuff the men of the South of 1864 were made. That they battled long and bravely, and against great odds, will, when history comes to be fairly written, stand forth as a settled fact.

"In no part of the South was there a more heroic and patriotic spirit displayed than was shown in Petersburg. This was to a very marked degree the case with the ladies (God bless them), and that their action nerved many a gallant soldier's heart and arm in the day of battle, there can be no question.

"Knowing, as you do, that I was in the fight of the 9th June, 1864, you have done me the honor of requesting me to give you my recollections of the affair. Being then, and am still, deaf, I have told you that I cannot give you much of interest that I *heard* on the battle-field, and so I will have to confine myself mainly to what I *saw*.

"My recollection is, that a great many who took part in the action of June 9th, 1864, were *exempt* from *all* military duty, and some even doubly exempt. Notably was this the case with that brave, patriotic, modest gentleman, Mr. Wm. C. Banister,* who lost his life in the battle. It will be remembered that time after time during the war, and when our city was not protected by regular Confederate troops, the cry went forth that a Federal army was marching from City Point to capture the city. So repeatedly had this report proved to be untrue, on the 9th June, 1864, when messengers were sent to the city proclaiming that 'the Yankees' were 'certainly marching on the city by way of the Jerusalem plank road,' doubtless some questioned the truth of the report. This, however, none would have done, had they met the messenger that was met by the Hon. C. F. Collier, the late Mr. Jas. Boisseau and myself, when on our way out to camp that morning. All three of us were then members of the city council, and had been in the city to attend a meeting of that body. The messenger's *manner*, and the expression of his face, clearly indicated that the Yankees were *surely* coming *this time*, and we were fully convinced of the fact. Well do I remember Mr. Collier's saying that he 'would rather like to have a scrimmage with the enemy.' One of us replied, 'I think like Gen. Lee—I would be glad if those people would go back to their homes and let us alone.' Of course Mr. Collier then had no conception of the force that our little band would be called on to meet.

"After reaching our *little* breastworks (and they extended but a short way to our left) it was not very long before the enemy (consisting of some 1300 cavalry under Gen. Kautz) made his appearance. The location of Mr. Gregory's residence, outhouses and stables, was such as with their shelter enabled the hostile troops to form a line of battle without being exposed to our musketry fire. At that time we had no cannon on the field. As soon as the enemy got ready he charged as cavalry, but was met by such a fire as to cause him to fall back. It may be, however, that the charge was made with a view of causing us 'to show our strength.'

"Just here, permit me to remark that, for the numbers engaged on both

*This gentleman was a bank officer, forty-five years of age and very deaf, yet felt it his duty to go to the front on this day.
G. S. B.

sides, the result of the fight was, I think, a more disgraceful affair to the Federal officer in command than was the result of the Crater fight. The latter was, it seems to me, a most bunglingly managed affair on the part of the Federal officer in command. As for the 9th of June affair, why the Federal officer in command was not court-martialed and cashiered for not capturing our little band and entering the city, I have never been able to understand. He had ample time to have done both before Graham's battery and Gen. Dearing's men reached the city, and fully force enough to have captured three times as many men as we had. The delay in making the second attack on us resulted in Graham's battery and Gen. Dearing's cavalry getting to the Heights just in time to save the city.

Now for a few things *I saw*. First, after the charge (made as cavalry) was repulsed, the venerable Mr. Francis Major came into the breast-works to lift his arm in the defense of a cause and city that he loved so well. Had his arm been as stout as was his heart, doubtless he would have done more execution than he did. It will also be remembered that his son-in-law, Mr. Geo. B. Jones, (who was a druggist, and was therefore exempt from duty) was killed in the fight. I have heard that on Mr. Jones being informed by a messenger that he was 'needed to help defend the city,' he stepped back in his store to tell Mr. Major that he was going out for that purpose, and began to tell what he wanted done in case he was killed. He, however, was cut short by Mr. Major telling him 'that he had better tell some one else, as he (Major) would be at the scene of action as quick as he (Jones).' Which reached the breast-works first I have never learned. When men like Mr. Major, James Kerr, Mr. Banister, John Stevenson, Robert R. Hill, Richard S. Taliaferro, and others that could be named (all exempt from duty and some of them *physically* unfit), shouldered their muskets to do battle for the Southern cause, this fact is strong evidence to my mind that such cause *was right*, notwithstanding it was afterwards overthrown by overwhelming numbers and resources.

"During the fight, Col. Archer showed, as I thought, great regard for the safety of his men, warning them 'not heedlessly to expose' themselves, while he was perfectly reckless in exposing *himself*. That he was not killed convinced me, beyond question, that 'Providence overruleth all things.'

"To show how reckless men can be in a fight, I know of one man who on the 9th of June, 1864, after the cavalry had been repulsed, jumped up on the breast-works, waved his blanket and called on the Federals to 'try it again' (meaning to try to take our position). That man is living yet.

After Col. Archer's warning, 'the boys' were more careful. Still, one gentlemen (and he is now our respected mayor†) every time he fired would jump up and look to see if his man had fallen, and every time he so jumped up he exposed the best part of his body to the enemy's bullets. Some of Capt. Wolff's company, and perhaps others also, will remember that the late Mr. Edmund H. Osborne had charge of our ordnance supplies, &c., and that Mr. Robert R. Hill was under him. After the fight opened, and during a few moments of quiet, there happened to be on the ground an old colored

† Hon. Charles F. Collier.

man (Tom Jordan) who had been for a long time the servant of a Confederate cavalry officer and who had seen a good deal of 'de wah.' Being in Petersburg on furlough, he often came out to the camp to see a relative of his owner, and, having known Mr. Osborne nearly all his life, he stepped up to him and said, 'Marse Edmund, if you want to save your things you had better load them up and move off, for them Yankees just made that charge to find out your force, and, having found that out, it will not be long before they will be here.' Mr. Osborne, being a clear-headed man himself, immediately took in the situation, and so did 'save his things.' His departure in a measure threw Mr. Robert R. Hill 'out of a job,' and the result was, Mr. Hill picked up a musket and 'rushed to the front.'

"Mr. Richard S. Taliaferro (now about 85 years old) showed great grit —*even after the battle was over*. The enemy being about to surround our left wing (if a few men could be called 'a wing'), of course efforts were made to escape, and some of 'the boys' ran down to a branch and hid in the bushes. The Yankees were soon after them, hallooing out, 'I see you, you d –d rebel!' 'Get up from there, or I will blow your brains out!' Some, and perhaps all but Mr. Taliaferro, really believed that the Yankees saw them, and so got up and surrendered. Not so, however, with 'Cousin Dick,' as we used to call him. He jumped into a thick brier-patch, and lay as close to mother earth as was possible. Repeatedly he was ordered 'to get up or a bullet would be put in him.' 'Cousin Dick' was deaf to these orders and remained so to the end. After the enemy had been driven off by Gen. Dearing, and everything became quiet, 'Cousin Dick' got up and walked home, proud of the fact that *lying low had raised him high up* in the estimation of his comrades.

"I know one man in the fight referred to that, because of a lack of teeth, had to use a knife to cut his cartridges.

"I know of two boys, Johnny Kerr (now dead) and Jos. D. Cooper, who went into the fight, along with others, the former, Johnny Kerr, 'on his own hook,' the latter, Jos. D. Cooper, as a member of a home guard company. Strange to say, the father of one escaped capture (Mr. Jos. H. Cooper, who with Prof. Staubley did, I think, more *shooting* than any other two men in the fight), while his son was captured. The other son escaped unhurt, while *his father* (Mr. James Kerr) was right badly wounded, and was captured. The *last* gun fired in the fight was fired by a deaf man, who had *advanced*, not hearing the order to retreat, after he had been shot down. That man is also living now, but he is satisfied that, had the Yankees captured him, he never would have lived to see the year 1865.*

"I have now, in my plain, uncultured way, tried to give you such evidence as to show you that the people of the little Cockade City did all they could to aid her gallant sons in the Confederate service—to win that liberty for which they so gloriously fought. Well, the flag we *so loved* has been forever furled, but the everlasting principles we fought for will never die. I took the oath of allegiance to the United States government in June, 1865, and I have been true to it, and will remain so;

*Mr. Martin does not so state, but I am satisfied that he himself was the game old Confederate that fired that last gun.

G. S. B.

but the time will never come when I will cease to love the cause we so stoutly contended for, and that noble army led by the PEERLESS LEE."

Mrs. David Callender, of Petersburg, Va., in a statement furnished July 18, 1892, from the stand-point of an intelligent lady who was an eye witness of Graham's battery and Dearing's cavalry going into action at the crisis of the day, gives the following graphic account of what she saw and heard:

"About 7 o'clock the morning of June, 1864, I heard, while at market, that the enemy were advancing in large numbers on our town. The reserves had been on duty since the 5th of May, and few men were left in our town. These reports were so often circulated and so often proved false, I did not give this much thought. Mr. Wm. Weddell, our neighbor, and Mr. Callender, had been guarding prisoners during the night at the Rock House on Old street, and had come home early in the morning. After breakfast Mr. James Kerr stopped in, and referring to Mr. Callender, asked, 'Where is David?' I said, 'In bed asleep.' 'You had better wake him; from what I hear every man is needed to-day on the lines,' Mr. Kerr then said. While we were talking Mr. Callender came out of his room, heard this, and he and Mr. Weddell followed Mr. Kerr to the lines.

"The last person I saw going out to the lines was Mr. Geo. B. Jones. I called out to him as he passed along by our house—we were then living at our present place of residence, on the east side of Jefferson street, south of Marshall and within a few hundred yards of the water works—that I was sorry to see him go. He replied, 'Every man is needed out to-day,' and cheerfully went on. Soon I heard musketry firing on the Jerusalem plank road. I went in our garden where a servant was at work. He said, 'Missus, the Yankees are very near here. Don't you hear them cheering? I see them coming back of the reservoir.' At first I did not believe this, but going up stairs over our kitchen, from which place a commanding view of the Heights and plateau east of the reservoir could be had, I saw that it was true that the enemy was near the city. I could see them on the high ground beyond the water works, east of Lieutenant Run. I knew the men I saw were Federal soldiers by the caps they wore, our men wearing slouch hats.

"Just at this time I saw many servants from Mr. Ragland's farm come running by with bedding, clothes, and whatsoever they could gather in haste in their arms. As they ran by our gate they told me the Yankees had killed or captured all our soldiers, and were coming straight on to town. This of course alarmed me. I went to see Mrs. Weddell to consult what we had best do. Without knocking I walked into her dining room and found the Rev. Wm. A. Hall, chaplain of the Washington Artillery, writing on her dining table, with his coat off, the weather being very warm. Hearing what I told Mrs. Weddell, he said, 'Ladies, I will go over to where the reserves are camped, and if there is any danger I will come back and let you know.' He went, and was captured just beyond the water-works, and was carried to some Northern prison. I never saw him again.

"The news of the enemy's approach soon spread over town. Wo-

men and children went in large numbers over to the hill south-west of the pump-house of the city water-works, where the base ball grounds now are, trying to find out something about those they loved who were with the reserves. There was heard the rumbling of wheels, and a section of Graham's battery came galloping across from Sycamore street to the embankment of the reservoir. Soon some of Dearing's cavalry came to their support. I was standing at my chamber window up-stairs with my mother and sister, and when I saw the cavalry, who had just ridden to the brow of the hill, ride back as if to leave, I said, 'They are not going to make a stand, but are going to leave us in the Yankees' hands.' My mother then said, 'My child, God will be with us just as much then as now.' In a moment I saw the first shell fall, which caused the women and children on the hill to scatter. Indeed our soldiers urged them to go away. 'Go back, ladies! Go back!' they said.

"I think there was then a lull in the firing. I hailed a passing courier to hear the news. He said, 'The enemy have been repulsed and we have captured a gun and some prisoners.' Finding the enemy did not return, our soldiers left the reservoir hill. I saw half a dozen foreigners, dusty and bleeding, but not severely wounded, pass our gate as prisoners. I felt then a sickening sense of how much we lost in giving our noble men for such specimens of humanity. By 1 o'clock Mr. Weddell, Mr. Jamison, (of Alexandria,) and Mr. Callender returned. They had fallen to the right after putting obstructions in the road as they were ordered. They were protected from the fire of the advancing enemy by the woods and the ravine running back of Mr. Ragland's house. Gen. Colston, I was informed, halted as many as came up, and these made a stand near Mr. William Cameron's house, thinking the enemy might come over that way. All being quiet they were soon allowed to come home.

"In a short time after Mr. Callender came home, one of Mr. George B. Jones' family came to ask him if he had heard what had become of him, Mr. Jones. The answer was that Mr. Jones, getting to the breastworks after the reserves were in line, was placed over to the left, near the Rives house, and that the Yankees came around back of this house in a ravine, and were behind our men, burning their camp before they knew they were near. Those across the road to the right could not tell what had happened on the left of the road. Then came Capt. Cocke to inquire about Mr. Wm. Banister, and while at our house a messenger came to tell him they were bringing back the bodies of those who had been killed, those of Mr. Banister and Mr. Jones among the number."

Just here it is appropriate to reproduce from the diary of Mrs. Fanny Waddell, the widow of the late Capt. Chas. E. Waddell, of Co. A, 12th Virginia Infantry, the following pathetic description of some of the incidents of this famous day:

"How brightly dawned that lovely summer morning upon our devoted city, whose light was so soon to be bedimmed with blood and tears! An unusual quiet at first prevailed, but at an early hour a sound broke upon our ears which sent a tremor through our hearts. It was the sullen roar of cannon and musketry along our lines! And now we hear the tolling

of the town-bell, the signal which summoned grandsires and boys to the defense of their homes: our young men had all gone to meet the foe elsewhere. Truly might the enemy say of us that day, that 'we robbed the cradle and the grave for our defenders!'

"And nobly did they do their duty. No shrinking because the feet of some were tottering with age, and the hands almost too delicate and girlish to handle muskets. As a little band of these boys passed a group of sorrowing mothers and sisters who were trying to smile and cheer them on in spite of their tears, one noble lad exclaimed, 'Do not weep, ladies; do not fear; we will fight for you as long as we have a cartridge left.' Ah! how many of these poor striplings were in a few hours mutilated and maimed for life, or sent to languish in a Yankee prison, and to how many more the bright sun above us went down at mid-day!"

And to the foregoing there should be added the following beautiful memorial ode, composed by Mrs. Wm. E. Morrison, of Petersburg, Va., and sung by the Ladies' Memorial Association of Petersburg, Va., at Blandford cemetery, on the 9th of June, 1870, as a part of the memorial services on that day:

MEMORIAL ODE,

Sung in Blandford June 9th, 1870.

AIR—"NAPOLEON'S GRAVE."

[Bringing in the refrain of that song at end of stanzas].

"*Memoria in æterna!*" June cometh in glory!
Again o'er all Southland her sunshine is spread,
Recalling once more the glorious story
Of the daring and deeds of "Confederate dead."

Though years have roll'd by, yet how plain doth war's rattle
Arise on our memories, thrilling with pain—
That they sleep their sleep and have fought their last battle,
No sound can arouse them to glory again.

Oh! shades of our heroes! we *cannot* forget thee!
All hearts that are true will beat on to the end
With devotion and love—nor ever we'll let thee
Be forgot by the land that ye died to defend—
Each memorial day as it riseth in beauty,
And sheds its bright lustre o'er what is *still* ours,
We will ever fulfill what is woman's sad duty,
And strew every soldier's low grave with bright flowers.

So we come with gay garlands our heroes to cover,
Whose blood was shed freely, but ah! all in vain!
And we pray unto Heaven that angels may hover
O'er these lowly graves of Confederate slain.
These men died for us—each private, and ranger—
When war's clarion sounded *all* bravely did go;
Stood firm and undaunted in the front rank of danger,
And nobly each fell—with his "face to the foe."

Ah! well we remember that bright summer morning,
As we gaze down the vista of long vanished years,
And think how in darkness the glow of its dawning
Was quenched ere its sun set in bloodshed and in tears.

Ninth of June! how arises the din of the battle!
But for *them* was the glory—for *us* is the pain—
For they sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again.

And when even was falling arose the sad warning—
"They are bringing the burden of dying and dead;"
And the still air was filled with our heart-stricken mourning,
As they left with each household its "hope" or its "head."
'Tis over! never more will their musketry rattle!
We can only remember they suffered in vain—
That they sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again.

Then, daughters of Petersburg! bring ye bright flowers—
But bring not the emblems of death and the grave.
Raise your anthems of praise to Heaven's high powers,
They shall yet stand together—these slumbering brave.
Not to cannon's loud booming, nor musketry's rattle,
But the trump of the angel o'er mountain and plain—
Though "they sleep their last sleep" and "*have* fought their last battle,"
Shall "awake them" to life and to glory again.

Two days after the action, Gen. Butler, greatly chagrined at the failure of the move made on Petersburg on the 9th of June, addressed a long and very severe letter to Gen. Gillmore, who commanded the troops north of the Appomattox and was to move upon the city with his infantry on the right near the river, whilst Kautz was to attack, as he did, with his cavalry on the left (Confederate right).

From this letter (which fills eight pages of the Rebellion Record) the following extracts are taken, which, whilst giving some idea of its character, at the same time disclose some interesting and important historical facts:

"You did not move until 5:30 A. M., an hour after sunrise. You did not reach the enemy's outer pickets until after 8 o'clock, and you made no such demonstration as caused any alarm in Petersburg until 9 o'clock, as is evidenced by the fact that Gen. Kautz's command captured a schoolmaster, whom I have examined, who was in his school in Petersburg after 9 o'clock, when the first alarm was given.

"You further say in your report that—

" 'It was understood as essential that the attack should be a quick, decisive push, to prevent re-inforcements to the enemy from their forces on our front north of the Appomattox, only about two hours' march distant.'

"They had 7 miles to march to Petersburg, and 3 to the intrenchments, while you had but 4 to march. If they used the same rate of progress that you did, it would be a matter of easy calculation at what time the enemy's re-inforcements would arrive. But you forget to state that it was agreed upon on my part that my artillery should open all along my line in an active de-

monstration upon their forces, to keep them before us while you made your movement, and that that opening by me was to be upon the first gun being heard from you, and I waited at the signal station with my glass on where your column should have been until nearly 9 o'clock, and then opened immediately as was agreed upon on hearing your first gun, and with such effect that no forces left the front and passed to Petersburg until after you returned within your own intrenchments. This was made certain by the observations of the signal officers, who commanded both the turnpike and the railroad, being the only communication between the enemy in our front and Petersburg. You have endeavored to state in your report what my orders to Gens. Kautz and Hinks were. That was no part of your report required by my order. I know what my orders to them were without any information from that source.

"You further say in your report, 'Hawley drove in the enemy's pickets on the City Point road shortly after 6 A. M., and about 7 was before the enemy's works.' There must certainly be a very grave mistake here. You say in your dispatch to me that you moved at 5:30 A. M. You were then 4 miles from the enemy's works, and unless they advanced their pickets much farther than usual, and your rate of progress was much faster than when in your own lines, you could not have reached his pickets at 6 o'clock, nor could you have been before his works at 7, nor were you there at that time, because when before his works, when within cannon range, he opened fire upon you, and that first gun was much nearer 9 than 7. And Colonel Hawley will tell you, if you will ask him, as he has told me, that he never did drive in the enemy's pickets at any time during the day, much less at 6 o'clock in the morning.

"You say further, in your report, that General Kautz was expected to reach the enemy's works at 9 o'clock. As it was understood that his march was at least 15 miles to your 4, and as he expressly said that he should only march upon a walk, how could you suppose that he could accomplish the 15 miles in nearly the same time that it took you to accomplish the 4? You nowhere in your report say, nor is it true, that you or your brigade commander of the force under your immediate command, with which you were to make the real attack, saw any 20 rebel soldiers in any one body during this day. You saw no line of battle, nor did your soldiers approach near enough the enemy's works to ascertain whether or not there was an abatis in front of them, and the strength of them was only demonstrated upon another part of the line, where they were ridden over by General Kautz with his cavalry.

* * * * * * *

"Certain it is, made so from the examination of prisoners captured since, as well as before, that 4,500 of my best troops under your command were kept at bay without an attempt at attack, so far as you were concerned, by some 1,500 men, 600 only of which were Confederate troops, and the rest old men and boys, the grave and the cradle being robbed of about equal proportions to compose the force opposed to you. Without, at this moment, giving words of characterization of the disobedience of orders and your conduct on the field, I submit this statement of facts in review of your report, as you have requested me to do, most

of them known to myself, my chief engineer, my signal officers, and an officer of General Grant's staff, who was here present, hearing the instructions and knowing what was done from your verbal report made in his presence upon your return, to your careful consideration; and in connection I will call your attention to the fact that after your return to my headquarters, at 6 o'clock in the evening, and upon being informed of what had happened to General Kautz, you were very anxious to go out and find him with an escort of 50 cavalry, and that you sent your body-guard to my headquarters at 8:30 in the evening for that purpose, when I informed you that General Kautz had returned, having been inside the intrenchments of Petersburg. It would seem that if when you were within five miles of him with 3,500 men you were not able to open communication with him, it was hardly worth while to try with a body-guard of 50, because such an operation would have added weakness to him and not strength.

"To have been obliged to review your report, point out some of its errors and inconsistencies, and to bring out the disobedience of orders, as well in point of time as in action, to be obliged to dwell upon the details of this humiliating failure, to probe anew the acute wounds of hopes blasted when so much was expected, to be obliged to comment even with deserved severity upon the actions of an officer whose personal relations have been as pleasant as mine with you, has been a most painful task, to which nothing but a conviction of the stern necessity of a duty to the country to be done could have compelled me."

In concluding the official story of the ninth of June, it must be remembered that Col. Spear and other officers who came with the Federal cavalry to the ravine about the waterworks supposed the reservoir to be a work of defense. They at least thought that there were military works of some kind—*stockades*—on the hill from which came the Confederate fire.

In his supplemental report of June 18, 1864, Col. Spear says:

"The defenses in the immediate front of the town consisted of a stockade with earth-work in front, very strong, and on my approach about 150 yards a most murderous fire of artillery and infantry was opened on me. Had the enemy reserved this fire for a few minutes longer the most fearful results to my command would have ensued, and I was compelled to fall back under cover immediately."

Lieut. J. Frank Cummings, of the 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and acting assistant adjutant-general of the brigade commanded by Col. Spear, in his report of June 18, 1864, says:

"The next line of defenses consisted of stockades on very high bluffs. The battery that opened on the Second Cavalry brigade was behind the stockades. The stockades were defended by both infantry and artillery."

To complete the history of this day and to show what was accomplished by the successful repulse of the assault made, there must be taken from the pages of the Rebellion Record the following important passages from the official report of Gen. Gillmore, dated June 10, 1864, in which, giving to Gen. Butler, his superior officer, an account of his preparations for the

assault upon Petersburg on the 9th, he says:

"The following orders were given to Gen. Hinks at this time:

"'BRIGADIER-GENERAL HINKS:

"'In the attack about to take place on the defenses of Petersburg you are to take the Jordan's Point road, following General Kautz until you strike that road. Unless the attack is made promptly and vigorously there will be danger of failure, as the enemy will re-inforce Petersburg from their lines in front of General Terry. Should you penetrate the town before General Kautz, who is to attack on the Jerusalem road, the public buildings, public stores, bridges across the Appomattox, depots and cars, are all to be destroyed. Communicate with me on the City Point road.

"'Q. A. GILLMORE,
"'Major-General."

"This," says Gen. Gillmore, "was the only written order to Gen. Hinks. Gen. Kautz had received his orders from yourself in personal terms. They were that while the infantry engaged the troops on the right he should enforce the intrenchments on the left, enter the town, accomplish the desired destruction of property, and return. I was ordered to bring back the infantry from the intrenchments the same evening."

"*The public buildings, public stores, bridges across the Appomattox, depots and cars*" were "*all to be destroyed.*" The *torch*, presumably, being the most convenient, was intended to be the instrument of destruction, and the whole city in that event would of course have been in danger of conflagration. From all this the old men and boys, less than a hundred and fifty in number, fighting like heroes under the gallant Archer, saved the city, when they fought until overpowered at Rives' farm, and delayed the Federal cavalry until Dearing and Graham came to the rescue. Can too much be said in commendation of their splendid conduct on that historic day? G. S. B.

NOTE.—The age of Mr. Wm. C. Banister was not forty-five, as stated in the note at the foot of page 139, but *fifty-five* years.

Mrs. H. Noltenius, of Petersburg, Va., a daughter of this gallant gentleman, says:

"My father had been on duty out on the lines on previous occasions, always against the entreaty of the members of his family. We thought his infirmity, deafness, ought to excuse him. Besides this, he was a bank officer and over military age. When the court-house bell, on the morning of the 9th of June, sounded the alarm, he was at his place of business, in the old Exchange Bank, and we hoped he would not hear it. He got information, however, of the condition of things, and came at once home and informed us of his purpose to go out to the lines. My mother and myself besought him not to go, urging that he could not hear the orders. 'If I cannot hear, I can fight—I can fire a gun,' he said. 'This is no time for any one to stand back. Every one that can shoulder a musket must fight. The enemy are now right upon us.' Bidding us goodbye, he left the house. On the street near our gate was a man just from the lines. Addressing him, my father (pointing to the lines) said, 'My friend, you are needed in this direction.' The man said, 'I am in on leave.' 'No leave,' replied my father, 'should keep you in on such an occasion as this. Every man should fight now.' I have been informed that as he came on up from the bank, he urged in the same way to go to the front all that he met that he thought capable of bearing arms. G. S. B.

This picture is engraved from a photograph which hangs on the walls of the hall of A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Petersburg, Va. The following, at the foot of the picture, explains its character:

"This picture, taken May 3d, 1887, by C. R. Rees, photographer, Petersburg, Va., shows a group of ex-Federal and ex-Confederate soldiers standing

THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER,

JULY 30, 1864.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE A. P. HILL CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, OF PETERSBURG, VA., ON THE 24TH OF JUNE, 1890, BY MR. GEORGE S. BERNARD.

COMRADES:

It was my fortune, as a member of the Petersburg Riflemen, Company E, 12th Virginia Infantry, Gen. Wm. Mahone's brigade, to take part in the memorable engagement known as "The Battle of the Crater," and it is now proposed to give some account of the action—to tell a war story from the stand-point of a high private in the rear rank, supplementing information within my personal knowledge with some material drawn from other sources believed to be reliable, this being necessary to a proper understanding of what will be told.

On Saturday morning, the 30th of July, 1864, when the mine under the angle in the Confederate works around Petersburg known as "Elliott's salient," was exploded, blowing up, or burying under the debris of earth and timber, between two hundred and fifty and three hundred officers and men occupying the works at this point, making therein a huge chasm, described in the report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War as "from 150 to 200 feet in length, about 60 feet in width, and from 25 to 30 feet in depth," and aptly called "a crater," from its resemblance to the mouth of a volcano, Mahone's brigade was occupying the breast-works on the Willcox farm immediately south of our city, say, about a point which would be reached by a prolongation of Adams street. The site of the "Crater," as is well known to probably all now present, is east of the Jerusalem plank road and about a half mile south-east from Blandford cemetery, being located

a short distance beyond our city limits in the county of Prince George, on the farm of Mr. T. R. Griffith.

Some time during the night preceding the explosion, our brigade received orders to be "ready to move at a moment's warning," which, of course, indicated that something was expected requiring a movement of the command.

It was well understood that the enemy were mining somewhere on our line, but exactly at what point was not known. A counter-mine was made by the Confederates several hundred yards to the right of the Crater, near the point at which the Confederate breast-works cross the Jerusalem plank road, as may be seen at this time. At the Elliott salient a counter-mine was begun, but was abandoned for want of proper tools.

The explosion took place between day-break and sunrise (4:44 A. M. was the exact time), and the impression made upon those hearing it may be likened to that of the nearly simultaneous discharge of several pieces of artillery. The concussion of the atmosphere was unusual. We were all soon in the breast-works. Something extraordinary we knew had happened. Soon a report came down the line from the direction of the scene of action that a mine had been exploded and a part of our works blown up and was occupied by the enemy.

A little after six o'clock, when the Crater had been in the enemy's possession for more than an hour, a staff-officer rides rapidly past us; Gen. Mahone's headquarters, which were at the Branch house, just west of the Willcox farm, is the point of destination of this staff-officer, who is Col. Charles S. Venable,[1] aid-de-camp to Gen. Lee. Col. Venable is bearing a message to Gen. Mahone, who was then, as he had been since the wounding of Gen. Longstreet at the battle of the Wilderness, in command of Anderson's division, which was composed of the brigades of Gen. William Mahone (Virginians), Gen. A. R. Wright (Georgians), Gen. J. C. C. Saunders (Alabamians), Gen. N. H. Harris (Mississippians), and Gen. Joseph Finegan (Floridians).

The message borne to Gen. Mahone is to send at once two of his brigades to the support of Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson, who commanded that part of the Confederate lines embracing the works now in the enemy's hands.

Very soon, under orders received, the men of Mahone's brigade of Virginians and Wright's brigade of Georgians began to drop back from their places in the breast-works, one by one, into the corn-field immediately in their rear, and when they were well out of sight of the enemy, the line was formed and the two brigades marched to the Ragland house,* were there halted and the men were directed to divest them-

1. Prof. Chas. S. Venable, of the University of Va.

*The Ragland house stood on the west side of the plank road and on the south side of New Road, some three or four hundred yards in front of the present residence of Mr. John J. Cocke.

selves of knapsacks, blanket-rolls and other baggage, an order which to the veteran plainly bespoke serious work, and that in the near future.†

In a written statement made by Col. Venable in 1872, referring to the carrying of the message from Gen. Lee to Gen. Mahone, he says:

"He sent me directly to Gen. Mahone (saying that to save time the order need not be sent through Gen. A. P. Hill), with the request that he would send, at once, two of the brigades of his division to the assistance of Gen. Johnson. I rode rapidly to Gen. Mahone's line, and delivered my message. He immediately gave orders to the commanders of the Virginia and Georgia brigades to move to the salient and report to Gen. Johnson. The troops moved promptly, the Virginia brigade (Gen. D. A. Weisiger) in front. We rode on together at the head of the column, Gen. Mahone giving instructions to his officers and inquiring as to the condition of things at the salient. When we reached the peach orchard, in rear of the Ragland house, noticing that the men were encumbered with their knapsacks, he halted the column and caused both brigades to put themselves in battle trim. While the men were throwing aside their knapsacks, he turned to me and said, 'I can't send my brigades to Gen. Johnson —I will go with them myself.' He then moved the column towards the opening of the covered way, which led to the Crater salient. I left him at this point, to report to Gen. Lee, who meantime, had come to the front. I found him sitting with Gen. Hill, among the men in the lines, at a traverse near the River salient. When I told him of the delivery of the message, and that Gen. Mahone had concluded to lead the two brigades himself, he expressed gratification."

Leaving the Ragland house, we marched along the edge of the hills skirting Lieutenant Run to New road, or Hickory street, and entered this road a hundred or two more yards east of the bridge over this run, then marched westwardly to within a few yards of the bridge, and then filed northwardly down the ravine on the east side of the run to Hannon's (now Jackson's) old ice pond, here entered a military foot-path leading along the pond eastward to the head of the pond, thence filed eastwardly up a ravine along the same military foot-path to the Jerusalem plank road. We are now at a point a few feet from the south-western corner of the Jewish cemetery of to-day, and the position of the foot-path in this ravine along which we came is yet plainly marked.

At the plank road we are halted and counter-march by regiments, thereby placing each regiment with its left in front. Here we see on the

†Mr. Geo. W. Ivey, of Richmond, Va., a member of Co. A, 12th Va. regiment, in a statement furnished in December, 1890, describing the march from the breast-works to the Crater, and referring to this part of it, says: "We unloaded (knapsacks) under a terrific fire and I was near a sergeant of the 41st regiment, a young Scotchman, a gallant fellow, who was struck with a shell, which tore a leg from the poor fellow. I look back and can see him in his agony reel and fall, exclaiming, 'Oh! my poor mother! What will she do?' But duty called us and we obeyed, leaving our comrade to die as easy as was possible under the treatment of our surgeon."

roadside Gen. Mahone, with other officers, dismounted, their horses standing near by. Mahone had then reported to Gen. Beauregard at the headquarters of Gen. Johnson, which were at the old house which until a few years ago stood on the crest of the hill a short distance north-west from the north-west corner of Blandford cemetery and near the road leading southwardly up the hill to the cemetery. It was now about half past eight o'clock,* and the enemy were just as they had been for nearly four hours, in quiet occupation of the Crater, with about one hundred and fifty yards of our breast-works to the south and some two hundred yards of these works to the north of the Crater, reaching down to the foot of the hill on the north side. To these limits on either side the Confederates occupying the lines north and south of the Crater confined them.

Gen. Mahone, having had the regiments counter-march at the Jerusalem plank road, goes ahead along the covered way leading directly across the road, south-eastwardly to the ravine in rear and west of the Confederate works now occupied by the enemy. Ascending the little knoll at the point where the ravine is entered by another smaller ravine or gulley, into which the zig-zag covered way led and terminated, he sees the Confederate works filled to overflowing with Federal troops, and counting eleven regimental flags, estimates the Federal force in possession as at least 3,000 men. The situation is an extremely grave one. His own little force of two brigades then approaching in the covered way, if assailed in this position would be inevitably cut to pieces and destroyed. So Mahone orders Courier J. H. Blakemore[2] to go at once back and bring up the Alabama brigade (Saunders') to come by the same route which the Virginia and Georgia brigades had taken.

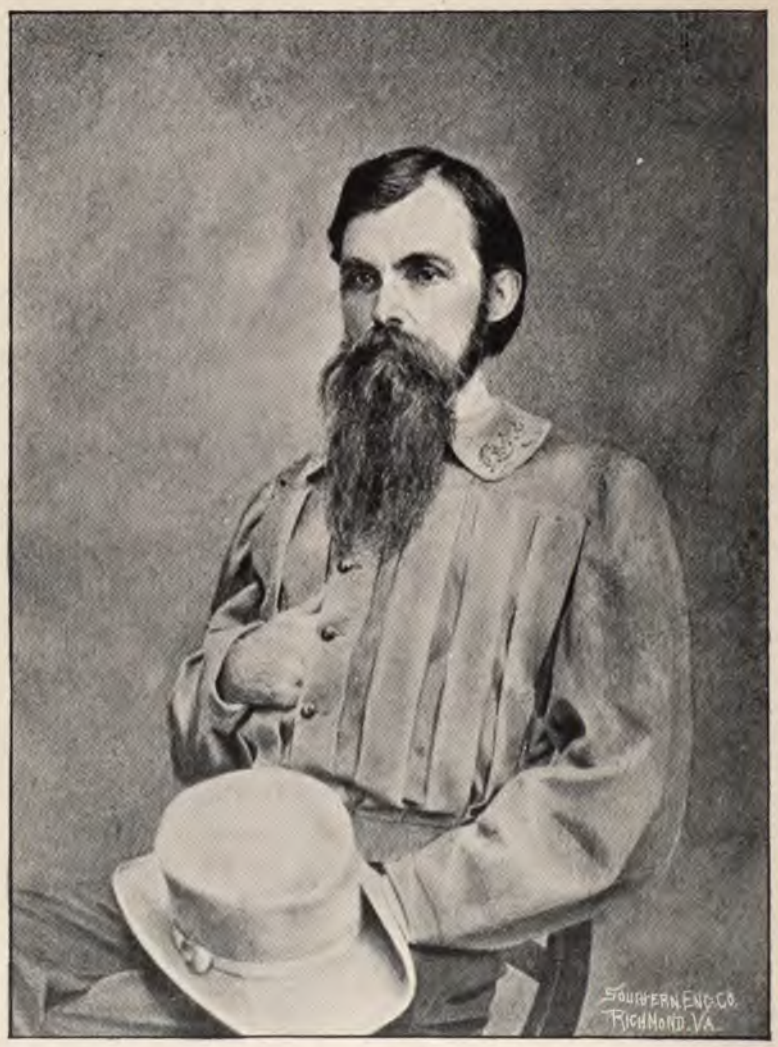
Whilst Gen. Mahone is at the knoll surveying the enemy and arranging for the attack, we are cautiously approaching the ravine along the covered way. At the angles, where the enemy could see a moving column with ease, the men are ordered to run quickly by, one man at a time, which was done for the double purpose of concealing the approach of a body of troops and of lessening the danger of passing rifle balls at these exposed points.

I should have mentioned that there was constant shelling as we moved along our route from the breast-works at Willcox's farm, but we were well protected by the shelter of intervening hills. As we passed the Hannon pond, I remember seeing a solid shot, or shell, fired from one of the enemy's guns descend into the water but a few feet from our moving line.

Arriving at the ravine, we found Gen. Mahone standing near the mouth of the gully into which the covered way led and along which we were filing into the ravine, now and then exchanging a word of en-

*Probably between 8¼ and 8½ A. M.

2. J. H. Blakemore, of New York.



GEN. WM. MAHONE.

"Mahone, cool, courageous, and able, was by nature fitted for generalship as few men are, and none knew this better than the men of his command. Wherever he led or placed them, they always felt a moral certainty that they were being properly led or placed, either to inflict the most damage on the enemy or to have the enemy inflict the least damage on them." Page 178.

couragement with some passing officer or man in the ranks.*†

In this ravine are some artillerymen with one or more mortars in position, and I have a strong impression that I saw skirting the slope of the hill a slight line of breast-works which looked as if it had been made that morning for temporary shelter by men working with their bayonets.‡

Soon the line of battle is formed, the 12th Virginia on the left of the brigade, the 6th Virginia on the right, the brigade sharp-shooters on right of the 6th. The middle regiments were the 16th, the 41st and 61st, the 61st being the centre regiment.

On the field to-day may be seen a tree that marks the position of the right of this line of battle.

The line formed, we advanced some twenty yards up the slope of the hill and lie flat on our faces. In this position we are concealed from the view of the enemy, now two hundred yards in our front.

Our brigade is under the command of Col. D. A. Weisiger,[3] colonel of the 12th, whilst the 12th is commanded by Capt. Richard W. Jones,[4] the 6th by Col. Geo. T. Rogers,[5] the 16th by Capt. L. R. Kilby,[6] the 41st by Major Wm. H. Etheridge,[7] and the 61st by Lieut.-Col. Wm. H. Stewart.[8] The sharp-shooters are commanded by Capt. Wallace Broadbent.[9] A few minutes after we take the recumbent position, Capt. Drury A. Hinton,[10] acting aid-de-camp of Col. Weisiger, walks along the line and directs the regimental officers to instruct the men to reserve their fire until the enemy are reached. As soon as Capt. Hinton passed down the line Capt. Jones stepped out in

*"'Filing down the re-inforcing ditch that ran perpendicular to the works," says Lieut. W. A. S. Taylor, of Norfolk, Va., adjutant of the 61st Virginia regiment, in a statement made July 16th, 1880, "I saw Gen. Mahone at the angle formed by this ditch and the one that ran parallel to the works. As we filed to the right he made some encouraging remarks, adding, 'Give them the bayonet.'"

†Mr. Thos. H. Cross, of Norfolk, Va., a member of Co. A, 16th Virginia regiment, in an article published in the Philadelphia *Times* in or about September, 1881, says: "The order was passed in that subdued tone which denotes a stern purpose to 'fix bayonets,' and by those to whom the thought had occurred an extra turn was taken on the little screw which holds the bayonet-shank on the gun. The thought of having his bayonet 'unshipped' flashed across the writer's mind, and his right hand instinctively sought his cartridge-box and the possibility was provided against."

‡Col. F. W. McMaster, of Columbia, S. C., colonel of the 17th S. C. regiment, who commanded Elliott's brigade after he (Elliott) was wounded, says that he sent Col. Smith, of the 26th S. C., with his (Col. Smith's) regiment and three companies of his (Col. McMaster's) regiment under Capt. Crawford, to this place soon after the fight commenced, early in the morning, and that these works were thrown up by these men.

Col. McMaster says:

"I ordered Col. Smith to take his regiment, with three companies of the Seventeenth under Capt. Crawford (which then were larger than the Twenty-Sixth regiment) to form in the ravine in rear of the Crater, and cover up the gap, there to lie down and rise up and fire when necessary, so as to prevent the enemy from rushing down the hill and getting in the rear of our lines. This order was promptly executed, and gave the remainder of Seventeenth in the main trench more room to use their guns."

3. Gen. D. A. Weisiger, of Richmond, Va.
4. Maj. Richard W. Jones, Professor at University of Mississippi.
5. Col. Geo. T. Rogers, of Princess Anne Co., Va.
6. Capt. L. R. Kilby, of Nansemond Co., Va.
7. Maj. Wm. H. Etheridge, of Norfolk, Va.
8. Col. Wm. H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, Va.
9. Capt. Wm. Wallace Broadbent, of Sussex Co., Va.
10. Judge Drury A. Hinton, of Petersburg, Va.

front of us, as we lay on the ground, and, with great coolness of manner, said: "Men, you are called upon to charge and recapture our works, now in the hands of the enemy. They are only one hundred yards distant. The enemy can fire but one volley before the works are reached. At the command 'forward' every man is expected to rise and move forward at a double-quick and with a yell. Every man is expected to do his duty."

This short address, delivered under the gravest of circumstances, was impressive in the extreme, and well calculated to nerve up the men to do their best work. The words and manner of the speaker sank deep in my memory.

How Capt. Jones came to deliver this address is explained in a letter written by him to Gen. Mahone from Oxford, Miss., under date of January 3rd, 1877:

"On getting my regiment in position in the ravine, your courier delivered me a message to report to you at the right of the brigade. I went immediately, walking in front of the brigade, and found all of the other regimental commanders before you when I arrived. At that moment you gave the order to have the Georgia brigade moved up rapidly to its position on the right of the Virginia brigade, and then turning to the officers you delivered a stirring address to this effect: 'The enemy have our works. The line of men which we have here is the only barrier to the enemy's occupying the city of Petersburg. There is nothing to resist his advance. Upon us devolves the duty of driving him from his strong position in our front and re-establishing the Confederate lines. We must carry his position immediately by assaulting it. If we don't carry it by the first attack we will renew the attack as long as there is a man of us left or until the works are ours. Much depends upon prompt, vigorous, simultaneous movements.' I do not profess to give your words, but your address and orders were given with such peculiar emphasis and under such impressive circumstances that the sentiments were indelibly inscribed on my mind. I at once placed myself in front of my command and had bayonets fixed. I explained to them the character of our work and perilous position of our army."

"The works are only one hundred yards distant," said Capt. Jones—a fortunate mistake. They were, in point of fact, two hundred yards distant*

"The enemy can fire but one volley before the works are reached." A timely reminder was this, as, whilst advising the men of the gravity of the situation, it warned them of the great importance of a quick movement towards the foe.†

*For twenty-three years my impression and belief was that the works were about one hundred yards distant. In June of 1888 I visited the ground and carefully noted it. To my amazement I discovered that the distance was double what I would have sworn it was. So surprised was I at this discovery I asked several of my comrades who were in the charge what was their recollection as to the distance, and found that several of them, like myself, thought the distance only one hundred yards.

†Capt. Jones, afterwards major of the 12th, having received a copy of this portion of this address, writes as follows: "I think you give the substance of my orders, except that I charged them (my command) specially to fix bayonets and not to stop to fire a gun until we were at the works."

Let me here mention an incident: Lying next to my right was a young friend, Emmet Butts,[11] a member of the bar of our city. His proper position was on my left. Having a superstitious belief that the safest place for a man in battle is generally his proper place, I said to my friend, "Emmet, suppose we change places? I am in yours and you in mine." "Certainly," was his reply, with a pleasant smile, and we then changed places. I never saw the poor fellow alive afterwards. Soon after reaching the works he fell, his forehead pierced with a minie ball.

Immediately after Capt. Jones delivered his address the expected command "forward" was given—by whom I could not of my personal knowledge say. Each man sprang to his feet, and moved forward, as commanded, at a double-quick, and with a yell.

The line was about two hundred yards in length when it started forward, but with the men moving at slightly different paces and lengthening out a little on the right as the right regiments and sharp-shooters obliqued to the right towards the Crater, before we were half across the field, the line had probably lengthened a hundred or two feet, and widened to twenty feet or more, and the men thus moving forward with open ranks, no spectacle of war could well have been more inspiriting than the impetuous charge of this column of veterans, every man of whom appreciated the vital importance of getting to the works and closing with the enemy in the quickest possible time, every man feeling that to halt or falter for a moment on the way was fatal.

The charge was probably as splendid as any of which history has made record. Just as we were well over the brow of the hill, I cast my eyes to the right, and I will ever carry a vivid impression of the rapid, but steady and beautiful, movement of the advancing line of some 800 men—the greater part of whom, being to my right, were within the range of my vision—as our five Virginia regiments, their five battle-flags, borne by as many gallant color-bearers, floating in the bright sun-light of that July morning, and the battalion of sharp-shooters double-quicked across the field they were unconsciously making famous.

A Federal soldier thus describes the charge:

"The Second brigade had hardly raised their heads when the cry broke out from our men: 'The rebels are charging! Here they come!' Looking to the front I saw a splendid line of gray coming up the ravine on the run. Their left was nearly up to the bomb-proofs and their line extended off into the smoke as far as we could see. They were coming, and coming with a rush. We all saw that they were going straight for the Second brigade." [See address of Lieut. Freeman S. Bowley,[12] delivered November 6, 1889, before the California commandery of Loyal Legion of the United States.]

Getting within ten paces of the

11. R. Emmet Butts, of Petersburg, Va.

12. Capt. Freeman S. Bowley, of San Francisco, Cal.

ends of the little ditches or traverses, which led out perpendicularly from the main trench of our breast-works some ten or fifteen paces, to my surprise I saw a negro soldier getting up from a recumbent position on the ground near my feet. He was the first colored soldier I ever saw, and this was my first knowledge of the fact that negro troops were before us. I had not then fired my rifle, and I might easily have killed this man, but, regarding him as a prisoner, I had no disposition to hurt him. Looking then directly ahead of me, within thirty feet of where I stood, I saw in the trench of the breast-works crowds of men, white and black, with arms in their hands, as closely jammed and packed together as we sometimes see pedestrians on the crowded sidewalk of a city, and seemingly in great confusion and alarm. I distinctly noticed the countenances and rolling eyes of the terror-stricken negroes. I particularly noticed in the hands of one of the frightened creatures the new silk of a large and beautiful stand of colors, the staff swaying to and fro as the color-bearer, his eyes fixed in terrified gaze at his armed adversaries, was being pushed and jostled by his comrades. With my gun still loaded I might have fired into this mass of men, but I regarded these also as practically our prisoners. Casting my eyes upon the ground over and beyond the breast-works—east of them I mean—I there saw large numbers of the enemy retreating to their own breast-works. Many, however, were taking shelter behind, that is, on the east side, or outside, of our breast-works, as I could see from the tops of their caps, just over the parapet. Into a squad of those I saw retreating to their own works I fired my rifle, and not stopping to note the damage done by my shot, or to enquire who was thereby hurt, I jumped into one of the little ditches leading out from the main trench. This ditch was about as deep as I was high and about eighteen inches wide. Proceeding down it towards the trench, or main ditch, I was suddenly confronted by a negro soldier at the other end of it, standing with his gun pointed towards me at "a ready," and looking me in the face with a grin on his.

As may be imagined, I was now in quite a predicament. What should I do? Shoot the fellow I could not—my gun, having been just fired, was empty. Bayonet him I could not, as I had no bayonet on my gun. I had lost my bayonet at the battle of the Wilderness, and, glad of having done so, as I was thus lawfully relieved of that much weight on a march, I had never bothered myself about getting another, never having expected to get close enough to an armed enemy to need it. Nor could I club this man—the narrowness of the ditch prevented. Nor could I turn my back upon him with safety. But there was a protecting hand to save me. Just in front of me, and to my right, was a large recess in the earth,

perpendicular to the little ditch in which I stood, and parallel to the main ditch or trench, large enough for a horse to stand in, say, eight feet in length, four in width and of the same depth with the little ditch. Into this recess, by a rapid stride to my front and right, I made my way and there loaded my rifle in the quickest posible time—no muzzle-loader was ever loaded in less time. I was now less than five feet from a trench full of Federal soldiers with arms in their hands, and was in a position critical and perilous in the extreme.

Just as I got into this place I discovered near me, at my feet, a negro soldier, who immediately began to most earnestly beg me not to kill him. "Master, don't kill me! Master, don't kill me! I'll be your slave as long as I live. Don't kill me!" he most piteously cried, whilst I was rapidly loading my gun, and he doubtless supposed that its next shot was intended for himself. "Old man, I do not intend to kill you, but you deserve to be killed," was my reply. I addressed him as "old man," as he was apparently over the military age, and to my then young eyes seemed old. All the time he was begging for his life he was cringing at my feet. As soon as I assured him I did not propose to molest him, he began to vigorously fan a poor wounded Confederate soldier, doubtless one of Elliott's men who held the breast-works at the time of the explosion, lying on his back apparently *in extremis*. I thought he was dying. Manifestly, the old negro's idea was that this attention to the helpless Confederate would serve to protect him against other in-coming Confederates.

In the absence of evidence as to his identity, it cannot be positively affirmed that this old fellow was not the ex-preacher referred to by Lieut. Bowley in his address before the California commandery of the Loyal Legion of the United States in the following paragraph:

"Among the sergeants of my company was one, John H. Offer by name, who had been a preacher on the eastern shore of Maryland. He exerted great influence over the men, and he deemed the occasion a fitting one to offer some remarks, and assuming his 'Sunday voice' he began:

"'Now men, dis am gwine to be a gret fight, de gretest we seen yit; gret things is 'pending on dis fight; if we takes Petersburg, mos' likely we'll take Richmond and 'stroy Lee's army an' close de wah. Eb'ry man had orter liff up his soul in pra'r for a strong heart. Oh, 'member de pore color'd people ober dere in bondage; oh, 'member dat Gineral Grant, and Gineral Burnside, and Gineral Meade, an' all de gret ginerals is right ober yander a watchin' ye, and 'member dat *I'se* a watchin' ye, and any skulker is a gwine ter git prod ob dis bayonet; you heah me!'"

About the time I got my rifle loaded, Comrade John R. Turner,[13] the esteemed adjutant of our camp, then a member of my company, came into the recess, and certainly

13. John R. Turner, of Petersburg, Va.

one and possibly two other Confederates.*

Ready now to give the enemy a shot, I looked around the corner towards the place near the intersection of the ditch with the trench where I saw the fellow who pointed his gun and grinned at me, but he was not to be seen. All I could see in this direction were the ends of rifles and bayonets held by men in the trench concealed from my view by the angle of the trench and small ditch. Whilst I was making this observation a Federal soldier in the trench near this angle fired his gun, and its muzzle was close enough to the dry earthen angle to make the dust rise in the air as the wind of the exploding rifle-charge knocked away a part of the sharp corner of the trench and ditch at this angle.

Finding in this direction nothing at which to shoot, although only a wall of some five feet intervened between the place where I stood and a ditch full of men in blue, I stood tip-toe and looked eastward towards the ground beyond our breast-works. Here I saw numbers of the enemy crowding around the outer or eastward part of our works, apparently three or four deep, the tops of their caps only being visible, and there were at the same time others of the enemy retreating across the open field between our works and theirs, and at these I fired this, my second shot, and again re-loaded.

About this time a conference took place between Comrade Turner and myself as to the propriety of remaining in the place where we then stood. The suggestion was then made that we fall back to our line, I mean that part of it represented by the Petersburg Riflemen, all or the greater part of whom, we believed, were standing or lying at or near the ends of the ditches leading out from the trench. We agreed, however, that, whilst we were in a very dangerous position, it was our safest. Besides this, a backward movement, by even as few as two men, might have started others, perhaps the whole line, to falling back. So we concluded to remain where we were. Had we attempted to fall back, we would have gone from a position in which we were comparatively safe (unless our whole line had been beaten back) to one of great danger, and would probably have lost our lives.

Both of us now fired several shots

*My impression has always been that Sergt. W. W. Tayleure (of whom hereafter) was one of the other Confederates. Since this paragraph was written, Sergt. Tayleure (now a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y.) has visited Petersburg and informed me that my impression was correct, as he distinctly recollects the old negro's vigorous fanning of the wounded Confederate as the latter would say to him, "D—n you, fan me fast," and the old fellow would reply, "Yez, sir, yez, sir;" from the use of which language by the wounded Confederate we may safely infer that he was not as near death's door as for over twenty-five years I believed him to have been, but it is to be hoped that he is to-day somewhere in this world alive and in sound health. Strange to say, Sergt. Tayleure has no recollection of seeing either Comrade Turner or myself in this recess, nor does Comrade Turner recollect seeing Sergt. Tayleure, the wounded Confederate or the old negro.

from this place, probably three or four. I then thought I would take an enfilading fire at the enemy in the trench to my right, who were in plain view, there being an angle in the breast-works to our right, the recess in which Comrade Turner and myself stood being so located as to enable us, when on tip-toe, to look south-eastwardly down the trench towards the Crater, some seventy-five yards to our right. When taking a survey of this part of the trench I saw men struggling there, which indicated that some of our men opposite that part of the breast-works had effected an entrance therein. Seeing this I determined to withhold my proposed shot down the trench. Just at this time, looking to my left, I saw Federal soldiers coming out of, and many of our men passing into, the trench along the little ditch by which Comrade Turner and myself had entered; whereupon I went at once into the trench into which the Confederates were now entering in numbers from the little ditches up and down the line.

Casting my eyes up the line towards the Crater I saw Confederates beating and shooting at the negro soldiers, as the latter, terror-stricken, rushed away from them. I saw one negro running down the trench towards the place where several of us stood, and a Confederate soldier just in his rear drawing a bead on him as he ran. The Confederate fired at the poor creature, seemingly heedless of the fact that his bullet might have pierced his victim and struck some of the many Confederates immediately in its range.

A minute later I witnessed another deed which made my blood run cold: Just about the outer end of the ditch by which I had entered stood a negro soldier, a non-commissioned officer (I noticed distinctly his cheverons), begging for his life two Confederate soldiers, who stood by him, one of them striking the poor wretch with a steel ramrod, the other holding a gun in his hand with which he seemed to be trying to get a shot at the negro. The man with the gun fired it at the negro, but did not seem to seriously injure him, as he only clapped his hand to his hip where he appeared to have been shot, and continued to beg for his life. The man with the ramrod continued to strike the negro therewith, whilst the fellow with the gun deliberately re-loaded it, and, placing its muzzle close against the stomach of the poor negro, fired, at which the latter fell limp and lifeless at the feet of the two Confederates. It was a brutal, horrible act, and those of us who witnessed it from our position in the trench, a few feet away, could but exclaim: "That is too bad! It is shocking!" Yet this, I have no doubt, from what I saw and afterwards heard, was but a sample of many other bloody tragedies during the first ten minutes after our men got into the trench, many of whom seemed infuriated at the idea of having to fight negroes. Within these ten minutes

the whole floor of the trench was strewn with the dead bodies of negroes, in some places in such numbers that it was difficult to make one's way along the trench without stepping on them.

But the works are not yet ours. To the north of the Crater and in the ditches immediately behind and west of it, the Confederates were in possession; but the Crater itself is held by a large number of the enemy, several hundred of them, not yet ready to surrender. There were also yet some fifty yards of our works south of the Crater in the enemy's possession. To drive out these, about ten o'clock—a little more than an hour after the charge made by the Virginia brigade—Wright's brigade of Georgians was ordered forward from the same ravine from which the Virginia charged, but such was the severity of the fire the men of this gallant brigade were forced to oblique to the left and take shelter among the works now in the hands of the Virginians, thus failing in their attempt. When this charge was about to be made the Virginians in the trench were notified and directed to fire upon the enemy in their front as rapidly as possible, in the language of the order, "to keep their heads down;" an order which was obeyed with a will, as nearly every man standing in the trench was supplied with several guns, his own and one or more of the hundreds of captured guns which lay all along the trench. Not only when the charge was made, but all of the time after our men got in the trench did they fire from our breast-works at the enemy whenever they showed themselves along the crest or rim of the Crater, as they constantly did, or whenever they attempted to run the gauntlet from the Crater across the field to their own works, a movement which was attempted by many and by some successfully.

About the crest of the Crater, next to the Federal lines, might be seen sometimes a man from the outside climbing over to get within the Crater, and sometimes a man from the inside climbing over to get outside. I remember seeing a gallant Federal officer mount the edge of the Crater at this point and with conspicuous bravery wave his glittering sword overhead as if calling on his men to follow him—a sight which commanded my admiration, as it must have done that of all who witnessed it.*

*There were many brave Federal soldiers who undertook to pass from their works to the Crater to bring water to their comrades.

Mr. Howard Aston, of Zanesville, Ohio, who, as a sergeant in Co. F, 13th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, serving as infantry in Hartrauft's brigade of Wilcox's division, participated in the battle of the Crater, in an account of the action, published in the Zanesville *Courier* of July 23rd, 1892, says;

"Shell, grape and musket balls swept the crest and the field between the Crater and our breast-works, so that three out of every four who tried to run the gauntlet to our lines were struck down. Notwithstanding this I saw two brave fellows come in safe with ammunition tied up in shelter tents. I also saw two men (I wish I knew their names and regiment) take a lot of canteens and start back to our lines for water. In about half an hour one of them

GEN. DAVID A. WEISIGER.

"Weisiger was an impetuous, dashing man, among the bravest of the brave." P. 178.

"On the bloody field of Malvern Hill, one of the severest battles of the war, the Virginia brigade under Mahone won many laurels, and the 12th regiment, with Weisiger at its head, was in the forefront. In this action he was a conspicuous figure as he led his regiment about sunset to the advanced position held during the night by Mahone's and Wright's brigades." P. 227.

GEN. VICTOR J. B. GIRARDEY.

"I feel, too, that I should not pass in silence the gallant Southerner, Capt. V. J. B. Girardey, who was serving on Mahone's staff at the time of the action, and won by his conduct the commission of a brigadier-general, dating from the 30th of July, 1864, and whose splendid conduct on this and previous occasions had commanded the admiration of all of the men of our brigade." P. 179.

An incident occurred about this time, or a little later in the morning, that I have often recalled. Happening in my immediate presence, it very deeply impressed me. In my company two men, Orderly Sergeant W. W. Tayleure and Private Buck Johnson,[14] of the Petersburg Riflemen, came very near having a personal difficulty. Tayleure had been standing on the step which was about nine inches above the floor of the trench and upon which all men of ordinary height had to stand in order to be able to shoot from the parapet, and had been firing at the enemy from this position. Just at this time Buck Johnson, who had doubtless been engaged in the same way elsewhere, and who was never known to flinch, bearing a splendid reputation as a soldier, as indeed did Tayleure, happened to be standing on the floor of the trench. Tayleure asked him why he did not get up on the step and fire at the enemy. Johnson's high spirit promptly resented the imputation against his courage implied in this question, and he used some very strong language to Tayleure. One word led to another, and the two men, both being of approved courage, were about to come to blows, when Joe Sacrey,[15] a member of the Richmond Grays, standing on the little step above mentioned, having just fired his gun, received a bullet in his head and fell lifeless at the feet of the two men. The quarrel instantly ceased. Poor Sacrey's bleeding corpse substituted profound seriousness in the place of angry words, and I believe the

appeared on the crest of the Crater, waving his hand at us. At this moment a ball struck him in the forehead, and he rolled down among the dead and dying. Some of the boys rushed for the canteens and began passing them around, saying, 'Brave fellow! Brave fellow!' In a moment or two up arose the hero, looked around, rubbed his eyes and said: 'Where am I?' Some officer went to him and found he had been struck with a spent ball and only stunned. Gen. Bartlett, who commanded one of the brigades, was lying close by with his cork leg shattered, and I heard him ask his name and regiment, and then say: 'You shall have a commission if we get out of this.'"

Referring to these gallant water carriers, Gen. Griffin, in a paragraph quoted by Capt. Ervin T. Case in his paper entitled "The Battle of the Mine," read February 9, 1876, before the Rhode Island Soldiers and Sailors Historical Society, says:

"In due time one of them was seen clambering over our lines below, loaded down with well-filled canteens of cool water. What shouts and hurrahs from those parched throats greeted the brave fellow as he dashed toward us through the leaden hail! What blessings he received as he came among us and distributed the priceless beverage to those wounded men dying of thirst! Presently another of those heroes comes over the parapet with his burden of canteens. He, too, starts to join us with all the speed of which he is capable, but ere he has passed half way across that deadly field, he throws up his arms and goes down with the unmistakable *thud* of death. Quick as thought a young soldier dashes out from among us, rushes across the field and seizes the canteens from the body of the fallen man, starts back to join us, but is shot down ere he has made a dozen yards. But see! He is up again, with indomitable pluck, and comes in with his precious freight only slightly wounded. And the shouts rise louder than ever for his gallant exploit. Then another comes over the parapet and succeeds in reaching us. Another attempts it and falls. And so on, until I believe every one of those noble fellows returned with his gallons of water, or fell in the attempt. It was to me the most striking exhibition of heroism and true courage that I saw during the whole war."

14. Wm. C. Johnson, of Petersburg, Va.

15. Joseph B. Sacrey, of Richmond, Va.

needless quarrel was never renewed. Both Johnson and Tayleure served to maintain on several subsequent fields of battle the good name that each had already well won in their three years of active service.

Wright's brigade of Georgians about eleven o'clock is called upon to make another attempt to carry the works about the Crater and south of it, but this like the first attempt, is unsuccessful. As on the occasion of the first charge, word is passed down the line to the men in the breast-works to fire rapidly to keep the enemy's heads down, and the order is in like manner obeyed.

What has been going on in the Crater? Those who were in it can best tell us, and I may, therefore, properly draw from the interesting address of Lieut. Bowley above referred to. Here is what he says:

"With a dozen of my own company I went down the traverse to the Crater. We were the last to reach it, and the rifles of the Union soldiers were flashing in our faces when we jumped down in there, and the Johnnies were not twenty yards behind us. A full line around the crest of the Crater were loading and firing as fast as they could, and the men were dropping thick and fast, most of them shot through the head. Every man that was shot rolled down the steep sides to the bottom, and in places they were piled up four and five deep. For a few minutes the fire was fearfully sharp. Then the enemy sought shelter. The cries of the wounded, pressed down under the dead, were piteous in the extreme. An enfilading fire was coming through the traverse down which we had retreated. Gen. Bartlett ordered the colored troops to build a breast-works across it. They commenced the work by throwing up lumps of clay, but it was slow work; some one called out, 'Put in the dead men,' and, acting on this suggestion, a large number of dead, white and black, Union and rebel, were piled into the trench. This made a partial shelter, and enabled the working party to strengthen their breast-works. Cartridges were running low, and we searched the boxes of all the dead and wounded.

"The day was fearfully hot; the wounded were crying for water, and the canteens were empty. A few of our troops held a ditch a few feet in front of the Crater and were keeping up a brisk fire. In the little calm that followed we loaded a large number of muskets and placed them in readiness for instant use. Another movement was soon attempted by the enemy, but our fire was so sharp that they hastily sought cover. The artillery on Cemetery Hill and Wright's battery kept up a constant fire of grape and kept the dirt flying about us. A mortar battery also opened on us; after a few shots they got our range so well that the shells fell directly among us. Many of them did not explode at all, but a few burst directly over us and cut the men down most cruelly. Many of the troops now attempted to make our lines, but, to leave, they had to run up a slope in full view of the enemy that now surrounded us on three sides; nearly every man who attempted it fell back riddled with bullets. At 11 o'clock a determined charge was made by the enemy; we repulsed it, but when the fire slackened the ammunition was fearfully low. About this time two men, each carrying all the cartridges he could manage in a piece of shelter tent, reached us.

"The white troops," continues Lieut. Bowley, "were now exhausted and discouraged. Leaving the line they sat down, facing inwards, and neither threats nor entreaties could get them up into line again. In vain was the cry raised that all would be killed if captured with negro soldiers; they would not stand up. From this time on the fire was kept up, mainly, by the colored troops and officers handling muskets. A few Indians, of the 1st Michigan Sharp-shooters, did splendid work. Some of them were mortally wounded, and, drawing their blouses over their faces, they chanted a death song and died—four of them in a group. An attempt had been made to dig a trench through the side of the Crater towards the Union line, but the rebs got the range of that hole and plugged the bullets into it so thick and fast that no one would work in it. Of the men of my company who had rallied with me, all but one, a sergeant, lay dead or dying. The troops seemed utterly apathetic and indifferent. The killing of a comrade by their very sides would not rouse them in the least. Between 1 and 2 o'clock in the afternoon our men in the ditch, outside the Crater, had expended all their ammunition, and were quickly captured. Then the rebels planted their battle flags on the edge of the Crater, front and both flanks, not six feet from our men. They quickly pulled them back, but we knew that they were there, just on the other side of the clay bank. Muskets, with bayonets, were pitched back and forth, harpoon style. In this last movement the Confederates exposed themselves most fearlessly, and had all our men stood up at that time, the rebel loss would have been much more severe. I have good reason to believe that my own revolver did some effective work at this point."

Here ends Lieut. Bowley's account of what was transpiring in the Crater, and I will resume the narrative from our stand-point.

It is now about one o'clock. We receive another order to keep the enemy's heads down. A charge is about to be made, this time by the Alabama brigade, Gen. Saunders, who form in the ravine from which the Virginians had charged, but further south and accordingly more nearly opposite the Crater. The charge is successful—those who witnessed it say it was splendidly executed. The works are surrendered, and the prisoners pour out, making their way back, however, under a severe fire from their own batteries, some of them falling on the way.

What was here transpiring those of us in the breast-works to the north of the Crater could not see, but we immediately knew the result of the charge.

From this time, during the balance of the day, everything is comparatively quiet. When night comes on we are made to fall in line and move up the trench towards our right. In the trench that led around and to rear of the Crater, dead men lie so

thick that to walk along without stepping upon their bodies or limbs was very difficult.

Our movement to the right is ended when we have been so shifted as to bring the Riflemen immediately in rear of the Crater. Here we are halted and a detail of two or more men from each company is called for. Of this detail it falls to my lot to be one. What is to be done? The dead are to be buried! And this detail is to do the work! My horror can better be imagined than described. Before work commenced, somebody—who I do not know, but some one whose authority and orders in the premises, legal or illegal, I was prompt to recognize and obey—came along and put me in charge of a burying squad.* I congratulated myself that I had no nearer connection with this disagreeable work. In a big grave, not a hundred feet in rear of the Crater, a large number of the bodies were placed. The work was done by a squad of negro prisoners. In the gray light of morning I went into the Crater and there I saw the burying parties in this place still at work.

This gloomy night's work had at least one humorous incident. Our worthy commander, Comrade Hugh R. Smith, then adjutant of the 12th, I am glad to know, lives to-day to vouch for the correctness of what I am about to narrate.

Comrade Smith had selected for his night's rest a grassy spot near the men in the trench, all of whom except those on guard or special duty were fast asleep, and like them was wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. He had the advantage of his sleeping comrades in that he had a soft and cool bed of grass upon which to rest, but he was in close vicinity to the pile of dead men then being buried. Things, however, were fairly evened up, when some time during the small hours of the night, one of the negro prisoners, looking out for a corpse to bury, seized our gallant adjutant by the ankle and was hurrying him to the grave, when the adjutant, not then ready to be buried, awoke to the great consternation of the poor prisoner, who thought he was handling a genuine corpse.

It is Sunday morning, and breakfast time. Are we to eat in this horrible place, the air filled with offensive odors from the presence of hundreds of bodies, still unburied, many of them within a radius of a few feet from us? Yes, or starve. My mess-mate and myself, I well remember, made our breakfast on hard-tack and fried pickle-pork. My impression is, we had no coffee. I have a distinct recollection that the meal was not enjoyed.

It is in order here to reproduce, for what they are worth, as a contemporary record, the following entries in my diary, the first made during the afternoon of this day, the others on the days of their respective dates:

*From what I have learned since this address was delivered, I am satisfied that Jos. J. Maclin, then of Petersburg, Va., now of Chesterfield county, Va., was the friend whose act saved me from that horrible work.

"Sunday, July 31, '64. Yesterday witnessed a bloody drama around Petersburg, perhaps as bloody as any affair of the war, Fort Pillow not excepted. At this point, about half a mile southeast of Old Blandford church, the enemy exploded a mine under a fort in our works, blowing up 4 pieces of Pegram's battery, with two lieutenants—Lieutenants Hamlin[17] and Chandler,[18] and twenty-two men, together with five companies of the 18th S. C. regiment, Elliott's brigade, whereupon they immediately rushed upon and captured that portion of our works and about two hundred yards of the works to the left of the exploded portion. This occurred soon after sunrise, soon after which our brigade and Wright's, which occupied the extreme right of our line, were put in motion for this point, approaching it cautiously by the military roads recently constructed. We were not long in learning that our brigade would be assigned the task of capturing the works, supported by Wright's. Arriving at the works, fortunately just at the moment we were about to charge, the enemy were also about to charge, when, seizing our advantage and rising with a yell, we rushed forward and got into the works, about one hundred yards distant, receiving but little fire from the enemy, who turned out to be negroes! The scene now baffles description. But little quarter was shown them. My heart sickened at deeds I saw done. Our brigade not driving the enemy from the inner portion of the exploded mine, Saunders' and Wright's brigades finished the work. I have never seen such slaughter on any battle-field. Our regiment lost 27, killed and wounded, the majority of whom were killed, and among them Emmet Butts, of our company. Put. Smith,[19] of our company, was wounded. Col. Weisiger, commanding the brigade, was wounded. From what I have seen, the enemy's loss could not have been less than from 500 to 700 killed, to say nothing of those wounded and between five hundred and one thousand prisoners. Ours probably did not exceed 400 killed, wounded and missing. Negotiations under a flag of truce are now pending. Probably Grant wants to bury the dead between the lines. Permission was granted to water his wounded. I observed several citizens from the enemy's line take part in this act of humanity. They were probably members of the sanitary committee. I saw also a *woman* standing in the Yankee breastworks. We indulge a hope that our brigade will be relieved to-night and return to its quiet position on the right."

"Tuesday, August 2, 1864. Back at Wilcox farm. Our brigade and Saunders' relieved last night. Truce for four hours yesterday morning for burying the dead between the lines. *Express* of this morning states that 12 of our men were found between the lines and about 700 of the enemy. There could not have been as many as 700. We made the negro prisoners carry their dead comrades to the Yankee line, where the Yankees made their negroes bury them. Loss in our regiment 18 kd. and 24 wd. The 6th regiment lost 70 kd. and wd. out of 80 carried in fight. The remainder of the regiment was on picket. Co. C, of sharpshooters, a detachment from the 12th, lost out of fifteen 5 kd. and 8 wd. The enemy admit a loss of over 4,000. Col. Thomas, commanding one of the negro brigades, told Capt. Jones (of our regiment) yesterday during the truce that he carried in 2,200 men and brought out only 800.

17. Wm. B. Hamlin, of Petersburg, Va.
18. Christopher S. Chandler, of Petersburg, Va.
19. Putnam Stith, of Petersburg, Va.

"It is said we captured 20 flags from the enemy and that the prisoners captured represented two corps, 9th (Burnside's) and 6th* (Hancock's).

"Thursday, August 5. Yankee accounts of the affair put their loss in kd., wd. and prisoners at 5,000. They say the plan was to spring a mine at 3 o'clock Saturday morning, but that the fuse failed to ignite the powder twice—that they had six tons of powder in the mine. The 9th and 18th corps made the charge and the 5th was in reserve. Our losses foot up 1,200, of which 300 are no doubt prisoners, the enemy claiming to have taken that number."

"Saturday, August 6th. The loss of our brigade in the fight of Saturday was 270 kd., wd. and missing, of whom 88 were killed on the field, just one-half of the whole number (176) that had been killed from the battle of the Wilderness to the present time."

"Monday, August 8th, 1864. Gen. Mahone, in a congratulatory order to Mahone's, Saunders' and Wright's brigades for their conduct in the affair of Saturday, July 30, says that with an effective force of less than 3,000 men and with a casualty list of 598, they killed 700 of the enemy's people, wounded, by his own account, over 3,000, and captured 1,101 prisoners, embracing 87 officers, 17 stands of colors, 2 guerdons and 1,916 stand of small arms, deeds which entitle their banners to the inscription, 'The Crater, Petersburg, July 30, 1864.' He says the enemy had massed against us three of his corps and 2 divisions of another."

The foregoing brief entries are all that I find in my diary relating to the battle.

From information subsequently obtained I am able to correct some of the statements therein made:

In Comrade W. Gordon McCabe's[20] admirable address entitled "The Defense of Petersburg," the accuracy and fullness of the information contained in which are only equalled by the clear and beautiful language in which it is conveyed, the statement is made that the loss of life caused by the explosion of the mine was 256 officers and men of the 18th and 22nd South Carolina regiments and two officers and twenty men of Pegram's Petersburg battery. This battery was commanded by Capt. Richard G. Pegram,[21] who was absent on duty, and thus escaped what befell his two lieutenants, Hamlin and Chandler.

In a letter published in September, 1878, Dr. Hugh Toland, surgeon of the 18th South Carolina, locates this regiment as on the left, or north, of Pegram's battery, and the 22nd South Carolina as on the right, or south of this battery, at the time of the explosion.

"My brigade," says Dr. Toland, "had suffered severely—the 22nd South Carolina had lost its gallant Col. Fleming, and many a brave soldier. My regiment had lost 163 men. Two whole companies, A and C, Eighteenth South Carolina, had not a man left, who was on duty, to tell the tale. One hundred and one of my men, including Capts. McComich and Birdgis were dead—buried in the Crater or scattered

*2nd was here intended.

20. Capt. W. Gordon McCabe, of Petersburg, Va.
21. Capt. Rich'd G. Pegram, of Richmond, Va.

along the works— and 62 missing."

Giving the Federal loss in this engagement, Capt. McCabe in his address says:

"In this grand assault on Lee's lines, for which Meade had massed 65,000 troops, the enemy suffered a loss of 5,000 men, including 1,101 prisoners, among whom were two brigade commanders, whilst vast quantities of small arms and twenty-one standards fell into the hands of the victors."

The quantity of powder used in exploding the mine was not six tons, but 8,000 pounds. "The charge," says Lieut-Col. Henry Pleasants, of the 48th Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, the originator of the mine, in his report of the explosion, "consisted of three hundred and twenty kegs of powder, each containing about twenty-five pounds. It was placed in eight magazines, connected with each other by troughs half filled with powder. These troughs from the lateral galleries met at the inner end of the main one, and from this point I had three lines of fuses for a distance of 98 feet. Not having fuses as long as required, two pieces had to be spliced together to make the required length of each of the lines."

In the concluding paragraphs of this report Col. Pleasants says:

"I stood on top of our breastworks and witnessed the effect of the explosion on the enemy. It so completely paralized them that the breach was practically four or five hundred yards in breadth. The rebels in the forts, both on the right and left of the explosion, left their works, and for over an hour not a shot was fired by their artillery. There was no fire from infantry from the front for at least half an hour; none from the left for twenty minutes, and but few shots from the right."

Major W. H. Powell, acting aid-de-camp of Gen. Ledlie, the commandant of the First division of the Ninth corps, at the time of the explosion, in his article entitled "The Tragedy of the Crater," published in the September number, 1887, of the Century, says:

"I returned immediately, and just as I arrived in rear of the First division the mine was sprung. It was a magnificent spectacle, and as the mass of earth went up into the air, carrying with it men, guns, carriages and timbers, and spread out like an immense cloud as it reached its altitude, so close were the Union lines that the mass appeared as if it would descend immediately upon the troops waiting to make the charge. This caused them to break and scatter to the rear, and about ten minutes were consumed in reforming for the attack. Not much was lost by this delay, however, as it took nearly that time for the cloud of dust to pass off. * * * "†

†"Mr. Howard Aston, in his article published in the Zanesville (Ohio) *Courier*, already referred to, says:

"Just about sunrise, a trembling of the earth was felt and a dull roar was heard. I looked to the front and saw a huge column of dirt, dust, smoke and flame of fire apparently 200 feet high, which, on reaching its highest point, curled over like a plume and then came down with a dull thud to the earth. While in air I could see in the column of fire and smoke the bodies of men, arms and legs, pieces of timber and a gun carriage. I felt very weak and pale, and the faces of comrades never looked blancher, while the troops in front of us broke

"Little did those men anticipate what they would see upon arriving there; an enormous hole in the ground about 30 feet deep, 60 feet wide and 170 feet long, filled with dust, great blocks of clay, guns, broken carriages, projecting timbers, and men buried in various ways—some up to their necks, others to their waists, and some with only their feet and legs protruding from the earth. * * * "

"The whole scene of the explosion," continues Maj. Powell, "struck every one dumb with astonishment as we arrived at the crest of the debris. It was impossible for the troops of the Second brigade to move forward in line, as they had advanced; and owing to the broken state they were in, every man crowding up to look into the hole, and being pressed by the First brigade, which was immediately in rear, it was equally impossible to move by the flank, by any command, around the Crater. Before the brigade-commanders could realize the situation, the brigade became inextricably mixed, in the desire to look into the hole."

From the next paragraph of Maj. Powell's article it appears that Col. Pleasants was in error as to the extent of the demoralization of the Confederates incident upon the explosion, as the South Carolinians in the trenches near the Crater were quick to recover their equanimity and to make the incoming Federals feel their presence. In this paragraph this Federal officer says:

"However, Col. Marshall yelled to the Second brigade to move forward, and the men did so, jumping, sliding and tumbling into the hole, over the debris of material, and dead and dying men, and huge blocks of solid clay. They were followed by Gen. Bartlett's brigade. Up on the other side of the Crater they climbed, and while a detachment stopped to place two of the dismounted guns of the battery in position on the enemy's side of the crest of the Crater; a portion of the leading brigade passed over the crest and attempted to reform. It was at this period that they found they were being killed by musket-shots from the rear, fired by the Confederates who were still occupying the traverses and intrenchments to the right and left of the Crater. These men had been awaked by the noise and shock of the explosion, and during the interval before the attack, had recovered their equanimity, and when the Union troops attempted to reform on the enemy's side of the Crater, they had faced about and delivered a fire into the backs of our men. This coming so unexpectedly caused the forming line to fall back into the Crater."

Mr. Geo. L. Kilmer, of the Fourteenth New York Heavy Artillery, in

back and became intermingled. They were soon rallied, but it seemed to me that it was fully ten minutes before I saw the advance go over our earth-works towards the enemy. In the mean time our forts all along the line opened out, with every gun, apparently from the sound, and they were almost immediately answered by the Confederates. The solid shot and shell howled and shrieked over our heads, and balls could be seen ricochetting along the front line of works from an enfilade fire on our right front. Men were dropping here and there, the wounded began to come back. Soon the order came for us to go forward. I think it must have been one-half hour after the explosion before we got over our works. The musketry was crashing in the front and the air seemed to be full of flying missiles."

his article entitled "The Dash Into the Crater," published in the same number (September number, 1887,) of the Century, makes some striking statements. He says:

"Some few declared that they would never follow 'niggers' or be caught in their company, and started back to our own lines, but were promptly driven forward. Then the colored troops broke and scattered, and pandemonium began. The bravest lost heart, and men who distrusted the negroes vented their feelings freely. Some colored men came into the Crater, and there they found a worse fate than death on the charge. It was believed among the whites that the enemy would give no quarter to negroes, or to whites taken with them, and so to be shut up with blacks in the Crater was equal to a doom of death. * * * It has been positively asserted that white men bayoneted blacks who fell back into the Crater. This was in order to preserve the whites from Confederate vengeance. Men boasted in my presence that blacks had been thus disposed of, particularly when the Confederates came up."

It will be asked what was the number of Federal soldiers who were actually in possession of our works at the time of the charge made by Mahone's brigade.

As the expression "an effective force of not less than 3,000 men" used in Gen. Mahone's congratulatory order to the three brigades, Mahone's, Wright's and Saunders', embraced not only the force of about 800 men of Mahone's brigade who made the charge a little before nine o'clock in the morning, but also the forces engaged in the several unsuccessful charges made by Wright's brigade, and the final successful charge made about one o'clock in the afternoon by Saunders' brigade, and probably the co-operating artillery and other infantry, so the statement made by Gen. Mahone in this order that "the enemy had massed against us three of his corps and two divisions of another," and Capt. McCabe's statement that "Meade had massed" for the assault "65,000 troops" must be understood as embracing not only those who were actually in possession of our works, but those immediately in or massed a short distance behind the Federal works near by, who were taking part or ready to take part in the affair.

But we are not without *data* by which to ascertain the probable number of men that occupied the Confederate works when the Virginia brigade, numbering about 800 men, dashed forward in the manner that has been described, to engage in what every man knew would be a death-struggle for their possession. Gen. Mahone's congratulatory order places the flags captured at seventeen. Capt. McCabe gives twenty-one as the number of standards captured. We will take Gen. Mahone's figures and estimate each of the seventeen regiments represented by the seventeen flags as containing two hundred and fifty men, a fair average for a veteran regiment in the Federal army at that time. This

done, and we have a force of 4,250 men.

But this average is manifestly too small, when we consider the statement of Col. Henry G. Thomas, who commanded the Second brigade of the Fourth division (Ferrero's) of the Ninth corps, made in his article in the September number, 1887, of the Century, entitled "The Colored Troops at Petersburg," in which he says: "There was but one division of colored troops in the Army of the Potomac—the Fourth division of the Ninth corps—organized as follows: * * * * * * * . This made a division of only nine regiments, divided into two brigades, yet it was numerically a large division. The regiments were entirely full, and a colored deserter was a thing unknown. On the day of the action the division numbered 4,300, of which 2,000 belonged to Sigfried's brigade and 2,300 to mine."

To assume that the number of flags captured represented the total number of regiments at the place of capture leads to a very erroneous result. So far from there being only seventeen regiments in our works, there were probably more than double this number.

There went into our works three white divisions, the First (Ledlie's,) the Second (Potter's,) and the Third (Wilcox's,) of the Ninth (Burnside) corps, about four regiments excepted, and after these the colored division of Gen. Ferrero. This appears from the following paragraph in the testimony of Lieut-Col. Charles G. Loring, of Gen. Burnside's staff, before the Committee on the Conduct of the War:

"General Ledlie's division was to go in first; the whole of that division went into the Crater, or lines immediately adjoining. General Potter's division was to go in next, but to go in on the right of the other. I did not see them and I do not know how many of them went into the Crater. I simply saw the head of the column going in. I understood that they all went into the enemy's lines, but I cannot say positively about that. General Wilcox's division also went in at the same place where General Ledlie's division went in. I think four of his regiments—I am not sure of the number—failed to get in. In starting from our line they bore off too much to the left and came back to our own line, and did not go in. I think that with that exception the whole of Wilcox's division went into the enemy's lines. The regiments of his division went in at different times, not as a division, but disjointedly. And at half-past seven, about two hours and a half after the mine exploded, the whole of the colored division went in at the same point."

If the three white divisions numbered each nine regiments (the number of the regiments in the colored division) they aggregated 27 regiments. Deduct the 4 regiments of Wilcox's division referred to by Col. Loring, allow 250 men to each of the 24 remaining regiments, and we have 6,000 men. To these add the 4,300 colored troops, and there was

an aggregate of 10,300 men! And this without counting a brigade of Gen. Turner's division of the 18th corps, which, according to his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, took possession of about 100 yards of our works to the north of the Crater.

Gen. Ord, in his testimony before the committee, by implication puts the number of men who went into the Confederate works at 10,000 or 12,000 when he says:

"The ground to the left and front of the mine was marshy and covered by bushes and trees. No preparations had been made for our troops to pass out to our right or left. They could only get out by a single long trench or covered way; so that in the slow process of getting 10,000 or 12,000 men up through this narrow space and through a single opening the enemy had an opportunity to make preparations to meet them. All this produced delay."

With facts and figures like these to sustain the assertion, we are warranted in stating that the force against which our little band of about eight hundred Virginians was hurled outnumbered their assailants more than ten to one!

But whilst the highest credit belongs to the Virginia brigade for its achievements on this occasion, it must be remembered that bad management in the disposition of the Federal forces greatly assisted in producing the result. No troops, crowded as were the Federals in the Crater and in the trenches on either side, the latter having a perfect network of traverses and bomb-proofs, which greatly impeded the Federals in resisting an assault from the west, or Confederate side of our works, could well have met a determined assault made from this direction. "These pits," says Col. Thomas in his Century article, referring to the trenches at this place, "were different from any in our lines—a labyrinth of bomb-proofs and magazines, with passages between."

How far towards Cemetery Ridge, that is to say, west of the Confederate works, did the Federal forces advance at any time during their four hours' occupation of these works is a question which naturally arises, and was asked several of the witnesses in the official investigation made by the Federal government. Extracts from some of the testimony before the court of inquiry held at the headquarters of Gen. Hancock on the 1st of September, 1864, will give us some light upon this point:

Brig.-Gen. S. G. Griffin, who commanded a brigade of Potter's division, on the stand:

"Quest.—Did your command go beyond the Crater?

"Ans.—It did.

"Quest.—About how far?

"Ans.—I should judge about two hundred yards. It might be more, or it might be less. It could not have been much less, however; that is as near as I can judge."

Col. H. G. Thomas, commanding the Second brigade of Ferrero's (colored) division, on the stand:

"Quest.—Did you get beyond the line of the Crater with your troops?

"Ans.—I did, sir.

"Quest.—How far?

"Ans.—I should say about between three and four hundred yards to the right of the Crater and in front of it. I was ordered to support the First brigade when it made its charge."

Col. Thomas' last answer giving no definite information as to the position of his troops in advance of the Confederate works, and the court manifestly having a doubt as to his troops having gone to the west of these works at all, he is asked the pointed question: "Did you get beyond the enemy's line?" He replies: "I did, sir; I led a charge which was not successful. The moment I reached the First brigade I started out the 31st colored regiment, which was in front, but it lost its three ranking officers in getting in position, and did not go out well." The witness' answer, while responsive to the question, like his answer to the preceding question, gives no light as to the point *west* of the Confederate works reached by his command.

The next witness, however, testifies very clearly, and probably gives the most accurate information as to the position reached by the troops that moved forward west of the Confederate works. The witness is Lieut.-Col. Chas. S. Russell, commanding the Twenty-Eighth U. S. colored troops, of Col. Thomas' brigade. Being asked the question, "How far in advance did you get towards Cemetery Hill?" he replies: "Not exceeding fifty yards. We were driven back."

"By what?" is the next question asked this witness. He replies: "I should judge by about two or four hundred men—infantry, which rose up from a little ravine and charged us. Being all mixed up and in confusion, and new troops, we had to come back."

The witness is in error as to the number of the Confederates who "rose up from the little ravine," as they were the men of the Virginia brigade whose number was approximated by Gen. Griffin, when he said, "Five or six hundred men were all we could see. I did not see either the right or left of the line. I saw the centre of the line as it appeared to me. It was a good line of battle."†

Of the condition of things in the Crater and in the trenches when the three white divisions had entered the Confederate works and the colored division was about to go in, about 7 o'clock in the morning, Gen. Turner, who commanded a division of the 18th (Ord's) corps, gives a graphic description in his testimony before the committee. He says:

†From information received since this address was delivered I am satisfied, *first*, that Col. Russell was not in error as to the number of the Confederate troops here referred to; *secondly*, that they were not the men of Mahone's brigade, but were, as stated by Col. F. W. McMaster, of Columbia, S. C., the 26th S. C. regiment and three companies of the 17th S. C. regiment under Col. Smith of the 26th S. C. (See Col. McMaster's letter to Gen. Beauregard, dated February 14, 1872, in the Appendix to Col. Roman's "Military Operations of Gen. Beauregard," vol. II, p. 587).

"When the head of my column reached the point at which our assaulting column had passed through our lines, it was, as near as I recollect, about 7 o'clock. I jumped up on a parapet to observe what was going on. Immediately in front of me lay the Crater, about seventy-five yards distant. The men were in it and around it in great confusion; they were lying down, seeking shelter from the fire of the enemy, which at that time had become exceedingly warm. The enemy had succeeded in getting a cross-fire of artillery and musketry over the ground lying between our line and the Crater. My idea was that the 9th corps would penetrate the enemy's line and double them up to the right and to the left, and then I was to pass out and cover the right flank of the assaulting column; but the enemy still held possession of their lines up to within one hundred yards of the Crater when I arrived, which surprised me. It left me no alternative of going out anywhere but directly opposite the Crater, where the 9th corps went out. I could see no movement taking place beyond the Crater towards Cemetery Hill. * * * The troops lay very thick in and around the Crater, evidently more than could find cover from the enemy's fire. * * * * The Crater was full of men: they were lying all around, and every point that could give cover to a man was occupied. There was no movement towards Cemetery Hill; the troops were all in confusion and lying down. I asked one or two officers there if an attempt had been made to move to Cemetery Hill. They say the attempt had been made, but it had failed. I then said, 'You ought to intrench your position here, and you have too many troops here already to intrench. There are so many troops here that they are in each other's way; they are only exposed to this terrific fire of the enemy', which was then growing warmer and warmer, and was a very severe fire. While I was talking to an officer—we had sought shelter in the Crater—the head of the colored division appeared at the crest of the Crater, and the division commenced piling over into the Crater and passing across it on the other side as well as they could. I exclaimed, 'What are these men sent in here for? It is only adding confusion to the confusion which already exists.' The men literally came falling over into this Crater on their hands and knees; they were so thick in there that a man could not walk. Seeing that I was going to be covered up, and be entirely useless, I thought I would go out. As I had no control over these troops, and supposing there were officers in command, I said, 'If you can get the troops beyond this line, so that I can get out, I will move my division right out and cover your right flank;' and I went back for the purpose of doing so. I met Gen. Ord on our line at the head of my division. I said, 'General, unless a move is made out of the Crater towards Cemetery Hill, it is murder to send more men in there. That colored division should never have been sent in there; but there is a furor in there, and perhaps they may move off sufficiently for me to pass my division out.' "

Gen. Ord, in his testimony, using vigorous language, says:

"The men had to go through a long narrow trench, about one-third of a mile in length, before they got into our extreme outwork, and then they went into this Crater, and were piled into that hole, where they were

perfectly useless. They were of about as much use there as so many men at the bottom of a well."

The stampede which took place when Mahone's brigade made its charge is thus described by General Turner in his testimony:

"I had got, probably, half way between our line and the enemy's lines—which were perhaps only a hundred yards apart at that point, and it was a very broken country, thick underbrush and morass—when, looking to the left, I saw the troops in vast numbers coming rushing back, and immediately my whole first brigade came back, and then my second brigade on my right, and everything was swept back in and around the Crater, and probably all but one-third of the original number stampeded back right into our lines. After some exertion I rallied my men of the first and second brigades after they got into our line, while my third brigade held the line."

Gen. Carr, who commanded a division of the 18th corps, in his testimony thus describes the stampede:

"I saw a vacancy, a gap that I thought about four regiments would fill, and assist that line of battle that was going over our breast-works to take those rifle-pits. I immediately took command of part of Turner's division, and ordered them over the line to join the line of troops then advancing, and told them to charge the rifle-pits in their front, which they did. That was about two hundred yards on the right of the Crater. After putting those troops in, I stepped back from the intrenchment some ten or fifteen yards towards the covered way, and I had scarcely got back to the lower end of the covered way when the stampede began, and I suppose two thousand troops came back, and I was lifted from my feet by the rushing mass, and carried along with it ten or fifteen yards in the covered way. What staff I had with me assisted me in stopping the crowd in the covered way, and in putting some of them in position in the second line; some were in the first. I left Gen. Potter in the covered way."*

I would like to give more extracts from the sworn and other statements of our adversaries as to what was done and omitted to be done on this memorable day, which marked an event altogether exceptional in the history of the war; but I fear that I have already drawn from these

*Maj. Jas. C. Coit, of Cheraw, S. C., in whose battalion were Pegram's and Wright's batteries, and who witnessed the stampede from his position about Wright's battery, in his letter to Col. McMaster, published in the March number, 1882, of the Southern Historical Papers (volume X, p. 123), says:

"The troops under Mahone were formed in the ravine in the rear of Elliott's headquarters, extending from the covered way in a direction between the Crater and the plank road. New hope was inspired by the arrival of re-inforcements, and not without good cause, for no sooner did Mahone's men emerge from that ravine at a double-quick than did the immense mass in rear of the Crater break, and without standing upon the order of their going, sought shelter in the cover of their main line. The fire of the artillery was increased, and, as Mahone's men neared the Crater, Wright's guns were turned upon the flying masses in front of the salient. The slaughter was terrific, and probably more men were killed in the retreat than in the advance. The victory was virtually won, but those of the enemy within the Crater continued for some time the desperate contest. In my opinion they remained in the Crater more from fear of running the gauntlet to their own lines than from any hope of holding their position. At 1 o'clock P. M. the white flag was raised and the final surrender of the Crater made."

sources of information to the point of prolixity.

Although all matters of controversy would in this address gladly have been avoided, I cannot pass unnoticed a remarkable paragraph in Col. Alfred Roman's work, "The Military Operations of Gen. Beauregard."

At page 267, vol. II, after mentioning Gen. Meade's order to Gen. Burnside to withdraw his troops, given at 9:45 A. M., and the orders given to Gen Hancock at 9:25 and to Gen. Warren at 9:45 "to suspend all offensive operations," Col. Roman, basing his statement upon statements made by Gen. Bushrod Johnson and Col. F. W. McMaster,* says:

"Such was the situation—the Federals unable to advance, and fearing to retreat—when, at ten o'clock, Gen. Mahone arrived with a part of his men, who lay down in the shallow ravine, to the rear of Elliott's salient, held by the force under Col. Smith, there to await the remainder of the division. But a movement having occurred among the Federals which seemed to menace an advance, Gen. Mahone threw forward his brigade, with the 61st North Carolina, of Hoke's division, which had now also come up. The 25th and 49th North Carolina, and the 26th and part of the 17th South Carolina, all under Smith, which were formed on Mahone's left, likewise formed in the counter movement, and three-fourths of the gorge-line was carried with that part of the trench on the left of the Crater occupied by the Federals. Many of the latter, white and black, abandoned the breach and fled to their lines, under a scourging flank fire from Wise's brigade."

The statement here made that the charge was made by Mahone's brigade, with the 61st, 25th and 49th North Carolina and the 26th and part of the 17th South Carolina regiments, is as clearly incorrect as is the statement that Mahone arrived about ten o'clock, after Gen. Meade issued his orders above referred to.

Against this statement as to *time* we may safely place that of Col. Venable, of Gen. Lee's staff, made in 1872, in which he says, "I know that it is difficult to be accurate as to time on the battle-field, unless noted and written down at the moment. But I am confident this charge of the Virginians was made before 9 o'clock A. M. I know from my recollection of the notes received and answered by Gen. Lee, that after the charge the formation of the Georgia brigade, under Col. Hall, was completed, and after some delay was moved around under the slope, more to the right, and made a charge at 10 o'clock to recover that portion of the line on the right of the Crater."

But we are not without a contemporaneous record to prove beyond all controversy that the charge of Mahone's brigade was made prior to 9 o'clock A. M., and therefore refer to the several orders issued by Gen. Meade to suspend operations and withdraw the troops.

*Col. McMaster of the 17th S. C. regiment, took command of Gen. Elliott's brigade when Gen. Elliott received his wound early in the morning, soon after the Federals took possession of our works.

Gen. Meade, in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, says:

"At 9 A. M. I received the following dispatch from Gen. Burnside:

[*By telegraph from headquarters 9th army corps.*]

"'9 A. M., July 30, 1864.

"'*Gen. Meade:*

"'Many of the ninth (9th) and eighteenth (18th) corps are retiring before the enemy. I think now is the time to put in the fifth (5th) corps promptly.

"'A. E. BURNSIDE,
"'Major-General.

"'[Official.] "'S. F. BARSTOW,
"'Assistant Adjutant-General.'

"That was the first information I had received that there was any collision with the enemy, or that there was any enemy present. At 9:30 A. M. the following dispatch was sent to General Burnside:

"'Headquarters Army of the Potomac,
"'July 30, 1864—9:30 A. M.,

"'*Major-General Burnside, commanding 9th Corps:*

"'The major-general commanding has heard that the result of your attack has been a repulse, and directs that if, in your judgment, nothing further can be effected, that you withdraw to your own line, taking every precaution to get the men back safely.

"'A. A. HUMPHREYS,
"'Major-General and Chief of Staff.

"'[Official.] S. F. BARSTOW,
"'Assistant Adjutant-General.'

"'Gen. Ord will do the same.

"'A. A. HUMPHREYS,
"'Major-General and Chief of Staff.

"'[Official.] S. F. BARSTOW,
"'Assistant Adjutant General.'

"Then I received the following dispatch from Captain Sanders:

[*By telegraph from headquarters 9th army corps.*]

"'9 A. M., July 30, 1864.

"'*To Major-General Meade:*

"'The attack made on right of mine has been repulsed. A great many men are coming in the rear.

"'W. W. SANDERS,
"'Captain and C. M.

"'[Official.] S. F. BARSTOW,
"'Assistant Adjutant-General.'"

The Committee on the Conduct of the War, in their report made after all of the testimony bearing on the subject, oral and documentary, had been heard and considered, fully appreciating the importance of stating correctly the order of sequence and accordingly the exact time of the occurrence of the several military movements which were the subject of the committee's investigation, say:

"The fourth (colored) division was also ordered to advance, and did so under a heavy fire. They succeeded in passing the white troops, already in, but in a disorganized condition. They reformed to some extent and attempted to charge the hill in front, but without success, and broke in disorder to the rear. This was about 8:45 A. M., four hours after the explosion of the mine. * * *

"At 9:45 A. M. Gen. Burnside received a peremptory order from Gen. Meade to withdraw his troops. * * * * * * * * * *

"The troops were withdrawn between one and two o'clock in considerable confusion, caused by an assault of the enemy, and returned to the lines they had occupied in the morning."

The error of Col. Roman in placing the orders of Gen. Meade to his corps commanders to suspend operations and withdraw their troops *anterior* to the charge made by the Virginia brigade, shows exceptional want of care in the preparation of matter published to the world as history. Especially is this true as Col. Roman was a staff-officer of Gen. Beauregard, and ought to have been bet-

COL. F. W. McMASTER.

"That the gallant South Carolinians of Elliott's brigade up to the date of the fall of their brave leader, Gen. Stephen Elliott, and subsequently under the leadership of Col. F. W. McMaster, did their whole duty, as did other infantry by their fire from the flanks, none will deny." P. 177.

ter informed as to the subject whereof he wrote.*

As to the statement that other troops besides the Virginia brigade made the charge, and that these troops were four regiments and part of a fifth, it may be safely affirmed that this is not according to the recollection of any of the men of Mahone's brigade who participated in the charge.†

There may possibly have been, and I have no doubt but that there were, a few individual members of these Carolina regiments who charged along with Mahone's brigade, but, if any organized body, or bodies, of troops made the charge along with the Virginians, this important fact has hitherto wholly escaped the attention of the men of this brigade.

That there was gross mismanagement on the part of the Federals in not so arranging and handling their troops as to place them in possession of Cemetery Ridge within a few minutes after the explosion of the mine none can dispute.

That the gallant South Carolinians of Elliott's brigade up to the date of the fall of their brave leader, Gen. Stephen Elliott, and subsequently under the leadership of Col. F. W. McMaster did their whole duty, as did other infantry by their fire from the flanks, none will deny.

That the artillery occupying the forts to the right and left and stationed in rear of the Crater rendered most effective service is beyond question.

That the Alabama brigade made

*In a pleasant correspondence I have had with Col. McMaster during the year 1892, he has stoutly contended, as stated in his letter to Gen. Beauregard, that Mahone's command did not arrive until ten o'clock or later, and his views are embodied in his interesting letter which appears among the *addenda* to this address. Several officers and men of Col. McMaster's command agree with him as to the matter in controversy, and Maj. Coit, in his letter written August 2, 1879, from which an extract has been taken, expresses the opinion that the arrival of Mahone's troops was "near 11 o'clock."

Col. McMaster, Maj. Coit, and all who hold the opinion that the charge of Mahone's brigade was made at any time later than between 8½ and 9 o'clock are clearly in error, and this, it is believed, is conclusively shown by documentary and other evidence, some of which will be found among the *addenda*.

There is a statement in Gen. Burnside's official report of the action, made Aug. 13, 1864, which ought to remove all controversy in the premises. In this report Gen. Burnside, referring to the 4th (colored) division, says:

"The division, disorganized by passing the pit, crowded with men of other divisions, then reformed as well as was possible beyond the Crater, and attempted to take the hill; was met at the outset by a counter-charge of the enemy, broke in disaster to the rear, passed through the Crater and lines on the right, throwing into confusion and drawing off with them many of the white troops, and ran to our lines. *The enemy regained a portion of his line on the right. This was about 8:45* A. M." (Italics mine.—G. S. B.)

Who were the Confederate troops here referred to as "the enemy" that *regained* a portion of the Confederate line on Gen. Burnside's right about 8:45 A. M.? Did the gallant South Carolinians, or any other Confederate troops, make a counter-charge and regain any part of our captured lines *north* of the Crater, *i. e.*, on Burnside's right, *before* Mahone's brigade did this very thing? No; nor does any one so claim. Then "the enemy" referred to must necessarily have been Mahone's Virginia brigade, and, if this be true, the *time* of its charge is fixed by Gen. Burnside at 8:45 A. M.

†Capt. W. Gordon McCabe, who was the adjutant of Col. William J. Pegram's battalion of artillery, was an eye-witness of the charge, in an account of what he saw, sent me to-day, he says:

the final successful charge has never been disputed.

But that the charge of the Virginia brigade, commanded by Gen. D. A. Weisiger and directed by Gen. Wm. Mahone, made a little before nine o'clock in the morning, did the substantial work that led to the re-capture of the Crater and the adjacent earth-works is a fact that will always stand out boldly on the pages of history, and the fame of the brigade for its part in this brilliant action, increasing as time rolls on, will shine out in the imperishable records of the late war long after its actors shall have passed away.

Weisiger was an impetuous, dashing man, among the bravest of the brave; Mahone, cool, courageous, and able, was by nature fitted for generalship as few men are, and none knew this better than the men of his command. Wherever he led or placed them, they always felt a moral certainty that they were being properly led or placed, either to inflict the most damage on the enemy or to have the enemy inflict the least damage on them. Accordingly, on the morning of the charge at the Crater, there was not a man in the brigade, knowing that Gen. Mahone was present personally superintending and directing the movement, that did not feel that we were to be properly and skilfully handled, and would be put in just when and where the most effective service could be rendered. This impression of these two commanders of the old brigade, whose names have passed into history along with that of the com-

"At a little before 7 A. M. Col. Pegram reported with two batteries (Brander's and 'the Purcell') at Bushrod Johnson's headquarters, which were *east* of the road and immediately *north* of the present first entrance to Blandford Cemetery.

"Gen. Johnson knew nothing of the extent of the disaster. He had not even been to the front. Gen. Lee came up while I was there, Col. Pegram having gone to the front to see where to put his guns.

"Col. Pegram returned in a few minutes, and, as on account of the severe fire sweeping the plank road we could not move the guns up that road, we went back toward town until we reached the ravine. We pulled our guns along the ravine until we reached the reservoir. We went up the ravine along the course of Lieutenant Run to a point near the bridge on New Road, which road being commanded by the enemy's guns, we had to ascend the hill to the north of this road. The hill is very steep there, or was. We left our caissons in the ravine at the foot of the reservoir, 'doubled teams' on the guns and pulled them square up this almost perpendicular hill. It was the steepest pull I ever saw during the war. We then moved forward and came into battery about fifty yards in the rear of the right of the Gee house, a commanding position on the west side of the plank road about five hundred yards in rear of the Crater.

"Our orders were not to fire at all, unless the enemy attempted to re-inforce the troops in the Crater, or the troops there attempted to advance to Cemetery Hill. We ran up piles of canister in front of each gun, and then had to stand idle and take a heavy fire. Col. Pegram and I went forward to the Gee house to see what was going on. We went up stairs and peeped through the bullet-holes (for the whole place was riddled with bullets and were being further riddled while we were there). From this position I saw Mahone's men lying down in the ravine. I saw no troops to their right or left. Suddenly they jumped up, and with a wild yell charged and carried the position occupied by the enemy north of the Crater. I never saw a thing done so quickly. Pegram and I yelled and clapped our hands and ran back and told our men. It was the first good news we had to tell that day. '*Tantum vidi*,' as the Roman says. We pulled out of our position at sunset."

mand, I have felt that justice requires that I should here record.

I feel, too, that I should not pass in silence the gallant Southerner, Capt. V. J. Girardey,* who was serving on Gen. Mahone's staff at the time of the action, and won by his conduct the commission of brigadier-general, dating from the 30th of July, 1864, and whose splendid conduct on this and previous occasions had commanded the admiration of all of the men of our brigade.

Nor should I pass in silence the daring deeds of Privates Dean[23] and Valentine,[24] of the 12th. As the line was forming for the charge, each picked out and pointed to a stand of Federal colors and said he meant to have it. On the charge, before reaching the works, Valentine received a wound from which he never recovered, and Dean was killed. Both men were members of the Petersburg Old Grays.

I have now, Comrades, finished my story of the Crater, not, however, without a painful sense that as a record of this historic battle it is very incomplete. Many brave and gallant deeds done by men on both sides have not been mentioned. To Capt. McCabe's splendid narrative, already mentioned, to the *Century* article and other documents from which I have so freely drawn, and to the many old soldiers who participated in the action yet alive, I must refer for much that I have necessarily omitted; as, for instance, such deeds of valor as those of Capt. Wm. Wallace Broadbent, on the Confederate side, who fell pierced by eleven bayonet wounds,† and of Lieut.-Col. John A. Bross,‡ on the Federal side, who, attired in full uniform, fell riddled with bullets as he was conspicuously rallying his men for a forward move. What has been narrated tonight must be received only as a private soldier's individual impressions of the action, formed partly from personal knowledge and partly from information obtained from others and believed to be authentic. If the story told has interested or contributed to a clearer understanding of how the battle was fought

*Capt. Girardey was soon afterwards made brigadier-general, but his brilliant career was brought to an early close. He was killed in action within a few weeks after receiving his commission, which dated from the Crater.

23. Leonidas D. Dean, of Petersburg, Va., Co. B, 12th Virginia regiment.

24. Thomas Valentine, of Richmond, Va., Co. B, 12th Virginia regiment.

†"Instead of receiving eleven bayonet wounds," says Capt. Geo. J. Rogers, late A. Q. M., A. N. V., in a letter dated September 27th, 1890, "he received fifteen. * * * * I remember this distinctly, as I buried his body. * * * * Although a Northern man there was no more gallant spirit in the Southern ranks. He was from New Jersey, but had lived in Sussex county, Va., for several years before the war. He was captain of the 'Sussex Rifles,' Co. E, 16th Va. Infantry.

‡Col. John A. Bross, of the 29th U. S. colored troops. Col. Thomas, in his *Century* article, says: "As I gave the order (to charge) Lieut.-Col. John A. Bross, brother of Lieutenant-Governor Bross of Ohio, taking the flag in his own hands, was the first man to leap from the works into the valley of death below. He had attired himself in full uniform, evidently with the intent of inspiring his men. He had hardly reached the ground outside the works before he fell to rise no more. He was conspicuous and magnificent in his gallantry."

and won, it will have served its purpose.

ADDENDA.

The following extracts from letters written and statements made by participants in the battle of the Crater throw additional light upon this action, and may be properly here given:

Mr. J. Edward Whitehorne, of Petersburg, Va., who was first sergeant of Co. F, 12th Va. regiment, in a statement made in July, 1890, says:

"At the battle of the Crater the company of which I was a member, (Co. F, 12th Va. regiment,) commanded by Capt. E. P. Scott, was on the extreme left of the line of battle when formed on the slope of the hill preparatory to the charge, and I as first sergeant of the company, counter-marched and faced as we had been, was on the extreme left of our company. From this position, looking up the line as we lay on the ground, I noticed that our line was not straight, but slightly curved, both flanks seeming to be a little more advanced than the centre. Some one directed us, when we advanced, not to move directly to the front, but to oblique sharply to the right, and to reserve our fire until we reached the brink of the ditch occupied by the enemy, and after delivering one volley to use the bayonet.

"Looking to the front I counted fourteen flags flying from our works, and the thought passed through my mind that, if each flag represented a regiment, and our five depleted regiments had to oppose that force, we had indeed serious work.

"We on the left of the line were now under a brisk fire of musketry, the balls cutting up the ground all around us and wounding some of our men. These shots seemed to come from the direction of the Crater, which was to our right. Every minute or two there was a call for the ambulance corps to take off a wounded man, and the situation was becoming critical. It was apparent that the time had now arrived for something to be done. The men must either advance or fall back, as they were rapidly becoming demoralized. I speak only of the extreme left of the line.

"Whilst this was going on I was astonished at the splendid handling of a piece of artillery to our left and rear. It was throwing grape and cannister, and every shot seemed to strike the works occupied by the enemy. Rising from the ground to see the effect of these shots, I could plainly see the Federals in great numbers jumping from their to our side of the earth-works as if preparing to charge.

"We lay in the position above described for a few minutes, when a tremendous cheer from the right greeted our ears. Looking up the line I saw that the right of the column had begun the charge. Instantly we on the left sprang to our feet and moved forward at a double quick. Here my knowledge of the action ends, as I received a gun-shot wound which disabled me from further participation in it, and before we had advanced twenty paces."

Lieut.-Col. Wm. H. Powell, of the 11th Infantry U. S. Army, from whose valuable article in the *Century* several extracts have been taken, writing under date of July 20, 1890, from Fort Abraham Lincoln, N. D.,

of which post he was then commandant, says :

"I thank you very much for the printed copy of your address on the subject of the battle of the 'Crater.' Your account of the Confederate side of the affair, as far as I could observe from the Union line, seems to accord so well with my views as to what took place, that I cannot but think you must be accurate in your full description. I saw your (Mahone's) line when it prepared for the first charge. I left the Crater under a heavy fire of canister, which one of your batteries was delivering, and reported that a charge was about to be made and returned in time to see it, and with orders to the brigade commanders to push their troops forward, but you might as well have tried to get bees out of a hive and form them into line. As I said before, I am glad to have had the pleasure of reading your version of the affair. As a regular officer at that time I was so thoroughly disgusted with the management of the whole business, from the beginning, that it was with difficulty I could restrain myself when writing about it."

Mr. Howard Aston, of Zanesville, Ohio, from whose recent article in the Zanesville *Courier*, several extracts have been taken, in a letter to Messrs. Cabaniss & Co., of Petersburg, Va., under date of August 20, 1890, says:

"GENTLEMEN: Your enclosure of pamphlet on 'Crater' battle duly received. I have delayed acknowledging receipt until I had perused same. Now I wish to thank you for the favor, for it is highly appreciated. Mr. Bernard's article is well written, and describes Mahone's first charge between 8 and 9 A. M., as I recall it. I also remember the charge of the Georgia brigade, which we also repulsed, (about 10 o'clock,) and again about 11 A. M. My position during each of said charges was close up to the rim of the Crater, to the left of the centre looking west, and during each of said charges I fired to the right oblique, and in the intervals my firing was directed at the troops in the traverses to the right (Confederate left), where there were a half-dozen or so battle-flags flying, some stuck in the earth-works and others being in the hands of color-bearers. Part of said troops were exposed to an enfilading fire from my stand-point, and said fire was poured in constantly by a few of us.

"There was a charge made by a small body of troops (probably 400) between 7 and 8 A. M. They came from the direction of where Mr. Griffith's house now stands. Some of them reached the outer rim of the Crater and were taken in by us. I think I saved the life of one of them; he was a tall, lank, chap and had rushed up to a depression in the earth and was down on hand and knees. Several rifles were leveled upon him when I cried, 'Don't shoot! Don't shoot! He'll surrender.' I called for him to come in. He drew back as if he was going to dodge to some shelter of earth to his right, when I brought up my gun and yelled, 'Come here, you d—d fool, or I will shoot.' Johnnie crawled in and huddled down with others towards the bottom of the Crater and I paid no attention to him after this. He may have been killed afterwards, for the shells from a small mortar battery to our right front dropped every few minutes in our midst, sometimes bursting just as they

would strike the earth, at others just above us, the pieces killing or wounding those nearest. I can testify that the boys who worked those mortars got the range *admirably* (for them—but not for us). I fired over 80 rounds from the Crater and near by and when the last charge was made dodged back to our line, and I did not see another man get back after I reached it.

"Again thanking you, and with kindest regards to each member of the firm,

"I am, very truly,

"HOWARD ASTON."

Capt. Freeman S. Bowley, of San Francisco, Cal., first lieutenant of Company H, Thirtieth U. S. Colored Troops, from whose address before the California commandery of the Loyal Legion much interesting matter has already been drawn, writing from San Francisco, under date of November 9th, 1890, says:

"Your letter with article on Petersburg Crater received. I read it with great interest. It is by far the most exhaustive and complete account that has ever been published. The only criticism that I would like to make is this: You over-estimate the number of men in the white regiments. Excepting the 14th N. Y. Heavy Artillery, and the 2d Pa. Heavy Artillery, the white regiments probably did not average 125 men each. They had suffered so in the Wilderness campaign that brigades would not make a fair sized regiment. Your 'old negro' was not my 'Sergeant Offer.' He (Offer) got out all right.

"Do you remember seeing the breast-work of dead men piled across the traverse at the right (Federal) side of the Crater? I had charge of the party that built that pile, and, when I have told the story since, I have seen the incredulous looks, and it would be pleasant for me to have it corroborated, especially by one of Mahone's brigade.

"I have always claimed that the battle was one of the most desperate, bloody and fearful, for those who were engaged, of any of the war.

"My old colonel, Gen. Delevan Bates, of Aurora, Nebraska, led our regiment and we led the Fourth division."

Gen. Bates, in response to a letter asking his recollections of the battle, in a statement furnished in January, 1891, says:

"On the 22d of July, 1864, as commanding officer of the 30th U. S. Colored Troops, I was informed by the brigade commander that a part of the Confederate line was being undermined and when this mine was exploded an assault would be made by the Union forces and that the colored division of the 9th corps had been selected to take the advance.

"The location of the fort was pointed out and the part that the 30th U. S. Colored Troops was to perform was given me in detail, as was also the work of the other regiments of the brigade.

"The 30th regiment was to advance immediately after the explosion, as rapidly as possible to the Crater, and then turn to the left and sweep down the line of breast-works as far as possible and hold the farthest point gained. It was expected the confusion would be so great that forty rods at least and perhaps a much farther distance would be secured.

"Another regiment was selected to do the same work on the right of the Crater, going just as far as possible.

GEN. DELEVAN BATES.

"My old colonel, Gen. Delevan Bates, of Aurora, Nebraska, led our regiment and we led the Fourth division." P. 182.

"In a few moments a staff-officer, hastily approaching, asked for the brigade commander. Not readily finding this officer he turned to me and said, 'Col. Bates, a charge must be made on Cemetery Hill at once.' * * * An ounce of lead struck me just in front of the right ear, passed above the roof of the mouth, and came out close behind the left ear." P. 183.

This would make a fair opening for the troops following to make a bee-line for the battery on the elevated ground near the cemetery, which we understood was the key to this part of the line.

"For several days our brigade was drilled in just the movements that we were expected to go through when the explosion should come. Time after time did my regiment go through the imaginary advance, the turn to the left and the advance along the line of the breast-works. Every officer and every private knew his place and what he was expected to do. Without a single command the part assigned to each could have been carried out, and I sincerely believe that the assault would have been a successful one, for the scheme was admirably planned.

"But the night before the assault was made the plan was changed by some one and the white troops were sent in, apparently without an idea of what they were to do. From the action of the division that went in immediately after the explosion one would think they neither knew what to do or how to do. No advantage appears to have been taken of the demoralized condition of the enemy, but all stopped at the Crater until all the surprise was over, when of course it was too late to expect success.

"Why the colored division was ordered in after a full two hours had elapsed and all the re-inforcements had arrived in our front that were deemed necessary to hold the uncaptured portion of the line, I never knew. Nor did I have a definite idea of what we were expected to do.

"The order to me was to go in by division front, which order was promptly obeyed, although by the time the Crater was reached our division front had vanished and we were rapidly moving by companies. My regiment entered the Confederate lines at the right of the Crater as we faced from the Union lines. A number of prisoners were taken and a fire was opened at the Confederates still farther to the right.

"In a few moments a staff-officer, hastily approaching, asked for the brigade commander. Not readily finding this officer he turned to me and said, 'Col. Bates, a charge must be made on Cemetery Hill at once.'

"The surroundings were such that a line of battle could not be formed and all that I could do was to order an advance to the front, which order was promptly obeyed by my regiment and such portions of the other regiments of our brigade as were near us. We reached the open plain beyond the line of breast-works in which we were partially protected before the move to the front.

"How far we went I do not know, for a volley from our front and right disabled about one-half of our offi-officers and one-third of the privates.

"I have been told that Ransom's North Carolina brigade occupied the breast-works from which the volley came.

"An ounce of lead struck me just in front of the right ear, passed above the roof of the mouth, and came out close behind the left ear.

"The fighting of Mahone's brigade, so well described by you, did not occur until some time after I was shot. No doubt they did well, for I have faced the Virginia troops too many times to cast any reflections upon their valor. I saw Pickett's division at Gettysburg make a charge as ill-advised as was ours at the Crater. They were as badly cut to pieces and met as disastrous a defeat as did we; but they did all that

men could do, and so did the colored division. Perhaps it may be interesting to some to know how I felt when the bullet passed through my head, and what the first thoughts were after being wounded. I did not think of home, nor heaven, nor death, nor my farm-life. I was slightly dazed, but realized that I was seriously injured, and felt that I must get to the rear as soon as possible. I did not fall, nor did I feel any pain whatsoever. To reach the breast-works where shelter could be obtained was the first impulse. I presume that I staggered, for several of the men came to my assistance. A feeling of fainting then came over me, and water was asked for. A canteen-full was poured upon my head and I revived. I was carried at once to our lines, and when about half the distance was passed an experience was undergone which will never be forgotten. A charge of canister was fired at us from the battery at the right of the Crater. The men who were carrying me saw the discharge of the gun and dropped to the ground. Such a shrill, deathly, sound as was made by that charge passing about two feet above us, God knows I never want to hear again. Once within our lines my wound was simply dressed with cold water. The second day saw me on board a vessel for New York, and soon a mother's hand was kindly nursing the wounded soldier. I was but twenty-fonr years of age and in perfect health. The wound rapidly healed without pain or inconvenience, except a stiffened jaw and partial deafness. Eight weeks saw me in front of Petersburg once more, and the experience of the battle of the Crater gave me the star of a brevet-brigadier-general and the command of a brigade through the rest of the war."

Mr. Wm. C. Smith, of Nashville, Tenn., and acting ensign of the 12th Virginia regiment, writing from that place under date of September 8th, 1890, says:

"Among those who reached the works, however, and who did effective work, was Emmet Richardson, a tall, strong, athletic fellow, who, after discharging his gun, did terrible work with the bayonet and with the butt of his gun. No less than five of the enemy fell beneath the terrible strokes of this powerful man. He was a member of Co. K, of the 12th, Capt. Dick Lewellen's old company. Joe Maclin will remember, no doubt, the man, and also the incident, as he was very near by at the time himself. I have lost sight of Richardson entirely since the war. I don't know whether he is living or not, though I hope he is, and it would be very gratifying to know that he has made as good a citizen as he made a good and faithful soldier.*

"The battle-flag of the Twelfth regiment on that occasion, which was comparatively new and which had been little used (the old battle-flag having been so badly torn and put away for safe-keeping), had never been touched by a bullet of the enemy up to the morning of July 30th, 1864, though it had been carried in several engagements previous to the battle of the Crater. On the morning in question, however, it had been riddled by bullets. The staff also was badly shattered. Immediately after getting possession of the works, the acting ensign examined the flag,

*Thos. E. Richardson, orderly sergeant of his company, formerly of Petersburg and now of Richmond, Va. He has made as good a citizen as he made a good and faithful soldier.

as well as the staff, and found that in the charge five shots had passed through the bunting, and three shots had struck the staff. It was then planted on the works, but ere the lapse of a minute it was knocked down by a shot from the enemy. It was replaced in the works, but was soon knocked down again by another shot. Again it was planted in the works, and the third time was knocked down by a shot from the enemy, and this time the staff was so badly shattered as to render it necessary to re-inforce it by splicing with a ram-rod, in order to hold the pieces of the staff together, which being accomplished, it was again planted in the works.

"At the close of the fight on the 30th an examination was made of the flag and the staff, and, by actual count, it was found that seventy-five shots had passed through the flag, and nine shots had struck the staff. On the return of the brigade to its former position near Willcox's farm, the acting ensign of the 12th was sent for and ordered to report to Gen. Mahone at his headquarters. On reaching Mahone's headquarters the general presented him with one of the staffs of the U. S. flags captured by the brigade at the Crater. This staff was reduced in size somewhat and the battle-flag of the 12th regiment transferred to it. This was the staff surrendered at Appomattox Court-House. The remnant of the flag-staff carried in the battle of the Crater, with the original fractures and several bullet-marks still visible upon it, is in the possession of the acting ensign of the 12th Virginia regiment on that occasion, by whom it is held as a precious relic of one of the most brilliant achievements of the war.

"I recall another incident which was related to me on the day following the battle, by David McConichie, a Scotchman, and a member of that splendid company, the Richmond Grays. He said he was an eye witness to a fierce hand to hand contest between Thomas S. Walsh, of the Richmond Grays, and a Federal officer. Walsh, with his gun and bayonet, and the Federal officer, with his sword, parried vigorously with each other, each struggling for the mastery, when all at once, Walsh, who was very expert in the bayonet exercise, made a successful lunge, driving his bayonet through the body of the officer, and the latter, notwithstanding, made a cut at Walsh afterwards with his sabre. Walsh was subsequently killed himself in the battle on the 19th of August, while standing by the side of Gen. Weisiger and the writer. Walsh was small in stature, but strong and active, and a more gallant and faithful soldier was not known in the brigade. David McConichie will be remembered, no doubt, by many of the surviving members of the 12th regiment, who reside in Petersburg. He was a faithful soldier, and a gentleman of unquestionable veracity."

Mr. John E. Laughton, Jr., of Richmond, Va., first lieutenant of Co. D, 12th Va. regiment, in a statement made in September, 1890, says:

"I commanded Co. C, of the brigade sharp-shooters, which company was on the extreme right of the battalion of sharp-shooters. A portion of the works to be attacked by the Virginia brigade was taken and held, and the portion which the Georgia brigade was expected to take was not re-captured by them, even after a second attack.

"I was desperately wounded in three places when within thirty feet

of the breast-works, and at the first volley from a concentrated fire of several lines massed for a forward movement. The fire was not only from the direct front, but was also an enfilading fire, which came from those of the enemy in the Crater, this being to our right. The proportion of wounded and killed in the sharp-shooters was exceedingly large.

The battalion went into the fight with 104 men and officers, and of these 94 men and officers were killed and wounded. Of the nine officers present eight were shot through the breast. Lieut. Frith, of Chesterfield county, Va., although one of the most gallant of my associates, escaped unhurt.

"The presence of the sharp-shooters in this action was accidental. Their usual duty was day service on the front line, where they did picket, skirmish and vidette duty, from which they were relieved every night by some portion of the regular troops. On the night before the battle of the Crater the right wing of the 6th Va. relieved them, and the call for the brigade to get under arms on the morning of the 30th was before it was time to send out the sharp-shooters to take their then usual position on the picket line in front of the intrenchments on the Willcox farm. So the battalion went along with the balance of the brigage in the place of the right wing of the 6th Va., and accordingly occupied the extreme right of the brigade line of battle."

Capt. James E. Phillips, of Richmond, Va., first lieutenant of Co. G, 12th Va. regiment, in a statement furnished in September, 1890, says:

"Gen. Mahone ordered the men to fix bayonets and lie down and in the charge not to fire a shot until the works were taken. As I passed one of the angles in the ditch by which we approached the ravine from which the charge was made I saw the works north of the Crater filled with thousands of the enemy—they at least so appeared to me. I counted 21 flags flying from the Crater and these works. This sight gave me no hope of ever getting away alive.

"We were now ready for the charge, but Wright's brigade which was to support us was not yet in position. It was at the time passing along in the ravine immediately behind us to take its position on our right. Many of the enemy I saw tumbling over to our side of the breast-works. The men on the right of our line began to fire, although this was against orders. This made it necessary for the left of the line to advance at once—for it was life or death with us—which we did with a Confederate yell that carried everything before it. The sight was the grandest I ever witnessed. Those on the left of the line reached the works soonest, as we had the shortest distance to go."

Mr. Richard B. Davis, of Petersburg, Va., who was a member of the Petersburg Riflemen, Co. E, 12th Va. regiment, in a statement made in January, 1891, says:

"At the battle of the Crater I was serving as a member of the corps of sharp-shooters of Mahone's brigade, having been detailed along with Private James A. Farley and Sergeant Marcellus W. Harrison, of our company, for that service, some time before the date of the battle.

* * * * * *

"We got into position, the 6th Va. regiment being farthest to the right, our sharp-shooters taking the

place of one wing of the 6th regiment, and then the balance of the brigade in order. As we lay there for a moment or two awaiting orders, we had a full view of the Federal troops occupying our works to the left of the Crater formed by the explosion. Our right did not extend as far as a point opposite to the Crater itself. The battle-flags seemed almost as thick as cornstalks in a row, and the whole face of the earth, including the ditch which our men formerly occupied, fairly teemed with the enemy. While we were thus lying, Farley pointed out to me a United States flag which seemed to have been planted in the ditch nearest us and said, 'Dick, when we start go for that flag.'

"Suddenly we heard to our front and left a shout as if the Federals were about to charge, and, looking in that direction we saw, or thought we saw, the enemy charging down on our lines. The men sprang to their feet and cried, 'Charge boys!' and away we went over the field with fixed bayonets, but not firing. I shall never forget the magnificent appearance of that long line of tattered uniforms as it swept in splendid form across the field in the face of a tremendous fire that with every step was thinning our ranks. Among the first, Lieut. John E. Laughton fell, shot through the breast. The next man struck, as well as I now remember, was B. F. Eckles, of Co. A, who fell shot through the ankle. After him, when we had gotten right up to the ditch, Marcellus Harrison was shot in the face (the muzzle of the gun not being three feet from him) and instantly killed. Farley I never saw afterwards. He was killed, I suppose. His body was never recovered.

"With better fortune I kept on until we got within five feet of the ditch where the Federals lay. It was literally filled with them, crouching in every conceivable attitude, with their palms raised, crying for quarter. As we got near I noticed a Federal officer especially, with drawn pistol, walking along as best he could, and swearing he would shoot the first man that surrendered. Others of our men noticed the same thing, as some one cried out, 'Shoot the officers!' and immediately all of us fired—that is, all except me; my gun snapped. I struck the butt of the gun on the ground to shake the powder into the tube preparatory to another trial, when I was shot through the right arm, just above the elbow.

"I had, however, reached the flag that Farley had pointed out, and, stripping it from the staff, I jumped with it into the ditch. Just then Capt. Broadbent, who was in command of our sharp-shooters, cried out, 'Come on, boys, they have captured Rogers (meaning Col. Rogers, of the 6th)!' and we passed along with him to the right, where there seemed to be a hand-to-hand struggle going on. Broadbent fired his pistol several times into the crowd and Rogers was re-captured, I learned. About this time there was a rush of men from the other side of the embankment into the trench where we were and Broadbent was killed. All this occurred in less than half the time it takes to narrate it. Looking up the trench to the right, I saw the Federals about the rim of the Crater getting a Napoleon gun into position in the trench to fire down it. To my left, probably twenty steps, there was an immense traverse cutting off all view of the line in that direction. Looking around I saw very few, or none of our men, and, seeing the piece of artillery being

gotten into position to rake the trench, I determined to risk the run over the traverse into the trench beyond, where I was sure our men were. Starting out with that purpose, I had gone but a few steps, when I heard some one say, 'Bayonet that man!' and filled with horror I sprang out of the works and ran back towards the ravine from which we commenced the charge, and, reaching it, fell prone on the earth, face downwards, perfectly exhausted. When I got to the rear I remember looking under my jacket for the flag I tore off as above narrated and had stuffed there for safe keeping. The flag, however, was gone, but in the jacket about the place where the flag had been were two bullet-holes, besides three other bullet-holes, one about the left shoulder, the other two in the right sleeve, the latter made by the bullet which had pierced my arm. I think I must have dropped the flag in the works."

Mr. Putnam Stith, of Petersburg, Va., in a statement furnished in November, 1891, says:

"I was at the Crater as a member of Co. E (Petersburg Riflemen), 12th Va. regiment, Mahone's brigade. As we filed out from the covered way into the ravine in rear of our works from which the charge was made, I saw Gen. Mahone standing at the angle of the covered way, or ditch, personally directing the movement of the men. We formed the line of battle in the ravine, and in a few minutes some of the enemy then in our works started to charge upon us, and some of our men, without any order that I remember, gave them a scattering fire, which resulted in their retiring into the works.

"Immediately after this fire we made the charge. The enemy in the trench did not leave the works. I cannot say as to anything that occurred on the east, or outside, of our breast-works — my remark having reference only to the Federals within my vision in the trench on the west side of our breast-works. We engaged them hand-to-hand in the traverses and ditch behind the breast-works. I remember firing my gun when we gave the scattering fire that I have already mentioned as given before the charge was made, and I had no time to load again. Consequently all the fighting that I did after arriving at the works was with the bayonet and butt of my gun. I remember seeing a negro who had the most fiendish countenance that I have ever seen, with the muzzle of his gun in close proximity of Meade Bernard's head. There was a malicious grin on his face. I expected him to fire before I could strike him, but I struck him over the head with the butt of my gun and knocked him down before he could accomplish his manifest purpose. I will state here that several times in my dreams in the twenty odd years that have elapsed since the battle of the Crater I have seen this same negro with the same horrible countenance I have described and which impressed itself on my memory so deeply.

I do not remember anything else particularly except that a member of our company (I think it was John Crow)[25] and myself were exchanging congratulations on getting through another fight safely when I was shot through the shoulder. This was a few minutes after we reached the works, and we regarded the fighting as practically over. I went back to the rear, going along the same route by which we had reached the ravine from which the charge was made, and when near Hannon's ice-pond I seated myself behind a

25. John E. Crow, of Wilmington, N. C.

tree to rest, very weak and faint from loss of blood. Hearing a groan from behind a tree near me, and, looking to see from whom it came, I discovered to my satisfaction and pleasure that it came from my friend Dick Davis, who was wounded in the arm. We made our way together up the ravine near the Hannon pond to the ambulances. Doctor Vance probed our wounds and gave each of us a drink of whiskey, put us in an ambulance and sent us to McIlwaine's Grove, where Dr. James W. Claiborne, our brigade-surgeon, was. When we got into Sycamore street, near the home of Prof. W. T. Davis (Dick's father), Dick told a boy to tell his father he was slightly wounded (in point of fact he was severely wounded) and was on his way to McIlwaine's Grove. In less than a half hour after we got there Prof. Davis arrived with a bottle of home-made wine in each hand; and that wine, in addition to the whiskey that Dr. Claiborne and Dr. Vance had already given us, saved two lives."

Judge D. M. Bernard, of Petersburg, Va., mentioned in the foregoing statement as "Meade Bernard," a member of the Petersburg Riflemen, in a letter dated June 28, 1892, says:

"The account, given in your address before A. P. Hill Camp, of the battle of the Crater, agrees so entirely with my recollection of it, and is so full, that it leaves me but little to say on the subject.

"I have a very strong impression that we slept upon our arms the night preceding this battle and that it was this fact, amongst others, that led us to believe that our commanding general had anticipated what occurred on that memorable day.

"When the order came for our command to move I was at the spring filling the canteens for our mess, and when I returned to the trenches I found the brigade about to move. I distributed the canteens, got my rifle and filed into ranks. We all believed that the move meant fight, but when and where I, at least, did not know until we had gone some distance, when Capt. Norborne Starke, of Gen. Hill's staff, rode up and called me to him. He dismounted and we walked along together, he leading his horse. He then told me that a mine had been sprung at the Elliott salient, that the enemy in large force had occupied a portion of our lines and that our mission was to charge and dislodge them and re-establish the broken lines.

"Capt. Starke and myself had the same sweetheart. At least I *know* that I was very much in love with her and I *thought* he was. I had, during the war, worn in the watch-pocket of my pants a little locket with a most excellent daguerreotype of this lady, and whenever I met Capt. Starke—and I met him frequently—he would invariably ask me to let him look at this picture and never failed to beg me for it. Of course I did not comply with this request. On the occasion in question, after speaking of the hot and perilous work we were about to engage in, and of the probabilities that both he and I would be killed, he said, 'Meade, if you should be killed in this fight and I survive, will you agree that I may take that locket from your pocket and keep it as my own, if I rescue your body and see that it has a decent burial in your square in Blandford?' I agreed and the bargain for my burial was struck. I marched on, trying to be cheerful, but my heart was heavy.

"About this time we had reached the point where we were ordered to doff our knapsacks, &c., and get

ready for action. I do not remember that I did, but I have no doubt I did, hope that by some means it might fall to my lot to act as guard for their luggage while the other boys were fighting, but such was not my lot. In a few moments we were moving towards the field of battle. I think we marched left in front, so that when we emerged from the covered way into the ravine from which we charged our line of battle was formed under the order, 'on the left by file into line.'

"I remember very distinctly, just as I left the covered way to turn up the ravine, there seeing Gen. Mahone superintending the formation of his line and speaking words of encouragement to the men. I also, just at this point, remember seeing a member of Gen. Elliott's command who said to us, 'Show them no quarter, boys, they raised the black flag on us and showed us none.' I have also an indistinct recollection that this same soldier informed us that a large portion of the enemy we had to meet were negroes.

"After I got my position in line I raised my head and looked towards the enemy, when it became evident to me, judging from the number of battle-flags I saw floating from the works in front of us, that we were about to fight against enormous odds. My recollection is that I hurriedly counted twenty-one of these flags. I got back into my position in line feeling that my earthly career was approaching its close, and I offered to Almighty God a short, but perhaps the most earnest and fervent prayer I had ever uttered, to spare my life, or, if not, to save my soul. I felt that this prayer would be answered, I did not know how, nor, if I remember correctly, did I care very much. I felt more thoroughly than I had ever done before that I was in God's hands and that he would do what was best for me.

"Soon after Capt. Jones had given us the little address you so accurately describe—I do not remember exactly how long—I happened to raise my head and saw the enemy crowding over the breast-works as if about to make a charge upon us. Just at this moment Capt. Girardey, who was behind and a little to my right, waving his sword, sprang over our line, saying, 'Charge! Follow me!' The manner in which this command was obeyed I shall not attempt to describe. It is a matter of history, read by the world.

"Most of the men obeyed the order given by Capt. Jones not to fire our guns until we reached the works in which the enemy was intrenched. Arrived at these, I fired my gun into a mass of human beings, with what effect I do not know, nor do I care to know. As soon as I fired I sprang into one of the numerous traverses that ran through and about the lines of the breast-works and ditches that constituted the fortifications at this point. This traverse, by a somewhat winding route, led directly into the main ditch at this point. I followed it, meeting several unarmed, terrified negroes, some wounded and some not, all begging for mercy and trying to get to our rear, until it brought me to this main ditch. It seems that there was one Confederate soldier—a mere youth—ahead of me in this traverse and on his way to the main ditch, but, in consequence, I suppose, of its winding nature, I did not see him, or, if I did, I did not notice him until I entered the main ditch. This youth was one of Elliott's brigade, who, with several others of his comrades, as I have always understood, charged along with us. As soon as I entered the main ditch, which was filled with the enemy, white and black, in perfect confusion, some running and some

fighting, I saw this youth to my left leaning with his back against the breast-work, with a large negro soldier standing over him, with musket in hand, attempting to send his bayonet into his body, the youth having hold of the bayonet and resisting with all his might the efforts of the negro to stick it into him. I immediately made for them, lunged my bayonet at his side, but, either from bad aim on my part or quick motion on his, the bayonet, instead of entering his body and putting an end to him, struck plumb upon his hip bone. He immediately turned loose his gun and seized mine before I could recover myself for another lunge at him, and endeavored to disarm me, and would perhaps have done so, but for the fact that I was possessed of considerable physical strength. While this negro and I were scuffling over my gun a Federal lieutenant, a white man, with pistol drawn and pointed to my face, ordered me to surrender, which perhaps I would have done but for the fact that at that moment our boys who had not been so fortunate, or unfortunate (I don't know which) as to have struck a traverse leading into the main ditch, but had to climb as best they could over the ditches and breast-works, were pouring over the embankments into the ditch where I was, and I saw it was safer to fight on than to surrender. So I declined to surrender, or rather, went on with my efforts to get control of my gun. This lieutenant then pulled trigger, but his pistol snapped. As quick as thought he again cocked it, and, putting it to my face, pulled trigger and it fired, but it was so close to me, that, as it fired, it was knocked out of position by my arm and its charge missed me. Before he could get ready for another fire a member of the Richmond Grays, —Jake Old, I believe it was—had pierced him with his bayonet and he fell to the ground. Just at this juncture—it all happened in less than one-tenth of the time I have taken to tell about it—the youth whom I had rescued had picked up a large army pistol and with its butt end knocked my negro antagonist a blow on the forehead which felled him to the ground, a dead man (I think), and left me master of my gun and unhurt.

"I then stepped back into the traverse for the purpose of loading my gun, and came very near doing a very sad piece of work with its load. Just as I, with loaded gun, returned into the main ditch, an officer with uniform almost exactly like that worn by the Federal officers ran by me from left to right, going in the direction of the Crater, where the enemy were huddled together, pressing with all their might to get cover in the hole, some of them crying out, 'We surrender!' some waving white handkerchiefs, and some—a *great many*, it seemed to *me*—shooting back at us. I raised my gun to shoot this officer as he ran from me, but, just as I was about to pull trigger, he hallooed to those of the enemy whose shots were worrying us, 'Stop shooting, if you wish to surrender!' and as I did not feel like doing an injury to one who seemed so anxious to do good to me, I uncovered him and let fly at the pestiferous shooters whom he was trying to quiet. As I fired this officer turned towards me and I saw it was one of Gen. Beauregard's staff-officers who was dressed in his fatigue uniform. I remarked to him that I came very near shooting him and he replied that I would not have been at fault, as it was a very imprudent thing in him to go into an action dressed as he was.

"It was not far from this spot, but some minutes afterwards, that poor Emmet Butts fell right by my side, so close that I heard and shall never

forget the sound of the ball which pierced his forehead and killed him instantly. He had just fired his gun at one of the enemy, who was running at full speed from the Crater over to the enemy's lines and who fell so nearly at the crack of Emmet's gun that he, believing that he had killed him, exclaimed, 'I got him!' which words had hardly fallen from his lips when he fell a corpse.

"There is one other little incident of this battle that I will tell before closing this letter. I saw that afternoon the happiest man I had ever before or have ever since seen. His clothes were saturated with red mud, made of red dirt and sweat. He was bare-headed, and his hair was matted with this same red mud, and his face was covered with it, except that here and there, running up and down his face, were streaks washed clean by streams of perspiration. But his eyes showed happiness to their very bottom. He told me that he was one of Elliott's command; that he had been buried close by the side of the Crater under the earth thrown over him by the springing of the mine; that he must have been stunned by the concussion; that when he came to himself he found that he had been buried, but when and how he knew not; that he was not fastened so tightly that he could not move a little; that he moved and scratched until he saw near him a crack through which the daylight came; and that he had worked his way out with his hands and nails from where he was caught to this opening. When I saw him in the afternoon he had just emerged from what, for several hours, he had feared would be his grave, and he was happy."

Col. Wm. H. Stewart, of the 61st Virginia regiment, in an article published in the Norfolk (Va.) *Landmark* in 1876, or about that date, says:

"Maj. W. H. Etheredge, of the Forty-first regiment, displayed great gallantry, as was always his custom on the field. As he jumped in the ditch, a brave Federal soldier in the front line fired through the traverse and killed a soldier at his side. He immediately dropped his empty musket and snatched another from a cowering comrade to kill Maj. Etheredge. At this juncture the major, with remarkable self-possession, caught up two Federals who were crouching in the ditch and held their heads together between his determined opponent and himself, swinging them to and fro to cover the sight of the musket, the Federal doing his best to uncover it so as to unharm his friend by his bullet. Peter Gibbs, of Co. E (of Petersburg), Forty-first Virginia regiment, rushed to the assistance of the major and killed his foe. Gibbs was a gallant soldier, and fought with great desperation. It was said at the time that he slew fourteen men that day.

Maj. Etheredge, in a private letter to his friend, Capt. Geo. J. Rogers, of Richmond, Va., written March 23rd. 1892, gives the following account of this battle-scene:

"And now, as you have requested me to do so, I will give you a short history of the part I took in the fight at the Crater. When we made the charge and reached the breast-works, I was among the first to jump into the ditch, where the Yanks were as thick as they could stand. The first sergeant of Co. D jumped in about the same time I did, and was killed instantly. Where I was there was a small bomb-proof, and two Yanks squatting down near its mouth to keep out of danger (they were white men with muskets in their hands

with fixed bayonets). My feet had not more than touched the ground when they rose up and stood before me. Just then the man that killed the sergeant stooped down and picked up a musket evidently with the intention of killing me. I took in the situation at once, took hold of the two men in front of me and kept them so close together it was impossible for him—I mean the man that picked up the musket—to kill me without endangering the lives of his own men. Just at that moment our men were jumping into the ditch like frogs. One of them jumped in just behind me, and I sang out to him at the top of my voice to kill the man in front of me. The man that I spoke to, Peter Gibbs by name, of Co. E, Petersburg, Va., stepped one pace to the right of me and killed the Federal soldier as quick as you could wink your eye. The fellow was so intent on killing me he died with his musket in his hands trying to shoot me. I then made the other two men throw down their arms and started them to the rear."

Col. F. W. McMaster, of Columbia, S. C., colonel of the 17th South Carolina regiment, writing from that place under date of August 3, 1892, says:

"COLUMBIA, S. C.,
"August 3, 1892.

"Mr. GEO. S. BERNARD,
"*Petersburg, Va.*

"My Dear Sir: During the last three months we have had some correspondence touching my recollections of the battle of the Crater, and especially the point in issue between us—the hour at which Mahone's brigade made its charge. With a view to its publication in your book, 'War Talks of Confederate Veterans,' now being printed, you have requested me to write you a letter embodying what I have heretofore written you, and this I take pleasure in doing.

First, I refer you to my letter to Gen. Beauregard, written in 1872 and reproduced by Col. Roman in the Appendix of his work, 'The Military Operations of Gen. Beauregard.'

"Secondly, I refer you to a letter that I wrote to the secretary of the Southern Historical Society, February 25th, 1882, reproduced in the March number, 1882, of the Southern Historical Papers (vol. X, p. 119), and especially to Maj. Jas. C. Coit's letter to me, dated August 2nd, 1879, reproduced in this magazine along with my last mentioned letter. Maj. Coit commanded the battalion of artillery in which were the batteries of Capts. Pegram and Wright, and is a gentleman of superior ability and extremely careful in his statements. His account of the part taken by the artillery on the day of the battle is by all odds the most interesting I have ever read, and would be an attractive article for your work.

"On the morning of July 30, 1864, the brigade of Gen. Stephen Elliott, composed of the 26th, 17th, 18th, 22nd and 23rd South Carolina regiments of infantry, occupied the lines about the Elliott salient, these regiments being located from left to right in the order here given, the 26th having next on its left Ransom's (N. C.) brigade, and the 23rd having next on its right Wise's (Va.) brigade.

"The explosion overwhelmed Pegram's battery, the whole of the 18th regiment, three companies of the 22nd, and part of Co. A, of the 17th.

"For some moments there was the utmost consternation among our men. Some scampered out of the lines; some, paralyzed with fear, vaguely scratched at the counterscarp as if trying to escape. Smoke and dust filled the air. But all this

was practically momentary. Jumping on the banquette, I discovered the enemy pouring into the Crater, and very little firing on their line. In less than five minutes' time our men recovered from their panic, the men of the 18th falling in indiscriminately with mine (those of the 17th).

"About this time a battery on the left of the ravine, a short distance in rear of Ransom's brigade, did great execution. This battery was Wright's, of Halifax county, Va., and was well handled. I observed it specially. The other batteries in the rear and to the south of the Crater also did good execution.

"I may here quote from Major Coit's letter above referred to:

"'The night before the explosion I remained in Pegram's battery until 12 o'clock, at which time all was quiet on the lines, the men being in remarkably good spirits, singing songs, &c., all unconscious of the fate that awaited them with the dawn.

"'At 12 o'clock I returned to my headquarters at the spring, and slept soundly until awakened at daylight by the dull, heavy sound of the explosion, and by a sensation as of being rocked in a cradle. In a moment I suspected what had occurred and ran up the line in the direction of Pegram's battery. When within a few yards of the Crater I was met by the few men of the battery that survived the explosion, and the fate of the remainder was fully revealed. At this time the enemy were pouring over our works into the Crater. Immediately after the explosion the enemy opened upon our lines with all the artillery concentrated in our front. The roar of the enemy's guns, the bursting of shells and the rattle of musketry was deafening; yet with all I found the men of Elliott's brigade bravely manning the works up to the borders of the Crater, leaving no front for the entrance of the enemy, except such as has been made vacant by the upheaval of the earth. I immediately made my way down the lines to the left, to Wright's battery. The battery was not in the main line, but a few yards in the rear; it bore directly upon the salient at very close range, and was erected for the purpose of defending the front of our works. It was upon the hill to the left of and very near the ravine or covered way, in the rear of Ransom's right. The position was a very elevated one (more elevated than the salient) and, as there was a gradual ascent from the ravine to Pegram's battery, Wright's guns were enabled to sweep the front of our works over the heads of our men in the line occupied by Elliott's brigade.

"'From the moment of the explosion until my arrival in Wright's battery could not have exceeded twenty or twenty-five minutes. Up to this time no artillery from our lines had opened that I know of. I immediately ordered the battery to open with shrapnel and canister, first sweeping the ground in front of Elliott's line and the salient. At this time the enemy were still pressing their columns from their lines over the intervening space to the Crater. This fire, together with the musketry from Elliott's brigade and other troops along the line within reach, soon checked the advance of the enemy from their own lines. The Crater itself could not contain the masses that had already been hurried into the breach, so that thousands were crowded over its interior rim, and stood in its rear without apparent organization in one immense crowd.

"'Having checked the advance of the enemy from their lines, Wright's

guns were turned directly upon the Crater and the masses assembled in its rear. The fire from this battery was unremitting from the time it opened until the close of the engagement by the surrender of the Crater, having thrown during the time from five to six hundred shell and canister. Anticipating a large expenditure of ammunition, additional supplies were ordered from the rear and brought in wagons from Cemetery Hill as near our lines as it was safe to do so, in rear of Gracie's right, from which point it was borne by details of men appointed for that purpose. From my position in this battery I had a complete view of all the movements in front and rear of the Crater and ground within our lines, from the ravine to the plank road. Feeling that our safety depended upon our success in preventing the formation of the enemy, I watched their movements closely, and redoubled the fire when I saw any indication of formation or attempt to advance in the direction of the plank road.

"'During the engagement, Bradford's battery opened a heavy fire with his 20-pound Parrotts,* enfilading the enemy's lines as far as the Hare house and beyond. I cannot speak in too high praise of the conduct of Capt. Wright,† his officers and men, during this engagement. The day was excessively hot, and the labor of serving the guns so rapidly and bearing ammunition from the rear was very exhausting. So busy were we that, though conscious of the continual bursting of shells over us, I was not aware until the firing ceased to what a cannonade we had been subjected. Our works were literally battered, and the ground around us and in our rear was so honey-combed by the explosion of mortar shells that you could have walked all over it by stepping from hole to hole. Notwithstanding this heavy fire, the casualties were not great, owing to the fact that the enemy could only obtain an oblique fire upon the front of the battery, and the gunners were protected by heavy traverses between each gun. I may here state that owing to the nearness of the enemy's lines to the salient, the gun detachment of Pegram's battery were required to be awake and ready for an assault at all hours of the night and day. This necessitated the relief of the officers and men each day; two officers and sufficient men to man the guns being on duty, the remainder being in the rear. On the morning of the explosion Lieutenants Hamlin and Chandler being on duty, were both, with twenty men, killed; three or four only of those on duty escaped.'

"Let us now return to my narrative of what transpired in the trenches. In ten or fifteen minutes

*This battery, of three guns, a company from Mississippi, commanded by Capt. Wm. D. Bradford, was stationed on the *north* side of the Appomattox, on Roslyn Farm, and just north of Fort McGilvery (which was on the south side of the river).

Mr. Patrick C. Hoy, of Petersburg, Va., who was first lieutenant of this battery and present with it on the 30th of July, 1864, in a statement made September 1, 1892, says:

"A sentinel whose duty it was to watch the Federal lines on the south side of the Appomattox, hearing the explosion and the cannonading in the vicinity of the Elliott salient, reported it to Capt. Bradford, who, after observing the heavy firing in the direction of the salient, and that there was unusual commotion among the Federals on the lines on that side of the river, opened fire and enfiladed these lines as far as Fort Steadman. The Federal batteries at Fort McGilvery and Battery One (which was immediately on the south bank of the river), returned our fire, but not briskly. It was several hours before we positively knew that there had been an explosion of a mine at the Elliott salient."

† Capt. Sam'l T. Wright, of Halifax county, Va.

after the explosion Gen. Elliott came along with Col. Smith, of the 26th South Carolina regiment, and ordered me to take my regiment and follow him and form a line on the brow of the hill and charge the enemy out of the Crater. Smith had a few of his men crammed in the ditch following him. I waited a few minutes until Smith and some of his men were out of the way and extended the order along my line. I saw Elliott, Smith, and about a half dozen men get out of the ditch on the brow of the hill. Elliott was shot immediately after he got up.

"As soon as the general was shot he was borne past me, and told me to take charge of the brigade. His aids reported to me immediately and rendered good service during the day. As soon as I took command I countermanded the order given by Gen. Elliott. It struck me as rashness to endeavor to make the men get out of the ditches and attempt to form a line under fire at the top of the hill at fifty or seventy-five yards from the Crater, exposed from head to heel to the fire from the Crater and the enemy's line, which was about one hundred yards east of the Crater. To do this seemed an impossibility. I observed at this time that the Crater was full of men and counted either fourteen or sixteen regimental flags, and I was then a rock's throw from them.

"My apprehension was that the men in the Crater would rush down the hill westwardly and get in rear of my line in the ravine, in which Gen. Mahone subsequently formed his line. I ordered Col. Smith, of the 26th, to take all of his men he could gather and immediately go down the ditch to Gen. Elliott's headquarters, to go up this ravine and lie down, and if the enemy endeavored to rush down upon him to resist them. Smith's regiment being small, I detached three of my largest companies, under Capt. Crawford, to co-operate with him, and my anxiety was very great until Smith's command got in position. Believing that the fate of Petersburg depended on filling up this gap in the rear of the Crater, I spread the remainder of the 17th regiment, and the very small part of the 18th that remained, along the line of the trenches, until it struck Ransom's brigade on the left, and fought the enemy from behind the traverses as well as I could. At various places we threw up barricades across the trench. Many of the enemy jumped over the back part of the Crater, got into the rear ditch which communicated with the trench leading into Pegram's salient and pressed me on my right flank. Nearly all of my two right companies were killed, wounded and captured in the successive hand-to-hand fights we had here. Once, when my men retreated to the bend in the works next on their left, I was left between the enemy and my command.

"Being anxious about Smith, with his men in the ravine to the west and rear of the Crater, I took a position back of a little mound close to a sink, from which position I made a reconnoisance of the ravine. On my return up the little ditch to the main trench I observed the trench for twenty yards free of men. As soon as I got back to my men we made a new barricade. I had before this time sent couriers to Gen. Bushrod Johnson, and one to the right wing of the brigade, which was on the south side of the Crater, informing them that I was in command, and directing them to resist the enemy as best they could until the re-inforcements which Gen. Johnson was sending up, should arrive.

"What I have now told you is what

I wrote Gen. Beauregard in my letter above referred to, with some little amplification of language.

"I may introduce just here, as descriptive of what occurred in the trenches before Mahone's brigade reached them, some interesting marginal notes, made in a copy of the December number, 1876, of the Southern Historical Papers, containing Capt. McCabe's address, 'The Defense of Petersburg;' by Mr. Thomas S. Lamotte, of Columbia, S. C., who is an intelligent gentleman and was a sergeant in Co. C, of my regiment, and, at the battle of the Crater, after its captain was wounded, commanded the company. Here are his notes:

"'From 15 minutes after the explosion until the final re-capture of the works, the infantry fire from the trenches north of the Crater was unceasing and did great execution on the advancing and retreating Federals.

"'The confusion resulting from the explosion was but momentary, and affected the regiment (17th S. C.) only to the extent that those who escaped from the explosion rushed headlong into the adjacent parts of the trench and crowded upon the position to the north of the Crater. In less than 15 minutes perfect order was restored and the men never left their proper places for a moment, and immediately opened fire on the enemy advancing.

"'Elliott was shot at the moment when he stepped upon the embankment to the rear of the trench, exposing himself to the Federals who occupied the gorge line only about 30 yards distant. This was about 6 o'clock.

"'The 17th S. C. regiment *remained* in the trenches, in their position to the left of the salient and *in immediate proximity to it*, from the moment of the explosion until they were driven out by the assault of the Federal (negro) troops at about 8 o'clock, during all which time the 17th S. C. *alone* barred the passage along the trenches towards the covered way in the direction of Cemetery Hill.'

"Referring to the paragraph in Capt. McCabe's address, in which he (McCabe) says that Potter's 'leading regiments, deflected by the hostile fire, bore to the left and mingling with Ledlie's men, swarming along the sides of the great pit, added to the confusion,' Mr. Lamotte has the following note:

"'This was the fire from Elliott's brigade, immediately north of the Crater, directly in the face of the advancing line, and at short range, say, from 100 to 150 yards, which swept the entire front of the exploded salient between the Federal and Confederate lines. This being the small space upon which the Federal columns were obliged to debouch, as they passed over their own works.'

"Mr. Lamotte made a plat of the Crater at the time he made these foot notes, and this I mark as 'P' and send you herewith. In a conversation which I recently had with him, he stated that the Federals at first tried to possess themselves of the lines on the south side of the Crater, and then occupied the rear line and a short part of the front line of the salient which was not blown up. The company commanded by him (Co. C), occupied the second traverse from the Crater, on the north side, he says. And Company D was on his right and got into the first traverse, that is, the one next to the Crater on the north of it. He further says that he got his men to build a barricade with sand bags close up to the Federals, and that the fight lasted two

or three hours before the enemy made any headway, their first decided headway being made after the negro troops came over to the Crater. He further says that after this he saw the point of a sword projecting over the earth-work nearly opposite him, and just there a negro rose up and was immediately killed by a Confederate, and that then a white Federal officer rose up at the same point, and he also was killed. Shortly after this a charge was made by the Federals, a number of them coming over the works and there being just now a pretty sharp fight. At this time he saw the men of Company D surrender, and then he took his little squad, Company C, and ran down the traverse towards the rear where the covered way lead out.* I have now given you what Mr. Lamotte wrote in his notes and said to me in our recent conversation, as the statements of an intelligent participant, which may be relied upon.

"As I said in the speech I made before my regiment at its reunion at Chester C. H., S. C., August 13th, 1879, an extract from which was published in the March number, 1882, of the Southern Historical Papers, and, as I have said to you in my correspondence, I still think that the charge of Mahone's Virginia brigade was made after 10 o'clock A. M.

"I note the statement of Col. Venable referred to in your address, and also the statements of Messrs. Bowley and Aston in their letters to you since your address. I think they are all mistaken. A number of my men and officers agree with me in this. You will note that Maj. Coit fixes the hour at 'about 11 o'clock.'

"I was ordered out of the trenches to consult with Gen. Johnson, and Mahone came up at the time—about 10 o'clock, according to my recollection. I may mention a little incident which tends to show that the hour of Mahone's charge was later than between 8½ and 9 A. M.: William Dye, a member of Company B of my regiment, was its color-bearer, and, suffering from a severe headache from the heat of the sun, during an interval in the fighting went into an officer's 'den'—these were holes scooped out of the earth at convenient places along the line of the trenches—to rest a few minutes in its shade. After being there for a short time he looked out, and, seeing the main trench filled with negroes, dodged back into the 'den.' In a few minutes after this the men of your brigade were in the works, and he was freed from his prison. That evening the regiment, having been on duty in the trenches for 40 days, was allowed to go back to the wagon-yard to recuperate. My adjutant happened to hear Dye telling some of his comrades of his experiences of the morning. 'I was almost scared to death,' said Dye, 'and prayed until the big drops of sweat ran down my cheeks.' The adjutant, being from the same section of the state (S. C.) with Dye, and knowing him well, and that his education was defective, said to him, 'Bill, what did you say in your prayers?' 'I said,

*In a note referring to the assault made by the negro troops, Mr. Lamotte says:

"By this assault about 100 yards of the trenches were taken. The men of the 17th S. C., those occupying the traverses near the Crater, retiring towards the rear of the line and following the course of the line reached the covered way at its junction with the trenches, those in the trenches falling back down the trench before the advance of the Federal troops for about 100 yards, where they remained until the movement of Mahone, and recovered the lost ground as far back as the Crater. This at about 11 or 11½ A. M." F. W. M.

Lord have mercy on me and keep these damned niggers from killing me.' Dye was a strong countryman, and it is hardly likely that he would have been overcome by the heat of the sun at as early hour in the morning as between 8½ and 9.

"You have described in your address the route by which your brigade moved from its position on the Willcox farm to the ravine from which it charged, and I should think that from the time they started, their dropping out of line one at a time, and their pursuing a circuitous route to reach the ravine in rear of the Crater, it must have been later than 9 o'clock when they reached it, and that it must have been as late as 10 o'clock.

"I remember well pointing out to Mahone the place where my men were lying behind the Crater—I refer to Smith's men in the ravine—and suggesting to him to form on my left as the only practicable place from which to make a charge, and he immediately adopted my suggestion. I distinctly remember Mahone's quietly listening and stroking his long beard.

"Soon after this his men began to file in, and it must have taken an hour before the charge was made. I remember my adjutant reciting to me after the battle the jocose remarks of the Alabamians and Georgians, as they boasted what flags they were going to take of the fourteen in the Crater. It thus appears that the remaining seven companies of my regiment were on the right of Mahone's men.†

"I submit another point, which to my mind is evidence that Mahone could not have charged before 10 o'clock. It must have been near 6 o'clock A. M., before Smith got his men in rear of the Crater. The main trench was so packed with men, caused by the 18th regiment crowding on the 17th, that it was tedious to move in it. It was a long time before the enemy tried to get out of the Crater, this being caused by the uncertain footing on the loose dirt and sloping sides of the mine. They first began by jumping over the north bank and getting in the rear line around Pegram's battery. My recollection is that a part of this line was not destroyed by the upheaval. The firing between the combatants was now very slow. Sometimes there were intervals of some minutes before guns were shot by men on the right. From opposite sides of the traverses made by the ditches, which ran perpendicularly from the main trench, the combatants would guy each other, and would throw over bayonets, etc. It seemed to me about this time the *laziest* fight I ever saw. We longed for hand-grenades. I smoked nearly the whole time. Once, in going from the rear point of a perpendicular ditch, where I went occasionally to watch how Smith was keeping guard over the rear of the Crater, as I came back to go into the main trench I saw a rush down the

†When the Virginia brigade formed in line preparatory to its charge, and the Georgia brigade was filing along behind it to take position on its right, the occasion was too serious for a boast or a jocose remark from any Virginian or Georgian, and there were then no Alabamians present to indulge in either. Later on, however, when the Alabama brigade came up and had to wait for the arrival of the hour of one o'clock, at which time it had been arranged that they should charge, and the Virginia brigade was in possession of the works north of the Crater, the boasting and jocose remarks heard by Col. McMaster's adjutant, here referred to, were less out of order. But this incident suggests the probability that Col. McMaster has here confounded the charge of the Virginians with that made by the Alabama brigade. G. S. B.

hill. As I stepped into the trench the bowl of my pipe was knocked off from my long 'tie-tie' stem. Immediately a stalwart soldier stopped the crowd and said: 'Hold on, men! The colonel can't fight without his pipe,' and then picked up the pipe and gave it to me. I mention this incident to show how inanimate the fight was in the trenches.

"The 'slight line of breastworks,' mentioned in your address as being along the slope of the hill about the point from which your brigade made its charge, was thrown up, as you surmise, by Smith and his men, I believe, and you are correct in your surmise that some of my men charged along with the Virginia brigade.‡

"The 22nd and 23rd S. C. regiments being cut off by the Crater during the engagement, I could not see them. My only communication with them was by courier, who saw Capt. Shedd, the ranking officer of the 22nd and came back to me with the report that he had recovered the line which the enemy took immediately after the explosion and that his men were holding their own. Col. Fleming and Adjutant Quattlebaum, of the 22nd, were buried in my old quarters on the rear line just behind Pegram's guns, and Capt. Shedd was the ranking officer. Maj. Lesesne commanded the 23rd.

"I have been very much interested, as you have been, in our correspondence, and regret that there is any discrepancy between us as to the hour at which Mahone's charge was made. We are both, however, seeking to get at the truth in the matter. It is surprising to find how men's ideas differ as to time, of which I have had many illustrations in my conversations with participants in this particular fight. I am,

"With great respect,

"Your Comrade,

"F. W. McMASTER."*

Prof. Richard W. Jones, of the University of Mississippi, captain of Co. I, 12th Virginia reg't, and subsequently major of the regiment, who commanded it at the Crater, writing under date of June 22, 1892, says:

"Your letter received in due time. I have read with interest your address on the battle of the Crater.

"1. You enquire as to the time of

‡Mr. Wm. C. Smith, in his letter of September 8, 1890, from which an extract has been taken, says: "Here we find a few men of Gen. Bushrod Johnson's command, some of whom, if not all, joined Mahone's old brigade in the charge."

*Since the foregoing was written Col. McMaster has sent me a copy of a letter written to him by Mr. W. J. Crowder, of Feasterville, S. C., a member of his regiment, under date of August 10, 1892, in which, responding to an enquiry as to when the first charge of Mahone's men was made, he states that he had been to see several members of company B, and that "the most exact information" he could get was "from Thos. P. Crowder, who heard Adjutant-General A. L. Evans tell Lieut. Fant that it was 8:30 A. M., and that it was about half an hour before the first charge was made," that is, at nine o'clock in the morning, and that all the parties he had seen "think that was about the time the first charge was made." "It was Joe Free who made the nice little prayer, and not Dye, as you mentioned," says the writer in this letter to Col. McMaster.

Responding to the enquiry, "How many members of the 17th were in the charge?" he says, "All think there were about 20 or 30 members of company B in the charge."

In a letter to Col. McMaster under date of April 24, 1892, Capt. Evans, referring to the charge of the Virginia brigade, says:

"I saw Gen. Mahone's brigade mounting the gentle ascent that led from his position to the Crater, and perfectly remember the admiration with which I viewed the charge —perfect alignment—the soldiers at trail arms—the ranks closing up as they were thinned with the destructive fire, and their unfaltering course until they reached the parapet of the Crater."

the attack made by the Virginia brigade under Col. Weisiger, directed by Gen. Mahone, on the enemy who occupied our (Confederate) former line north of the Crater. I had no watch at the time, but it was made before nine o'clock, I feel quite confident. My reasons are these: The mine was exploded about day-light. I passed the night preceding the explosion in the city. I was awakened by the noise and shock. I hurried as quickly as possible out to our position on the Willcox farm. When I reached my command (12th Virginia Infantry), orders had been received to move to the Crater. We commenced the march in a short time, went by the route which you describe and were in the ravine in front of the enemy only a few minutes, according to my recollection, before we made the charge.

"2. As to the troops engaged. When we attacked no troops were engaged except our own (the Virginia) brigade. I do not know who had attacked beforehand, but certainly no North Carolina regiments nor South Carolina regiments were engaged with us in the assault on the enemy made for the re-establishment of the Confederate lines.

"3. The Federals were not withdrawing troops when we took position in their front—there was no indication that they had any idea of withdrawing. They seemed to be putting other troops into the trenches which they then held and which had been occupied by the Confederates before the explosion. The impression made on my mind at the time was that the enemy was massing for an advance, and, according to my recollection, they did move forward a line a few feet west of the trenches, while we were in the ravine getting ready for our attack upon them.

"4. In your address you give an extract from a letter written by me to Gen. Mahone, January 3rd, 1877, in which I located him 'at the right of the brigade.'

"Gen. M. was with the brigade in the covered way when it was counter-marched by regiments, and he stood at the entrance of the ravine as the brigade filed into it.

"The impression on my mind is very strong that, as commanding officer of the 12th Virginia regiment, I was notified by one of the staff-officers to report to the right for instructions, that I went that way, and that returning I stood in front of the 12th, ordered bayonets fixed and delivered an address which was designed to encourage them and prepare them to make the most rapid and determined attack possible. I think I was the first of the regimental commanders to give the command 'forward!' and I am proud to repeat what I said before, that no regiment ever obeyed that command more heroically. I remember seeing Col. Weisiger and Capts. Hinton and Girardey. They moved along the brigade line and were in different places at different times. They acted with conspicuous bravery."

Lieut.-Col. Powell, whose attention had been directed to my correspondence with Col. McMaster as to the hour at which Mahone's brigade made its charge, writing from New York city under date of July 25, 1892, says:

"GEO. S. BERNARD, ESQ.,

"*Petersburg, Va.*

"Dear Sir: In reply to your queries about the first charge made by the Confederates upon the troops in the Crater, July 30th, 1864, I have the honor to state that I was in the Crater and saw the first movement

made by the Confederates for a charge. I saw them form in the ravine which you have described, to the west and north of the Crater. Being a prominent division staff-officer at that time, and seeing that the mass of men inside the Crater were not in proper condition to receive an attack in force, I went back to the line of Union works, where the commander of the 1st division of the 9th corps was located, and informed him of the circumstance. While I was there the expected charge took place. The negro division was at that time in the Crater. A number of officers and men came running back to the lines. Among them was an officer whom I advised to go back and join his command, and he did join it by going forward to the Crater with me. I subsequently left the Crater to report to my chief that something should be done to get the men out of the Crater, but that orders could not be given to fall back, as they would do it with such a rush to escape the severe shrapnel fire that was being delivered by the enemy, that it might create a consternation among the troops in rear; but that tools should be sent to dig a trench perpendicular to the line of works through the crest of the Crater; otherwise there would be eventual trouble, as I was satisfied from observation that another charge would be made in force, and the Union troops were in such an inextricable mass that no concerted action could be had.

"It was at this time that I was informed that Gen. Grant had given the order to suspend operations and withdraw the troops, and it was then about 9 o'clock A. M.

"Now, I do not know whose command it was that made the charge I refer to. It may have been Mahone's or others; but the charge was made before 9 o'clock A. M., and some of those who made the charge occupied some of the rifle-pits and traverses to the north of the Crater, or in other words opposite the right of the Union line. I do not think, at any time, our troops held *complete* possession of 200 yards of your works to the north of the Crater. There were so many angles and traverses there that in one there were Union troops while in the next there were Confederates. I saw myself the muskets of both sides almost crossed at the angles, while the men were obscured from each other, my attention having been called to it by Col. Marshall, one of the brigade commanders in the Crater.

"Trusting that the above may serve your purpose, I remain,

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"WM. H. POWELL,

"Lieut.-Col. 11th Inf'y U. S. Army."

In Maj. Coit's letter to Col. McMaster, extracts from which have been already given, the work of Wright's battery, which was posted on a hill something over four hundred yards north of the Crater, has been told, and it is now in order to furnish a statement from Maj. David N. Walker, of Richmond, Va., who, after the wounding of Maj. Gibbs, of the 13th Virginia battalion of artillery, commanded the battalion during the battle of the Crater, and who was present at and personally directed the firing of the famous "two-gun battery," so designated by the Federal officers and others, located at the Baxter Road, a little over 300 yards south of the Crater. Maj.

Walker's statement narrates what was done by the artillery on this (the south) side of the Crater, and is given in the following letter:

"RICHMOND, VA.,
"August 2nd, 1892.

"GEO. S. BERNARD, Esq.

"Dear Sir: You have requested me to give my recollections of the battle of the Crater. I can best do this by making extracts and otherwise drawing from a statement I furnished Mr. W. P. Hopkins, of Lawrence, Mass., in July, 1889, for use in the preparation of a history of Fort Sedgwick (Fort 'Hell') and vicinity, which is nearing completion, and, from what I learn, will contain very much of interest touching the siege of Petersburg.

"The 13th Virginia battalion of artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, on the 30th of July, 1864, composed of Capt. —— Davidson's battery, of Lynchburg, commanded by Lieut. Jas. Otey, the Otey battery, of Richmond, commanded by Capt. D. N. Walker and the Ringgold battery, of Pittsylvania, commanded by Capt. Crispin Dickinson, occupied positions in the lines to the immediate right of the Crater in the order I have mentioned these batteries, Davidson's Battery being nearest the Crater and immediately to the south of the point at which the Confederate breast-works crossed the Baxter Road, the Otey battery coming next in order on the right, and the Dickinson battery on the right of the Otey battery.

"In the rear of the Otey battery, between it and the Jerusalem plank road, was a mortar battery manned by some of its men under the command of Lieut. Jno. B. Langhorne.

"The battalion was under the command of Maj. Wade Hampton Gibbs, of South Carolina, as gallant a man as ever lived, and its adjutant was Capt. W. Page McCarthy, of Richmond, Va., another gallant fellow.

"The horse camp was perhaps a mile in the rear.

"Awakened at dawn by the explosion at the Elliott salient at which was the battery of Capt. Richard G. Pegram, I soon learned that the enemy was in possession of our works at that point.

"I will now quote from my statement to Mr. Hopkins:

"'Quite early in the action Maj. Gibbs asked me to furnish him with an officer and men to man Davidson's battery. * * * * I sent at once ordering Lieut. Norvell and the men at the horse camp to report on the lines. Soon after this (I do not remember the time) I heard of the serious wounding of Maj. Gibbs, and saw him carried from the field. As I was the senior captain in the absence of Davidson, this put me in command of the battalion, and I at once went to the point of most importance and took Maj. Gibbs' place at Davidson's battery. I found the guns idle and deserted, except by two or three men. Corporal Hill, a gallant fellow, was killed.

"'The embrasure of the most important gun was filled up, and we could not fire over it. Under the direction of Maj. Gibbs, and I think Col. Huger also, an incessant and destructive fire had been kept up by one gun of this battery from soon after the explosion until I took command. With the aid of the men I found at the battery and some infantry the embrasure was cleared and this gun, which bore on the enemy, continued its deadly work. Capt. Preston, of Wise's brigade, was shot whilst assisting about this time, and I think another of the same command was

wounded. Soon after this Lieut. Norvell and the men from the Otey battery arrived, and this gun kept up an incessant fire until the end, and the only other gun of the battery of any use in the fight was also worked by them.'

"I will here state that this battery had *four* guns, but they were so located that only one bore upon the Crater and the field in front of the Crater—between it and the Federal front line—and this was the only gun that could be effectually used. The other three guns bore, the one directly to the front—eastwardly—the other two southeastwardly.*

"Let me now continue to draw from the statement sent Mr. Hopkins:

"'A month or more after the Crater fight, the Davidson battery was put under command of that most gallant officer, Capt. J. Hampden Chamberlayne, not because he was at the Crater, but because he was thought to be a proper officer to command it. When the enemy after the explosion entered our works, they should have pushed on; but they faltered, why I know not, allowing our men who had retreated on either side of the Crater to rally to the adjacent salient, and to recover from the confusion. Then, when they attempted to push on to Blandford, the sharpshooting of a few determined men, and the fire of artillery on both flanks, and a battery in the rear, commanded I think by Capt. Flannery of Haskell's battalion (to whom the due credit has never been given), caused them to take refuge in the Crater. In the meantime the mortar batteries, certainly the one managed by the Otey battery men under Lieut. Langhorne (Private George Savage of the Otey battery was shot through the right foot while carrying an order from Major Gibbs to Lieut. Langhorne, but succeeded in reaching him, and Capt. Page McCarthy was wounded near the mortar battery endeavoring to reach the lines), and I think also the others to our left, all so skillfully arranged by the engineer in anticipation of this fight, commenced their work, and the fate of the day was almost decided before the infantry called from our right reached the field.

"'Who the engineer was who constructed these works, I do not know

*This battery was the battery referred to in Gen. Warren's dispatch to Gen. Meade, sent at 7:50 A. M., in which he says, "In my opinion, the battery of one or two guns to the left of Gen. Burnside should be taken before attempting to seize the crest. It seems to me it can be done, as we shall take the infantry fire quite obliquely. This done, the advance upon the main hill will not be difficult."

In the subsequent dispatches which passed during the morning between Generals Meade and Warren, this battery is referred to as "the two-gun battery."

It was the battery referred to by Gen. H. J. Hunt, chief of artillery of the Army of the Potomac, in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, on the 20th of December, 1864, when he says: "The battery next to the one undermined, on the left, as we looked at it, was silenced, with the exception of one or two guns in a hollow near the left flank of the battery next to the mine. From this gun, or perhaps two guns, a fire was kept up at intervals on the position of the Crater of the mine. That battery was one, as I understood it, that was to have been in our possession within fifteen minutes after the explosion of the mine—that is, as soon as our troops could pass from the Crater and sweep to the left and get possession of it. The position of the guns, which, if any, would have commanded that position, was immediately behind the mine, and between that position and the enemy's battery there was a fringe of woods which were to have been cut away by Gen. Burnside's troops, but which had not been cut away down to the 29th, when I sent down to see if all preparations had been made. Gen. Burnside declined cutting away that wood, as so doing would alarm the enemy."

(but I have since learned that it was Col. Harris of Beauregard's staff), but I considered him the winner of the battle, and his name should be known. I do not wish to detract from the dash and courage of what is known as Mahone's first charge, seldom equalled, never surpassed. But it gained no foothold on the line between the Crater and our position, and that is all I could see or know anything about.

"'The earth thrown up by the explosion formed a line between the enemy and the Crater perhaps twelve feet high. The enemy had to pass over this to get into the Crater from their line and *vice versa*, and the open field between these two points was swept by this one gun of Davidson's battery and by Wright's battery of four guns belonging to the command of Col. Hilary P. Jones, another man deserving more credit than he will ever receive.* The enemy being huddled together by thousands in and around the Crater, the mortars and sharp-shooters and Napoleons on either side were hurling destruction every minute, if not every second, and sweeping the open field like a tornado, and there was no place to retreat, no place for shelter. There was a gradual accumulation of dead and wounded, until, from our position, it looked like an inclined plane of dead men, stretched from the top of our works for perhaps 100 feet, and the balance of the field was thickly covered with the dead and wounded. When the fire of the enemy's artillery was weakening perceptibly, and that from the Crater had almost ceased, the last charge of Mahone was made, and most gallantly. Some 200 or 300 of the enemy attempted to get back to the lines, and we gave them two rounds of canister, and I expect Col. Jones gave them more. The infantry had charged the dead and dying, which the artillery had been pummeling for six or eight hours, the firing ceased, the fight was over and the victory ours. I entered the Crater. War is horrible and here was one of its most horrible pictures. Men mangled in every conceivable way, with great, ugly wounds, torn to pieces, dismembered, showing that shells, not minnies, had caused this dreadful destruction.

"'The credit of this victory, I have thought, and still think, was due, in

*In a letter dated May 11, 1891, written from Hanover Academy, Va., Col. Jones said:

"Along with Col. D. B. Harris, the chief of engineers, I was ordered, as chief of artillery, to select a line immediately in rear of the line of battle to which the troops should fall back at night-fall, if they could hold their then position so long. With Col. Harris—and to him I do now and have always given the credit for the selection of the whole line—I went over all of the line from the Baxter Road to the Appomattox River. The line was thus selected, and at night-fall was staked out and the intrenchments dug during the night by the troops when they returned to this position.

"This line was so successfully and skillfully selected by Col. Harris, under fire all the time, that though the enemy did three times make a breach in it at different places, they could never effect any permanent lodgment. The most serious of all of these was the Crater explosion, but so skillfully had Col. H. and Gen. Gilmer covered the front of the salient by guns that the enemy effected nothing."

In a conversation I had in August, 1892, with Col. Jones (who was Gen. Beauregard's chief of artillery), he stated that Wright's battery was posted with special reference to the contemplated breach of the Confederate lines at the Elliott salient and that its presence was a complete surprise to the enemy. Having a large traverse erected between it and its front, to protect it from the enemy's fire, this battery, he said, was not intended for use except in the contemplated contingency of the presence of the enemy upon the ground occupied by the Elliott salient, in which event it was expected to do just the work that was done. G. S. B.

the first place, to the engineer who arranged our lines, leaving us who were on the lines to be blown up somewhere; and, if not blown up, to terribly avenge the death of our comrades on the very spot of their destruction, and to thus save Petersburg and Richmond. In the second place it was due to the artillery. The guns of Davidson's battery on the right, and those of Col. Jones on the left, swept the front of the Crater, rendering an advance from the enemy's line or retreat from the Crater practically impossible to any large body of troops, while the guns commanding the rear of our line kept back an advance from the Crater towards Petersburg. The mortars did the balance, though I do not know the effect produced by the Otey battery and Dickinson's guns, which were fired down the hollow in front of the Crater by order of Gen. Lee direct, I presume to demoralize the troops massed there.'

"When I reached the Davidson battery there were no troops of any kind in the Confederate breastworks. I could see the heads of Federal soldiers who were in the Crater and behind the large boulders of earth about the Crater, but the breast-works south of the Crater down as far as the Baxter Road, along which road and on the slope immediately south of which road were the earth-works in which stood the Davidson battery, were bare of men, and so continued until occupied by the men who made the final charge about 1 o'clock in the day, resulting in the capture of the Crater itself, and of several hundred prisoners, whom I saw as they came out of the Crater on their way to the rear.

"In my statement furnished Mr. Hopkins I said that the battle of the Crater was an 'artillery fight.' This has always been, and still is, my opinion. I think the enemy were practically whipped before Mahone's command took part in the action.

"Yours truly,

"D. N. WALKER."

Mr. Rich'd W. Flournoy, of Richmond, Va., a member of the Otey battery, in a statement made under date of August 2, 1892, says:

"About a month before the battle of the Crater ten or twelve members of the Otey battery, with three or four of the Ringgold (or Dickinson), were detailed to take charge of a mortar train consisting of three mortars placed by the side of bombproofs about 100 or 150 yards in rear of our main lines. Lieut. Jack Langhorne was in command, and the names of the Otey battery boys, as far as I can recall them, were A. Whit. Smith, Henry Reid, Andrew Cheatham, Henry Crockett, Willlam Thompson, Wm. Guerrant, Col. Wm. Munford, —— Wilbur, and myself.

"Several weeks before the explosion of the mine we discovered that the Federals had commenced running a gallery from that part of their line opposite the salient in which Pegram's battery was located. They were removing excavated earth in cracker boxes, and we carefully trained our mortars on the mouth of this subterranean gallery just in the Federal line.

"When the mine exploded, about $4\frac{3}{4}$ A. M. July 30th, we were in ignorance of the real state of affairs, though all were aware that some momentous event had occurred. All the mortars were instantly put to work throwing shells on the point on which they had been so carefully trained. About ten or fifteen minutes—perhaps longer—after the explosion, when we were firing with great rapidity, a messenger from Davidson's battery informed us that

Pegram's battery had been blown up and a crater formed, in which he had counted thirteen Federal battle-flags. We then immediately sighted our mortars on the Crater and continued to throw in shells until the arrival of Mahone's command.

"During the charges by Mahone in the morning, as well as the final combat in the afternoon, we kept up the firing, and by the close of the battle had used up a wagon load of shells. I forget the exact distance from our little fort to the Crater, though I had carefully measured it. I think it was over 400 yards.

"Responding to your request for information as to the number of members of the Otey battery who became ministers of the gospel after the close of the war, I will state that there were ten who entered the ministry: Beverly D. Tucker, Col. Wm. Munford and Wm. T. Shephard became Episcopal ministers; Parke P. Flournoy, Geo. H. Denny, G. Whit. Painter, J. C. Painter, E. Clifford Gordon and Thornton M. Niven became Presbyterian ministers; and S. C. Clopton became a Baptist minister."

Capt. Rich'd G. Pegram, who commanded the battery blown up at the Elliott salient, writing from Richmond, Va., under date of August 26, 1892, says:

"In accordance with your request to furnish you with a statement of my recollection as to the selection of the position occupied by my battery of artillery at the time of the Crater explosion, and incidentally any facts within my knowledge as to the defense of this position, I proceed to give you the following statement:

"In the afternoon of the 17th of June, 1864, my battery having been withdrawn on the 16th instant from our lines near the Howlett house, in Chesterfield, and ordered to Petersburg, I was directed to place it in position at the spot subsequently known as the 'Crater.' My orders were to act as a support to our troops in the event that they should be driven from the lines near the Avery house which were then occupied by them and which were constantly assailed by the enemy. On the morning of the 18th, before day-light—it may have been earlier in the night—the Avery house line was evacuated by our troops and they fell back to the new line, which had been selected by Col. D. B. Harris, and of which the position I occupied constituted a part, although my guns were a little in advance of this line, because, when I loaded them, I knew nothing about the selected line. They were, of course, soon followed by the enemy, whose artillery opened upon us, I think, about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and kept up a constant and vigorous fire during the day. Several of their shot passed through the traverses of the slight earth-works which I had been able to construct for the protection of my men and guns, but their cannon shot did no damage to us.

"When the enemy's infantry advanced they proceeded to throw small parties at a time into the railroad cut of the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad, between the Baxter Road and the point at which the railroad crosses Taylor's Creek, where they would be protected from our fire, and where they could in this way gradually accumulate a considerable force. The distance from the railroad to the low ground or meadow west of the railroad to the point where they would be protected by the slope of the hill occupied by us, and at some little distance from the brow of which our line had been located, was inconsiderable,

and after the enemy had massed a sufficient force in this cut, an operation which the fire from my guns and other artillery on our lines delayed, somewhere about one or two o'clock in the afternoon (I think), they advanced across the meadow west of the railroad cut, and established their line.

"Having crossed the meadow and reached the crest of the hill in my front, being now under the shelter of this hill, the enemy began to throw up the line which they held until the close of the siege. Perceiving that my fire could do them no damage, I ordered the guns to be loaded with double charges of canister and awaited further developments. After dark, when objects in my front had become indistinct, I thought the enemy were preparing to charge upon my battery and I opened fire upon them with my four guns, and after this no further attempt at a charge was made by the enemy in my front. I do not remember that any charge was made during the day-time of Saturday, the 18th, on the infantry in the vicinity of my battery.

"When I located my guns on the evening of the 17th, as I have already stated, I knew nothing about the establishment of our new line. About eleven o'clock that night Col. Harris approached me and informed me that I was a short distance in advance of our new line and then pointed out the new line to me. I saw there a battery staked out for my guns with traverses of such thickness as would require a large force to complete it in a day, and, as I was informed that I need look for no assistance from our infantry who, when they fell back, would have to construct works for their own protection, and, as my own men were worn out with the labor of constructing the pits I had had prepared, and, if they had been perfectly fresh, would have been unable then to make much progress in the construction of the work intended for my guns before the enemy's probable advance, I was compelled to hold on to the position I had already taken, in the pits I then occupied with my guns.

"The pits occupied by my guns were not connected by rifle-pits with each other, or with our infantry line on either flank, as we had neither the time nor the labor necessary for their construction, and consequently this was a weak spot in our line.

"After night-fall, on the 18th, Gen. Bushrod Johnson sent a regiment or battalion of infantry for my immediate support, and these troops with some loss succeeded in constructing the necessary rifle-pits, after which I felt that my position could be successfully held against any effort the enemy might make for its capture by direct assault.

"From the time of the establishment of their line in front of the line occupied by my guns and the infantry to my right and left, the enemy kept up an almost constant and often furious musketry fire upon our lines until the morning of the Crater explosion. Many of my men were wounded, and, if I remember aright, some few were killed, when I replaced with new ones the shattered obstructions occupying our embrasures, which were gabions filled with rods of wood, and removed the dirt with which the embrasures would become choked up by the balls striking the sides of the embrasures. The mortar battery located near Taylor's Creek, combined with the musketry fire above alluded to, rendered our lines at this point decidedly uncomfortable. Several of my men were severely wounded on the 18th of June.

"On the evening preceding the

BATTLE-FIELD OF THE CRATER—VIEW No. 1.

The Crater, the Baxter Road, and field between the Confederate breast-works and the Federal breast-works.

[From a photograph taken August 17, 1892, by C. R. Rees, Photographer, Petersburg, Va., from the site of the Davidson battery—called "the two-gun battery" by the Federals—immediately south of the Baxter Road. See map of T. F. Rives, page 320, and description of this illustration in Appendix, page 333.]

BATTLE-FIELD OF THE CRATER—VIEW No. 2.

The Crater, with field to its north and northwest. The wire fence shows the general course of the Confederate breast-works north of the Crater, the sloping field to the right of the picture being that over which Mahone's brigade made its charge.

[From a photograph taken August 17, 1892, by C. R. Rees, Photographer, Petersburg, Va., from the site of Wright's battery about 550 yards north of the Crater. See map of T. F. Rives, page 320, and description of this illustration in Appendix, page 334.]

Crater explosion, and when I had begun to think that our countermine had probably secured us from all danger from any mine of the enemy, Lieut. Martin and I, who had been on duty in the trenches for two days and nights, were relieved by Lieuts. Hamlin and Chandler of my command, and I proceeded to my headquarters, near the residence of Mr. Wm. Cameron, at the head of Adams street, in the city of Petersburg, Va., where my presence was required in the supervision of the preparation of my muster-roll.

"Upon being awakened by the explosion I went down to our lines, and upon finding Major Coit, the commander of the battalion to which my command was attached, at Wright's battery, he ordered me to return to my headquarters and to ascertain, as far as I could from such of my men as had escaped, the extent of my loss, and to get the third section of my battery, which had not been placed in the trenches, in readiness to move as soon as ordered. These orders detained me at my headquarters, and, as my third section was not called for, I witnessed none of the fighting which resulted in the recapture of our lines. My loss by the mine explosion was seventeen men and two officers killed, and three men captured. The latter were caught by the falling earth in an ammunition bomb proof where they were sleeping, and before they could scratch their way out the enemy occupied our line at this point and made them prisoners.

"My entire loss in killed and wounded during the seige of Petersburg and the retreat to Appomattox Court-House amounted to about fifty men, if my memory serves me right. The loss of my company records on the retreat from Petersburg compels me to rely upon my memory alone.

"After the mine explosion my battery was placed on our second line, near the plank road, immediately in rear of the Crater, and extending a little beyond the Baxter Road, and remained in this position until Petersburg was evacuated, when it was withdrawn, and after the arrival of our troops at Amelia Court-House, we participated in the engagement with the enemy which occurred prior to the surrender."

Mr. E. Myers, of Petersburg, Va., who was a lieutenant in the battery of Capt. J. A. Ramsey, of Col. Jno. C. Haskell's battalion of artillery, in a statement made August 26th, 1892, says:

"Giving my recollection of the part taken by the artillery in the battle of the Crater, July 30th, 1864, I will say that I was not personally engaged in the battle that day, but was in Petersburg. Two batteries of my battalion (Haskell's, of Longstreet's corps), however, did some service, Capt. Henry G. Flanner's (N. C.) and Capt. J. N. Lamkin's (Va.) batteries.

"When the Army of Northern Virginia under Gen. Lee entered Petersburg from the north side of the James on that memorable Saturday, June 18, 1864, our battalion went into park in the ravine at the head of Sycamore street. During this time, both night and day, the firing along the lines was heavy and almost without intermission. On the night of Sunday, June 19th, about 9 o'clock, a portion of my battery (Ramsey's, of North Carolina), with four rifle guns under my command, was ordered into position on the front. Col. Haskell went with us, and pointed out the spot which had been selected for our guns, which was just or nearly in rear of the Elliott salient, and about

fifty yards east of the Jerusalem plank road. Immediately we went to work constructing earth-works, and they were thrown up in the quickest possible time, as there was a continuous whizzing of minnie bullets from the enemy's lines, kept up night and day, making it necessary for the men to have the shelter of a fortification.

"I remember that as Col. Haskell and I rode along to this point the minnie balls were constantly whizzing near us, causing us to dodge our heads, and bringing from Col. Haskell the remark that it would be an inglorious thing for a man, after passing safely through many hard-fought battles, to lose his life going, as we were, at night, to take position on the line.

"Lamkin's battery, which had been on detached duty in South Carolina, and had returned to Virginia just before the Wilderness campaign of 1864, having left its pieces in South Carolina was provided with muskets and fought to Petersburg as infantry. On reaching Petersburg this battery was furnished with small mortars, which were among the first that had been used in the Army of Northern Virginia, and was placed in position on the east side of the plank road, about seventy-five yards east of Blandford Cemetery. In a short time the men of this battery became very proficient in serving these pieces.

"After my command had occupied the position near the plank road above referred to for about ten days, we were ordered with the rest of our battery into fortifications on the north side of the Appomattox in Roslyn bottom, from which point we could enfilade the enemy's line on the south side with our long range pieces. The works we left about the Jerusalem plank road were, upon our leaving them, occupied by Flanner's (N C.) battery, this battery being armed with short range Napoleon guns.

"These two batteries, Lamkin's and Flanner's, were active participants in the Crater fight, and covered themselves with glory on that occasion.

"On the evening before the fight I was ordered to report on the next morning at sunrise, for special duty, to Gen. Pendleton, Gen. Lee's chief of artillery, whose headquarters were in Ettrick, on the north side of the Appomattox, near the old brick kiln. Just as I reached the place a courier rode up and reported to Gen. Pendleton the explosion of the mine, at which the general expressed much surprise, saying we had been running a counter-mine, and he thought the Federals ought to have been heard at their work. Gen. Pendleton then turned to me and ordered me to report to Col. Frank Huger, who was then in command of the artillery on the south side of the Appomattox, Gen. E. P. Alexander, chief of artillery of Longstreet's corps, having been wounded a short time before.

"Receiving this order from Gen. Pendleton, I started for Col. Huger's quarters, which I was informed were in Petersburg, in Chieves' garden, on Jefferson street, adjacent to Poplar Lawn. I crossed at Campbell's bridge. Shells of all kinds, principally mortar shells, of the largest size, were then flying in and falling all over that portion of the city. Besides this, I could hear heavy and continued musketry firing at the front in the direction of the Crater.

"I rode down Old street to Sycamore, up Sycamore to Bollingbrook, and down Bollingbrook on my way

to Col. Huger's quarters. As I went along Bollingbrook street one or more houses on the south side of that street, east from and nearly opposite to the Bollingbrook Hotel, were on fire, the fire being caused, I presumed, by an exploding shell, and no effort was being made by any one to extinguish the flames. I rode up Jefferson street to Col. Huger's quarters, and found that he had gone to the front. Not conceiving that my orders required me to go there to look for him, I went to the hill near the reservoir and saw a part of Mahone's command near or upon the New Road on its way to the Crater. At the point of observation I occupied there were fifteen or twenty other Confederates. While we could see nothing of the fight, we knew by the artillery and musketry firing we heard in the direction of the Crater that a fierce conflict was there raging, and strange to say, not one of us seemed to be doubtful of the result —the restoration of our line—which fact was soon learned by the crowd of prisoners being brought in, all negroes, so far as I saw.

"About 11 o'clock I again went to Col. Huger's quarters. Finding him in, I received my orders and started back, crossed the river by Pocahontas bridge, and was struck with the fact that I saw not a solitary person on any street from Washington street to the river. Everything along the streets seemed more quiet than on a Sabbath."

In giving an account of what was done by the artillery at the battle of the Crater there cannot be omitted the following letter, which appears in the May number, 1878, of the Southern Historical Papers (vol. V, page 247,) written by Capt. Henry G. Flanner, captain of Flanner's battery:

"After reading Capt. W. Gordon McCabe's article in the Southern Historical Society Papers on the defence of Petersburg, I think I have the right to find fault, not with what is written, but with what was omitted in the article referred to.

"I claim that the battery commanded by me, and composed entirely of North Carolinians, is entitled to the credit of preventing the Federal army from entering Petersburg on the morning of the springing of the mine. The facts are these: The mine was sprung about daylight of the 29th of July,* and was immediately followed by the capture and occupation of our line of breastworks by the enemy. They remained in the works until 8 o'clock before making preparations for the advance. About that time they reformed line of battle and began advancing towards the city. Flanner's battery was posted in the main road near the Gee house, about two hundred yards† in the rear of the Confederate breast-works, immediately in rear of the mine, forming what might be considered a second line, but entirely without infantry support. Immediately upon the advance of the enemy we opened upon them with shell and canister, and they soon sought shelter in their trenches. In a few minutes they again formed and commenced advancing. Again we opened on them with our six guns. The enemy pressed steadily forward, when our guns were double charged with canister, and a deadly fire poured into their ranks. Their lines were then broken, and they fled to the works and there remained until our infantry,

*July 30th is, of course, here intended.
†The distance is over 500 yards.

composed of the brigades of Mahone, Girardey|| and Saunders, all under the command of Mahone, arrived and were placed in position preparatory to making the final charge, which resulted in the recapture of the works about two o'clock in the day.§

"The fire of the enemy, from nearly one hundred guns, was concentrated upon my company for nearly two hours;¶ but amid this terrible rain of deadly missiles these brave North Carolinians stood to their guns and repulsed every advance made by the enemy, holding them in check alone, and without infantry support, until the arrival of Gen. Beauregard with the troops commanded by Mahone before mentioned.

"We claim the honor of saving the day, and preventing what might have been a very serious disaster and probable loss of Petersburg.

"No one save those who went through the fiery ordeal can form the slightest conception of the fury of this attack. Not less than fifty shell a minute were hurled at the company, and but for the protection afforded them by the sides of the road, they would have been swept off the face of the earth. There are those now living who can confirm my statement; and if this should meet the eye of the gentlemen cognizant of these details, they will doubtless do us this justice. The history of a battle cannot be truthfully written from the same stand-point of any man, although present in the engagement. It is due, therefore, to the brave men who composed my command that they should be properly placed upon the record.

"We do not wish to lessen the claims to which the valorous troops of other commands are entitled, but let us make such contributions as the future historian can work into a continuous narrative and do justice to all."

Brevet-Colonel Jas. C. Duane, major of engineers and acting chief engineer of the Army of the Potomac in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, given on the 20th of December, 1864, said:

"Orders were given to concentrate our fire in order to silence the enemy's fire while Gen. Burnside's operations were going on after the explosion of the mine. The position I had on the morning of the 30th was on Gen. Warren's line; I assisted Gen. Abbott in directing his fire. The 18th corps was massed in the rear and a little to the right of the 9th corps. A portion of the 5th corps was massed along the line of the Norfolk railroad, in the cut, ready to support the attack of the 9th corps. As soon as the explosion took place, all of the guns on the line of the 5th corps opened fire, and completely silenced the enemy's fire. I remained on the line of the 5th corps until nearly 8 o'clock, during which time we kept up a constant fire."

||Girardey commanded no brigade at the Crater, but was acting as a staff-officer of Mahone.

§The recapture by Saunders was about 1 P.M.

¶Gen. Hunt, chief of artillery of the Army of the Potomac, in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, already referred to, says:

"On the morning of the 30th the mine was sprung a little over an hour after the time appointed. The artillery opened as directed and succeeded remarkably in keeping down the enemy's fire, as he was evidently surprised. There was one battery on the crest behind the mine, which opened at intervals, but which was always silenced after firing not more than two or three rounds."

Capt. Augustine C. Brown, of New York, who commanded Co. H of the 4th N. Y. Heavy Artillery and whose battery was in Fort Sedgwick on the day of the battle, in a statement which appears in Capt. Hyland C. Kirk's book, "Heavy Guns and Light," says:

"We knocked down and practically leveled many yards of the enemy's works in our front, and demolished or silenced every gun bearing upon our part of the line except one whose extremely heavy traverse defied all our efforts."

A table furnished General Hunt, chief of artillery, by Col. Henry L. Abbott, who commanded the artillery siege train of the Army of the Potomac, which appears in Capt. Kirk's volume above mentioned, shows that 81 Federal guns fired in this action 3,833 rounds of shot and shell, the missiles aggregating over 75 tons of metal.

Gen. Mahone, in a letter under date of August 20th, 1892, says:

"Complying with your request to furnish information as to certain particulars in the history of the battle of the Crater, I will state that on the morning of the 30th of July, 1864, my division rested with its left at the Rives salient and extended westwardly about one mile in the direction of the Weldon railroad. Having received an order to send two of my brigades to the support of Gen. Johnson, as narrated in your address, when the head of the column of the two brigades reached the entrance of the covered way leading from the Hannon Pond to and across the Jerusalem plank road, I rode over to Gen. Johnson's headquarters, then on the north side of Blandford Heights, a mile, or nearly a mile, away from the scene of the disaster which had occurred on his front.

The primary object of my visit to his headquarters was to see Gen. A. P. Hill, my corps-commander, who, I was informed, was there. I did not of course expect to find Gen. Johnson anywhere else than on the ground where his front had been pierced. Gen. Hill was not at Gen. Johnson's headquarters, but Gen. Beauregard was. Saluting the latter, I said, 'General, I have, by direction of Gen. Lee, two brigades of my division on the way, near at hand, for the re-inforcement of Gen. Johnson.'

General Beauregard, calling up General Johnson, whom I did not personally know, and who appeared to be about ready to take his breakfast, said, 'General, you had better turn over any outlying troops you may have to Gen. Mahone, and let him make the attack.' To this Gen. Johnson readily assented. I then asked Gen. Johnson what frontage on his line the enemy occupied. His reply was, 'The retrenched cavalier.' I then rejoined, 'In *feet*, I want to know, Gen. Johnson, that, as you may imagine, I may determine the face of my attacking force.' He then said, 'About 100 yards.' I then asked Gen. Johnson to show me the way to the Crater, whereupon, calling up a young lieutenant of his staff, he said to him, 'Show Gen. Mahone the way to the Elliott salient or Pegram's battery.' I then left Gen. Johnson and his headquarters, and with the young lieutenant —Lieut. Harris, I think he was—I proceeded hurriedly along the Jerusalem plank road till I reached the point at which it crossed the covered way, up which my two brigades were then moving, the head of the Virginia brigade, which was leading, having just reached that point.

Here I dismounted, entered the covered way with the lieutenant and hurried on in the direction of the scene of the disaster. The covered way, as you know, debouched into a ravine or gulch, which itself led into a depression or swale along a little branch, the general course of which depression was about parallel to the hundred or two yards of Gen. Johnson's line next on the left or north of the Crater, and the bottom of this ravine was a little over two hundred yards in the rear or west of this line. Arrived at the mouth or terminus of the first mentioned ravine or gulch, the lieutenant, pointing across to the slope of the hill on the east side of this branch, a few yards away, said to me, 'If you will go up that slope there, you can see the Yankees.' Moving quickly to this slope, I found myself in full view of the portion of the salient which had been blown up, and of that part of the works to the north of the salient, and saw that they were crammed with Federal soldiers and thickly studded with Federal flags.

"For the moment I could scarcely take in the reality, and the very danger to which I was at the time exposed came to my relief and bade me stand still, as the surest course of personal safety—I did not think they would be so likely to fire upon a single man—and so I stood where I could keep one eye on the adversary whilst I directed my own command, which every moment was in fearful peril if the enemy should advance whilst the two brigades were moving, and the larger part of them were still in the covered way.

"A moment's survey of the situation impressed me with the belief, so crowded were the enemy and his flags—eleven flags in less than one hundred yards—that he was greatly disordered but present in large force. At once I sent back to my line in the trenches, full two miles away, for the Alabama brigade to be brought me quickly by the route by which the two brigades had come, then indicating to Capt. Girardey the ground on which I desired the Virginia brigade formed facing the retrenched cavalier of the salient.

"Occupying the position heretofore described, and from which, as heretofore stated, I was able to command a full view of that portion of the works occupied by the enemy, and at the same time to intimately direct the movement of my own command, I spoke words of encouragement and duty to the men as they filed by on their way to the position which had been indicated to Capt. Girardey for them to take for the attack.

"The Virginia brigade being now in position, and the head of the Georgia brigade having now left the mouth of the covered way and filing up the depression to take its place on the right of the Virginia brigade, the left of the Virginia brigade being not more than eighty feet from where I stood and Girardey about midway, Girardey sang out, 'General, they are coming!' whereupon, turning my head to the left—at the moment I was instructing the Georgia brigade as it was filing along up the depression—I saw the Federals jumping out of the Confederate breast-works and coming forward in a desultory line, as if to charge us, and in a tone of voice so raised that the whole of the Virginia brigade might hear me, I said to Girardy, 'Tell Weisiger to forward.' Capt. Girardey, like the brilliant officer he was—never failing to do precisely the right thing at the right time—rushed with uplifted sword to the front of the brigade himself, repeated the command 'Forward' and led the brigade which, as if on dress parade, and with the steadiness and resolution of regulars

—and regulars they were in every sense that makes the soldier effective—moved forward to meet the advancing enemy.

"Now, as you know, on their arrival at the works there was a hand-to-hand fight, and the work of death by the bayonet and butt of the musket went on till all of Gen. Johnson's line was retaken to the left of the traverse which flanked his 'retrenched cavalier' on the south, and to the right of which the enemy occupied some fifty feet of his line, leaving it and the pit in the possession of the enemy.

"I took no note of the time and could not now from memory give it, but, according to the records, this charge must have been made *before* nine o'clock. Gen. Burnside, in his report of the action, fixes the time of the charge and re-capture of our works at about 8:45 A. M. At 8:45 A. M. Gen. Meade telegraphed to Gen. Warren directing an assault upon the Confederate battery on the south of the Crater. As early as 9:15 A. M., Gen. Warren, replying to this dispatch, tells Gen. Meade that just before receiving the dispatch to assault the battery on the left of the Crater occupied by Gen. Burnside, the enemy drove his troops out of the place and he thought then held it. 'I can find no one,' he says, 'who knows for certainty, or seems willing to admit, but I think I saw a rebel battle-flag in it just now and shots coming from it this way. I am, therefore, if this be true, no more able to take the battery now than I was this time yesterday. All our advantages are lost. I await further instructions and am trying to get at the condition of affairs for certainty.'

"At 9:25 A. M. Gen. Meade telegraphs to Gen. Warren: 'The attack ordered on the two-gun battery is suspended.' And at 9:45 A. M., Gen. Warren telegraphed to Gen. Meade: 'I find that the flag I saw was the enemy's, and that they have re-occupied all the line we drove them from, except a little around the Crater, which a small force of ours still hold.'

"The small force referred to in the last mentioned telegram was that occupying the fifty feet of our main line to the south of the traverse above mentioned. The Virginia brigade having made its charge, I put the Georgia brigade in position to meet any possible reverse to which the Virginia brigade might be subjected, and then hurried across the field to the works the Virginia brigade then occupied, and, after making a thorough examination of the situation, so disposed the same as to increase the ability of the brigade to hold the works retaken, at the same time causing sharp-shooters to be so posted as to make death the penalty to those of the enemy who were attempting to escape and get back to their lines. It was whilst here that I remember young Butts, of your company, being killed in my immediate presence. He had just cautioned me, whilst I was looking through an opening in the works, not to expose myself. I told him I would look after that, and almost immediately afterwards he received a bullet in his head, which killed him instantly, and he fell on the floor of the trench at my feet.

"I hurried back to the Georgia brigade and explained to the men and officers the situation of affairs, and how they must make the move to retake that part of our main line still occupied by the enemy to the left of the traverse. They moved forward for the charge, but, unfortunately, obliqued too far to the left and came in behind the Virginia brigade. The terrific fire of the enemy to which this brigade was subjected while passing over the intervening ground caused it to slide in

this way to the north and fail of the object its charge was designed to accomplish.

"Notwithstanding this mishap, I realized that we were masters of the situation, but was eager to remove any lingering danger to it which might come from a re-inforced effort by the enemy to regain the breach in our lines which he had so successfully effected.

"At this juncture, now a little after 10 o'clock, Gen. Johnson came upon the ground in the depression in which my brigade had formed for the charge, and sent for me to come to him from the breast-works. I met him there and it was agreed between us that he would have his men in the main line to the south of the Crater push down upon the enemy occupying the fifty feet there, and that I should renew the assault with the Alabama brigade, now arriving. He fixed 1 o'clock P. M. as the time at which he would be ready to cooperate with his forces.

"In the meantime Col. Haskell, a brilliant officer of our artillery, always hunting a place where he could strike a blow at our adversary, presented himself for any service I could advise. There were two Coehorn mortars in the depression already referred to, and I suggested to him that, if he could serve them, I would have them taken up to the outside of the Crater, at which place he could employ himself until one o'clock, as perhaps no such opportunity had ever occurred, or would be likely to occur, for such effective employment of these little implements of war. Col. Haskell adopting the suggestion, and the mortars being removed to a ditch within a few feet of the Crater, they were quickly at work emptying their contents upon the crowded mass of men in this horrible pit.

"While this deadly work of the Coehorns was going on, sharp-shooters sent back to the pit, dead or wounded, every man who attempted to scale its sides and get away, and bayoneted muskets of the dead were, like javelins, hurled into the pit by those who could do nothing more to hasten the completion of the work all were anxious to close out.

"Meanwhile the Alabama brigade being formed on the line from which the Georgia brigade had made its unsuccessful attempt, and the hour of one o'clock having arrived, this brigade, commanded by Gen. Saunders, imitating the steady and resolute step of the Virginia brigade and its magnificent alignment all the way, completed the restoration of Gen. Johnson's line to the control of Gen. Lee's army, leaving the enemy now occupying only the Crater or pit and because he could not safely retreat.

"At this moment the Alabama brigade went into the portion of the works to the south or right of the traverse above mentioned, with its left resting on this traverse, being now immediately to the right of this traverse. To this point I went as soon as the Alabama brigade made its charge, and upon reaching the works I called for 100 volunteers from this brigade to go into the pit, not content that any of the enemy should remain so near, subordinated though I felt that he was to our control. Upon this call for volunteers being made, so many offered themselves for the service that the trouble would have been to determine who should not engage in this desperate undertaking.

"Meanwhile a white handkerchief was raised in the pit, and upon the response to come in a large number of prisoners came pouring over the crest, which, including the few which had been previously captured during the day, footed up 1,101.

BATTLE-FIELD OF THE CRATER—VIEW No. 3.

The Crater, with field to its west and northwest, and ravine, depression or swale from which Mahone's brigade made its charge.

The two willow trees visible on the right of the centre of the picture stand along the little branch in the ravine. About 60 yards south from the tree nearest the centre of the picture was the right of the brigade when it formed its line of battle for the charge, while the left of the line of battle stood about 33 or 35 yards northeast from the tree nearest the right of the picture.

[From a photograph taken August 17, 1892, by C. R. Rees, Photographer, Petersburg, Va., with the instrument north of the point at which Mahone's brigade filed out of the covered way into the low ground in which it formed for its charge. See map of T. F. Rives, page 320, and description of illustration in Appendix, page 334.]

BATTLE-FIELD OF THE CRATER—VIEW No. 4.

The ridge or crest of the hill along which stood the Confederate breast-works north of the Crater appears on the left of the picture as seen by a spectator standing on the Norfolk & Western railroad at the point where it crosses Taylor's Creek and looking southwest, the Crater being in the cluster of trees immediately to the left of the single tree on this ridge.

The meadow along Taylor's Creek in the upper portion of which (cut off from view by the trees seen in the picture) General Burnside massed a portion of his troops preparatory to the assault on the morning of July 30, 1864, appears in the picture, as also does the hill from which Wright's battery delivered its telling fire upon the Federals when they occupied the Crater and adjacent earth-works, this hill being to the right of the picture, and Wright's battery being about 100 yards in rear of the hedge-row of trees visible on this hill.

[From a photograph taken August 17, 1892, by C. R. Rees, Photographer, Petersburg, Va., with the instrument on the track of the Norfolk & Western railroad, looking southwest. See *map of T. F. Rives*, page 320, and [illegible]n of this illustration in Appendix, page 335.]

"These men, in passing to our rear over the dreadful slope, had many of their number killed and wounded by the mistaken fire from the guns of the Federal batteries that had previously so fearfully blistered all the ground in rear of the works retaken.

"Taking the average estimate given by several authorities on the Federal side, the troops congregated for this assault upon Gen. Lee's line may be safely estimated at not less than 45,000, whilst that of my brigades did not exceed 1800.

"It is not improper to add to this statement that no body of troops took part in the three several charges made by the brigades of my division, or otherwise engaged in the work done by them, resulting as heretofore described in the full and complete restoration to the control of Gen. Lee's army of that portion of the works which the enemy had taken on Gen. Johnson's front."

In 1872, in a letter to Gen. Mahone, dated April 25, 1872, Gen. Weisiger made the following statement in respect to the part he took in the battle of the Crater:

"As I was about leaving the covered way I received the following order from you: 'Form your brigade for the attack and inform me when you are ready.' This order was promptly obeyed, the line formed and men ordered to lie down until ordered to charge. I then directed my aid, Capt. Drury A. Hinton, to inform you I was prepared to move forward. This message was delivered, and your reply returned was, 'Wait for orders from me (yourself) or Capt. Girardey,' which reply had been scarcely delivered to me when Capt. Girardey, who was then acting on your staff, came up to the right of my line, where Capt. Hinton and myself were standing. At this time I discovered that the enemy were preparing to charge me, as an officer with stand of colors in hand sprung from the works and commenced the formation of a line of battle in my immediate front. I repeated my orders to Capt. Girardey, pointed out the movement of the enemy, and suggested the propriety of charging at once, if not all would be lost. He replied that he was directed to prolong my line to the right with the Georgia brigade and send us in together. Perceiving the rapidity with which the enemy was forming, and the imminent danger of being overrun before the Georgians could arrive on the field, Capt. Girardey assented to my views. I therefore requested him to state my reasons to you for so doing, and immediately charged with my brigade, which, in gallant style, carried the works as far as my line would cover, capturing several hundred prisoners and eleven stand of colors, with a loss to my command in killed and wounded of 283 officers and men. Soon after, the Georgians were sent in, and later in the day, after I had been compelled to leave the field, the Alabama brigade under General Saunders, was sent in and the remaining part of our works held by the enemy captured."

In the month of June, 1880, the Richmond (Va.) *Commonwealth*, in an editorial entitled "General Mahone and the Crater," published the letter from which the foregoing extract is taken, and also a letter written in 1876 by Gen. Weisiger to Capt. W. Gordon McCabe, dated Nov. 17, 1876, giving substantially the same account of Gen. W.'s command of the brigade from the time of its formation on the

slope of the hill from which the charge was made. The accounts given by Gen. Mahone and Gen. Weisiger, respectively, differing as to the giving of the order to charge, it was sought by this editorial to show that Gen. Mahone was not entitled to the credit of the success at the Crater, and also that he (Gen. Mahone) was in the covered way at a time when he ought to have been elsewhere.

Upon the appearance of this editorial, a committee of old soldiers, members of Mahone's brigade—Jas. E. Tyler, captain of Co. D, 12th Va. regiment, Jas. E. Phillips, first lieu- of Co. G, 12th Va. regiment, Leroy S. Edwards, sergeant of Co. E, 12th Va. regiment, and Jas. A. Gentry, private of Co. I, of the 6th Va. regiment, feeling that injustice was being done to Gen. Mahone, undertook to collect statements from participants in the action, and in the month of August, 1880, the publication of the *Commonwealth* having been in the meantime suspended, the committee published in the Richmond (Va.) *Whig* a number of statements and extracts from statements made by participants, officers and soldiers, giving their recollections as to the matter in controversy. Along with these statements was a vigorous and caustic letter from Gen. Mahone, to which there was a rejoinder of like character from Gen. Weisiger, published in the Richmond (Va.) *State* of September, 1880.

From these statements it is proper that I should make the following extracts:

Capt. Charles Ridgeley Goodwin, of Gen. J. F. Gilmor's staff, in a statement dated Baltimore, January 4, 1876, who was a volunteer aid on Gen. Mahone's staff in the battle of the Crater, having mentioned the sending of Courier Henry[26] to hurry up Saunders' brigade, says:

"Five minutes had not elapsed when the enemy charged to the crest above and delivered a volley. Then it was that *Girardey*, not Weisiger or anybody else but Girardey, sprang up in front of the men, and, waving his sword, gave the command to 'forward.'"

Capt. W. A. S. Taylor, who was adjutant of the 61st Va. regiment, in his statement dated July 16, 1880, says:

"Whilst waiting for and expecting the command 'Guides Post, 'I saw Girardey, of Mahone's staff, wave his hand above his head and shout 'Charge!' I presume the order came from Gen. Mahone, and, with the command, started in a run for the works. We went forward at a trail arms and in a splendid line of battle. Arriving at the works, the command delivered its fire and finished the work assigned it with the bayonet. In a very few minutes thereafter Gen. Mahone was at that portion of the works occupied by the 61st Virginia, and I heard him remark that 'the work is not over and that *we* must retake the balance of the line.'"

Col. Wm. H. Stewart, Lieut.-Col. of the 61st Va. regiment, who com-

26. Robert R. Henry, of Tazewell county, Va.

manded it in the action, in a statement dated July 21, 1880, says:

"As soon as the column halted on the ground from which the charge was to be made, you came from the head of the column, directed me to have every man in line, and cautioned me to see that no man was left skulking in the covered way. You also gave me minute directions as to the manner of advancing. You then returned to the right of the line, and just about this time the alignment of my regiment had been completed, the enemy made a demonstration and the order to charge was given from the right. I was under the impression that it came from you. As my attention was to the front and you were on the right, I did not see you until we had gained the outer breastworks. I then met you and begged you not to unnecessarily expose yourself."

Col. Geo. T. Rogers, colonel of the 6th Va. regiment, who commanded the brigade in the action, after Gen. Weisiger was wounded, in a statement dated July 22, 1880, says:

"The regiment I commanded was in front and on the right of the brigade (6th Va.), and before debouching from the covered way referred to into the natural ravine parallel with the entrenched line, and from which we charged, Gen. Mahone stopped me and informed me of the character of the work to be done, described the position we were about to move upon, and ordered that with 'fixed bayonets and without a shot until within the trenches,' the charge should be made. He then also informed me that the Georgia brigade of his division would form on my right as soon as practicable and join the charge. I do not doubt that like orders and instructions were given to each commandant of a regiment.

"Before the Georgia brigade could be brought into position the enemy showed a purpose to anticipate our charge, as I afterwards learned, for, by our position in the ravine, I being on the extreme right, we were entirely hidden from any view of the line or the movements of those holding it, when Gen. Mahone, I assume, seeing their design, ordered our brigade forward at once and alone. We captured the line equal to our front, but could not cover the Crater; and upon the instant almost of reaching the entrenchment Col. Weisiger called to me that he was, he thought, mortally wounded, and turning over to me the command of the brigade, retired, with assistance, from the field. The brigade for the moment was in great confusion; our loss in the charge had been very heavy; the work of death was yet rife in the trenches, and our men were suffering terribly from an enfilade fire, poured from the Crater proper, that projected far to the rear of our line, as well as from the fire of the main line of battle of the enemy.

"*Then* I met Gen. Mahone in the trenches and received from him timely instructions for the disposition of the men and orders to hold the position, at any hazard and under any loss, until he could bring another brigade to our relief."

Mr. Jas. H. Blakemore, who was one of Gen. Mahone's couriers, in a statement made July 28, 1880, says:

"Satisfied with the progress of the troops, Gen. Mahone rode rapididly to Gen. Bushrod Johnson's headquarters, whence, after a hurried consultation, he proceeded in advance of his command to the open-

ing of the covered way. Dismounting here he walked forward to the front, stood on the rising ground of the ravine which made out from the right of the covered way in a direction nearly parallel to the works captured by the enemy, and thence took a careful survey of the field and the position occupied by the enemy. The enemy were in full view and not more than two hundred yards distant from where Gen. Mahone stood. Seeming to have resolved upon his plan of attack, Gen. Mahone at once dispatched an order to the trenches for the Alabama brigade to join us by the same route along which we had come.* At this time the Virginia brigade arrived, and under the directions of Gen. Mahone was formed by Capt. Girardey along the line indicated by the general, and was kept at its post with bayonets fixed and ready to charge. At this moment I could not have been more than two feet from Gen. Mahone, who was standing a short distance from and a little in advance of the left of the line of our formation, and who was then awaiting the movements of the Georgia brigade, emerging from the covered way. Just then Girardey, looking in the direction of the enemy, suddenly exclaimed, 'Here they come!' or 'General, they are coming!' meaning the enemy. This emphatic announcement called Gen. Mahone's attention from the men immediately by him and brought from him the quick, sharp order, 'Tell Weisiger to go forward.' This order Girardey instantly gave in his own gallant way. Impatient for the fight and knowing his men, Girardey did not wait to reach Weisiger, but at once springing in front of the left of the brigade, and waving his sword over his head, he gave the word to charge and led the men to the assault. Our position was retaken at the point of the bayonet. Gen. Mahone then rejoined the brigade at a point near the 'pit,' and in my hearing thereafter gave such orders as brought in the Georgia and Alabama brigades, and led to the restoration of the integrity of our lines."

Professor R. W. Jones, who commanded the 12th Va. regiment, in his statement made January 3, 1877, to which reference has been already made, referring to his address mentioned in the statement, says:

"Before I had quite finished my address some of the men called my attention to the fact that the enemy was moving one of his lines out of the works towards us and forming for an attack upon us. In a loud voice I announced the fact, and several voices repeated it. The next instant Capt. Girardey commanded 'Forward,' which I instantly repeated, and the whole of my regiment promptly leaped forward. Not a man hesitated. I remember seeing one member of his staff during the formation of his line of battle, but do not now recall his position when the forward movement by us began, and do not remember to have heard his command. The word 'Forward' came, I think, from the brave Capt. V. J. B. Girardey."

Maj. Wm. H. Etheredge, who commanded the 41st Va. regiment in the action, in his statement dated July 16th, 1880, says:

"We were ordered to charge the enemy—the order coming, to the best

*From this statement it appears that it was not Courier Blakemore, as stated in my address (p. 152), who was sent for the Alabama brigade, but some other courier.

of my recollection, from General Mahone, through Major Girardey, who was present at the time. Gen. Weisiger was present and I think on the right of the line, but when the order was given to charge I did not think it came from him, but from Gen. Mahone, through Maj. Girardey. I thought so then; I think so still."

Mr. Putnam Stith, of Co. E, 12th Va. infantry, in his statement dated December 3, 1876, says:

"We charged. I heard no orders given to do so. My firm conviction is that none were given. I think I was near enough to Gen. Weisiger to have heard his command if he had given any."

Mr. H. V. L. Bird, of Petersburg, Va., a member of the color-guard of the 12th Va. regiment, in a statement made in 1880, says:

"We did not know who gave the order to charge, but at the time it was supposed to have come from Gen. Mahone. We no more thought it necessary to question that than to ask who had whipped in the fight, nor do I doubt either now."

Mr. John E. Laughton, Jr., first lieutenant of Co. D, 12th Va. regiment, in his statement dated Decem- 11, 1876, says:

"The command 'forward' was given to the right of the line * * * by Capt. Girardey, of Gen. Mahone's staff, which command was repeated by myself and other subordinate commanders. Having seen Gen. Mahone superintending this portion of the line, my impression was that the order of Capt. Girardey to forward came direct from Gen. Mahone."

Capt. Thos. P. Pollard, captain of Co. B, 12th Va. regiment, in his statement made June 30, 1880, says:

"The order came, I think, from the right to forward. * * * * Said orders, I always thought, emanated from Gen. Mahone, as he was in such close proximity to our line, as was also Capt. Girardey of his staff. * * * * * * *

"Just here I would say that, in my judgment, our success on that occasion was very much due to the manner in which Gen. Mahone had disciplined the old brigade, as also to the confidence they had in him."

Mr. Thos. H. Cross, of Co. A, 16th Va. reg't, in a statement made to the committee in the summer of 1880, says:

"I saw Gen. Mahone just before we started in the charge and saw him again at the breast-works.

"The order to forward was given by Capt. Girardey, then acting on Gen. Mahone's staff."

Mr. Thos. E. Richardson, orderly sergeant of Co. K, 12th Va. regiment, in his statement made in December, 1876, says:

"When the enemy came out of the works I was in twenty feet of Gen. Mahone. He and Maj. Girardey were talking. When the move on the part of the enemy commenced Maj. Girardey left Gen. Mahone and ran to the front, giving the command, 'Forward, men.' Maj. Jones, of the 12th Virginia, gave the command at the same instant and we moved under his orders. I heard no command from Gen. Weisiger. The move commenced from the left of the brigade, immediately where Gen. Mahone was standing."

Mr. W. W. Coldwell, of Co. C, 12th Va. regiment, (a member of the battalion of sharp-shooters), in his statement dated June 30, 1880, says:

"I had not lost sight of him (Mahone) five minutes when the enemy began forming outside the captured portion in our front. * * * * * At that moment one of the men in the 12th jumped up and fired his rifle and yelled, 'Forward.' That was the first sound I heard and we all jumped up and moved right at them. Then Weisiger called out to us, 'Don't fire.' * * * We were advancing when he said this, and I am positive Weisiger did not give the command 'Forward.'

"In the movement from where we laid down to the trenches which we captured, I did not see Gen. Mahone, but in less than five minutes after we were in the works he was in our midst, encouraging the men, in the thickest of the fire. He joined us from the direction of the left."

Mr. T. H. Hines, of Co. B, 16th Va. regiment, in a statement dated Suffolk, Va., July 21, 1880, says:

"Seeing a communication in print from Gen. Weisiger, claiming the honor of having led Mahone's old brigade at the battle of the Crater, and also stating or intimating that Gen. Mahone was not present until after the fight was over, I beg leave to state that, as a member of Co. B, 16th Virginia Infantry, I was in that charge and in the fight. My brother, J. C. Hines, was near me and was wounded, having his right arm shattered by a bullet while in the works about half an hour after we reached the breast-works. Gen. Mahone was near us in the works immediately in the fight; and when my brother was wounded spoke to him and asked if he was much hurt; then directed him the way to get out and where he could find a surgeon; at the same time directed me to go with him and take care of him. My brother and I both are willing to make oath to this statement."

Gen. Weisiger, in his rejoinder to Gen. Mahone's letter, published in the Richmond (Va.) *State* in September, 1880, as has been stated, said:

"I have never claimed to be the hero of that occasion, but do claim that I gave the order to 'forward!' at the opportune moment, when it was observed that the enemy were preparing for a charge. There was only one of two things to be done—either to lie idle and be over-run, or charge with the bayonet.

"The certificates published vary as to who gave the command to forward and from which flank of the brigade it came. Some heard one, some another; all may be honest in their opinions and belief.

"It is not expected that an officer can be heard along the entire line of a regiment or brigade, especially when the artillery was in full play. It is the duty of all subordinate officers to repeat all commands given by their superior officers. I repeat that Gen. Mahone was not in the line of battle from its formation to the time the charge was made; nor was he in the captured works until after I had been wounded and retired. He has not to my knowledge claimed it for himself; it has only been done by his friends."

In his letter to Capt. McCabe, dated November 17, 1876, Gen. Weisiger says:

"A short time after leaving the works I was wounded and left the field with Capt. Hinton, my aid. In coming out I found Mahone at the very point at which I had left him

in the 'covered way.'* I reported to him that I had been wounded, and had turned the command over to Colonel Rogers, of the 6th Virginia regiment."

Judge Drury A. Hinton, who was aid-de-camp to Gen. Weisiger, in a statement made September 5, 1892, says:

"On the night preceding the battle of the Crater, the headquarters of Mahone's brigade were in the Willcox house. About midnight a courier reached our headquarters with an order from Gen. Lee which Maj. Benj. H. Nash,[27] who was acting as assistant adjutant-general of the brigade, read aloud. The purport of this order was that Gen. Lee was anticipating an attack somewhere on the lines the next morning and directed that the brigade should be under arms by 3 o'clock A. M. Finding that I could be of no assistance, with the request that I should be awakened when the first gun should be fired, I fell asleep. About daybreak I was awakened by the falling of a shell within twenty feet of the Willcox house. Hastening to the works, which were two or three hundred yards distant, I found the men awake, in the trenches, with arms stacked and camp-fires burning. By this time the firing had become quite rapid, particularly about the point at which our works crosses the Jerusalem plank road. In a few minutes an exploding shot from about this quarter passed down our breast-works and took off the legs of three men who were standing together and whom I knew personally and had enlisted in 1861. They were Sturdivant and McDonald, of Co. G, 41st Virginia regiment, and another member of the same company whose name has escaped me.

"Shortly after this a terrific explosion occurred, which shook the ground perceptibly. Most of the officers who were aware that a detachment of men under the command of Capt. Jno. R. Ludlow, of the 6th Virginia regiment, had been countermining about the Rives farm, probably guessed what had happened, namely, that the enemy's mine had been sprung.

"Within the space of an hour or more, but not later than 7 A. M., I feel sure, an officer came to our line and inquired if that was Mahone's division. He was informed that it was, and having announced that he

*According to Judge Hinton's statement, Gen. Mahone was at this time standing not "in the 'covered way,'" but "at a little arbor about thirty steps from the left of our line," which arbor, with its mortar, or mortars, I distinctly remember, and as passing *after* we left the "covered way," the words "covered way" here used being understood and intended, as elsewhere, to include the ravine or gulch into which the *artificial* "covered way" that began at the plank road "debouched," as mentioned in Gen. Mahone's statement, which ravine or gulch, being itself a *natural* "covered way," in which there was little, if any, artificial work necessary, runs into the "ravine," "depression" or "swale" along which the brigade formed for the charge.

If Judge Hinton is correct in his statement that Gen. Weisiger "remained in command of the brigade until two unsuccessful charges had been made by Wright's brigade," when Gen. W., after being wounded, met and reported to Gen. M. that "he (W.) had been wounded and had turned over the command to Col. Rogers of the 6th Va. regiment," then Gen. M. had been to the works and had returned to the point at which Gen. W. here saw him. If, however, Judge H. is mistaken in his statement, and Col. Rogers is correct in *his* when he says, "Upon the instant, almost, of reaching the intrenchment, Col. Weisiger called to me that he was, he thought, mortally wounded, and turning over to me the command, retired, with assistance, from the field," then Gen. Mahone had probably not been to the breast-works when Gen. W. saw him, as mentioned in the latter's statement.

27. Benj. H. Nash, of Richmond, Va.

desired to see Gen. Mahone a courier was sent with him to Mahone's headquarters at the Branch house, less than a quarter of a mile distant. Within less than a half-hour Gen. Mahone reached our brigade and directed Col. Weisiger to have his men fall out of the works, man by man, with arms trailed, and form in the same way in the rear, and then to move off as quietly as possible, left in front, towards the ravine, east of the city water-works.

"The brigade. being now out of the works, was marched left in front along the route indicated in your address, and finally reached a ravine running north and south, and about parallel to the line of our breast-works, then in the possession of the enemy. At the end of the covered way along which we passed to this ravine, and at the point at which it intersects with the ravine, was Gen. Mahone, standing by a traverse, to which a horse was tied. Here he directed Col. Weisiger, who was leading the brigade, to move up the ravine and prepare to charge. Col. Weisiger promptly did as directed, and placed his brigade along the slope of the hill with its left resting some distance from the traverse referred to.

"Col. Weisiger, being now on the right of the line of battle, directed me to order the men to fix bayonets and lie down, and then to inform Gen. Mahone that he was ready to charge. I did as directed, going along down the line and repeating the order to the regimental commanders, and adding that the men had better reserve their fire until they could see the whites of the enemy's eyes. When I reached Gen. Mahone he had moved southwardly from the traverse, and was standing by a mortar under a little arbor about thirty steps from the left of our line. Gen. Mahone, receiving Col. Weisiger's message, said, 'Tell Col. Weisiger to wait for an order from me or Capt. Girardey' — which I understood to mean an order from himself in person or delivered through Girardey.

"Soon after I reached the right of the line and delivered Gen. Mahone's response, Capt. Girardey came to where Col. Weisiger and myself were standing. Just at this moment a magnificent looking Federal officer stepped out from our works, and, as we could perceive by his gesticulations, was calling upon his men to form line preparatory to a charge. The call was indifferently obeyed. Here and there a man would jump out from the works, but the great mass of the men in the trenches failed to respond. At this juncture Col. Weisiger said to Girardey, 'Captain, had I not better go in now?' 'No,' said Girardey, 'Gen. Mahone desires to annex Wright's brigade on to you and send you in together.' A few moments later, however, Capt. Girardey authorized him to charge. Colonel Weisiger then gave the word 'Forward!' which was immediately communicated along down the line, and with one impulse, as it seemed to me, the whole brigade sprang forward and rushed up the hill, making the most brilliant and orderly charge I ever had the opportunity to witness.*

*Mr. Timothy R. Griffith, the present owner of the Crater farm, and who has lived on the place constantly since the year 1865, in a statement made Sept. 13, 1892, says:

"On the day of the Crater fight I was a boy 12 years of age. On the 17th day of June, 1864, the day on which Pegram's battery took position as described by Capt. Pegram

MAJ. RICHARD W. JONES.

"As soon as Capt. Hinton passed down the line, Capt. Jones stepped out in front of us, as we lay on the ground, and, with great coolness of manner, said: 'Men, you are called upon to charge and recapture our works, now in the hands of the enemy. They are only about one hundred yards distant. The enemy can fire but one volley before the works are reached. At the command 'forward' every man is expected to rise and move forward at a double-quick and with a yell. Every man is expected to do his duty.'" P. 153.

CAPT. DRURY A. HINTON.

"A few minutes after we take the recumbent position, Capt. Drury A. Hinton, acting aid-de-camp of Col. Weisiger, walks along the line and directs the regimental officers to instruct the men to reserve their fire until the enemy are reached." P. 153.

"I remember seeing Col. Weisiger and Capts. Hinton and Girardey. They moved along the brigade line and were in different places at different times. They acted with conspicuous bravery." P. 201.

"Arrived at the works, Gen. Weisiger remained in command of the brigade until two unsuccessful charges had been made by Wright's brigade, when he was wounded. I assisted him from the field between 11 and 12 o'clock, and on reaching the before-mentioned arbor, where was the mortar referred to, we met Gen. Mahone, who, I am satisfied from the several statements of participants in the action, had previously been in the breast-works with the men.

"Col. Weisiger here informed Gen. Mahone that he had been wounded and had turned over the command of the brigade to Col. Rogers.

"On our way out, going by the route by which we came in, we passed Gen. Beauregard and Col. Sam'l B. Paul, of his staff, at the plank road, and a short distance beyond we met Gen. Saunders, with his Alabama brigade, going to take his part in the action. Col. Paul, as we came up, remarked to Col. Weisiger, 'Colonel, you all have covered yourselves with glory.' Gen. Beauregard made a profound bow.

"I desire to add to what I have said, that, in this fight, in my judgment, Col. Weisiger did all that the most gallant and experienced brigade commander could possibly have done and that Gen. Mahone demonstrated, not only his ability to handle a division, but also his capacity to win a brilliant victory under the most adverse circumstances and in the face of tremendous odds."

That there arose the controversy disclosed by the foregoing statements has been a matter of sincere regret to the surviving members of Mahone's old brigade, and they who never questioned the courage of either of their old brigade commanders, both of whom they have seen on many a battle-field, feel that gross injustice is done by any imputation, however slight, that Gen. Mahone at the battle of the Crater was, at any time during the progress of the action, for the purpose of avoiding personal danger, at any place, on or off the field, where his duty as a division commander did not call him.

When the Virginia brigade made its charge, Gen. Mahone, of course, remained in his position in the ravine along which the Georgia briggade was then filing to take its position to the right of the Virginia

in his statement, my father's house stood in the angle between the Baxter Road and the Jerusalem plank road. I saw Pegram's battery take its position on the evening of the 17th, and earlier, in the afternoon of the same day, I saw the officers who selected the line whilst they were engaged in this work. About Monday, or Tuesday, after Saturday, the 18th, my father's house was burned. From the night of the 15th of June to the night of the 17th this house and yard were occupied by Gen. Beauregard and staff as headquarters.

"On the morning of July 30th, I was in Petersburg when the explosion occurred—my father's family had refugeed there—but before seven o'clock I was out on the lines and went to the mortars that were stationed on the plank road, behind the embankment to the north of the site of my outer gate. When the charge of Mahone's brigade was made, I was standing in the road just in front of the Gee house, there being a mortar just at this place, and from this point I witnessed the charge. I could not see the left of the brigade, but saw its right as it ascended the slope and made for the works. I heard the shouts of the men and the clashing of the guns when the troops reached the works.

"Gen. Beauregard, at the time the charge was made, was at the Gee house—this he told me when making a visit to the Crater a few years after the war. I have often heard it stated that there were other prominent officers at the same place at the time of the charge."

brigade. To have charged along with the Virginia brigade, as was the duty of its brigade commander, and as did Gen. Weisiger, would have been evidence that Gen. Mahone had lost his head, and, with the Georgia brigade of his division then moving along under his eye, and needing his presence to put it in the position it was filing along to occupy, would, under the circumstances, have been criminal indiscretion.

The Virginia brigade having made its charge, Gen. Mahone, having seen the Georgia brigade file to the position from which it was intended that it should charge, hurried across the slope over which the Virginia brigade had just charged to the breast-works, and was in the works with the troops within a few minutes after the Virginians got into them, encouraging the men, posting sharpshooters and arranging for the intended charge of the Georgia brigade.

With facts like these, which cannot be disputed, supported as they are by so much evidence, the allegation that Mahone, on this occasion, failed to do all in the way of personal presence at the scene of conflict and post of danger that should, or would, have been done by the bravest of division commanders, under like circumstances, is utterly untenable, and should be abandoned as frivolous.

As to who gave the order to charge at the opportune moment, the weight of testimony seems to be that Capt. Girardey gave the order. If he gave it, after saying to Gen. Mahone, "General, they are coming!" (as narrated by him, Gen. Mahone), then the order came directly from Gen. Mahone through Girardey. If he (Girardey) gave the order before he said to Mahone, "General, they are coming!" and Judge Hinton is correct in his statement when he says that Girardey "authorized him (Weisiger) to charge," then the presumption is that Girardey acted in so doing within the scope of the authority given him by Gen. Mahone, his chief.

If both Gen. Mahone and Judge Hinton are mistaken in their respective statements, and Gen. Weisiger is correct in every particular of his, the discovering of the opportune moment to charge was probably only what was done by every one of the trained veterans under him, men and officers, who cast their eyes to the front and saw what was transpiring there, and the giving of the order to charge at this particular time, with the implied, if not the express assent, of the division commander's staff-officer there present and personally acting for him, was really doing nothing that entitled Gen. Weisiger to special credit.

Gen. Weisiger's reputation as a brigade and regimental commander, earned and sustained on many historic fields, does not require that he should be right in this controversy.

On the bloody field of Malvern Hill, one of the severest battles of

the war, the Virginia brigade under Mahone won many laurels, and the 12th reg't, with Weisiger at its head, was in the forefront. In this action he was a conspicuous figure as he led his regiment about sunset to the advanced position held during the night by Mahone's and Wright's brigades; the position to which Gen. Magruder in his report refers when he says, "Darkness had now set in and I thought of withdrawing the troops, but, as we had gained many advantages, I concluded to let the battle subside, and to occupy the field, which was done within one hundred yards of the enemy's guns. Pickets were accordingly established by Brigadier-Generals Mahone and Wright, whose brigades slept on the field in the advanced position they had won;" and the position in which the brigade remained until after daylight the next morning, constituting the small body of troops to which Gen. Mahone in his report refers, when he says, "The small body of troops now remaining upon the field and under my command were of my own brigade exclusively, and with but few exceptions of the Twelfth Virginia, the exertions and gallantry of whose colonel (D. A. Weisiger) in conducting the operations of his regiment merit high commendation."*

From the day that Gen. Mahone took command of Anderson's division in the Wilderness down to the battle of the Crater, a period of nearly three months, in a campaign in which the Virginia brigade was in several hard fought battles and was almost constantly under fire, and was adding to its reputation as one of the best in the Confederate army, Gen. Weisiger was at its head, always at the post of duty and of danger.

With a record of this kind, this gallant officer can well afford to have the verdict of impartial history declare that he was probably in error in this matter of controversy; and with equal truth can it be said that Gen. Mahone, with his brilliant record as a commanding officer, a record illustrated by a series of successes up to the last days of the Confederacy, can well afford to concede to the gallant man who succeeded him in the command of his old brigade all that the latter claims as to the giving of the command to charge.†

*Gen. Early, in his report of the battle of Malvern Hill, says:

"As soon as it was light enough next morning an appalling spectacle was presented to our view in front. The field for some distance from the enemy's position was literally strewn with the dead and wounded, and arms were lying in every direction. It was apparent that the enemy's main body, with his artillery, had retired, but a body of cavalry, supported by infantry, was soon discovered on the field. To the right, near the top of the hill leading up towards the enemy's position, we saw a body of our own troops, some distance off, lying down, which proved to be a small body under Brigadier-Generals Mahone and Wright."

†The following entry made in my diary, containing information published in the newspapers of the day, may properly be inserted here as showing the work done by the division of which Gen. Mahone had command during the campaign of 1864, the Virginia brigade of which during the greater part of the time was under the command of Gen. Weisiger, the brigade being present in almost every engagement in which the division came in contact with the enemy:

"Tuesday, Mar. 21, '65.

"Operations of Mahone's division during

And now, in concluding the *addenda* relating to the battle of the Crater, it is proper to submit a few observations about the artillery:

Maj. Walker thinks the battle was "an artillery fight" and that "the enemy were practically whipped before Mahone's command took part in the action," whilst Capt. Flanner claims "that the battery commanded by" himself, "and composed entirely of North Carolinians, is entitled to the credit of preventing the Federal army from entering Petersburg on the morning of the springing of the mine."

Is it clear that, if the brave South Carolinians under the gallant McMaster had not fought in the determined way they did for nearly four hours—from almost immediately after the explosion until Mahone's brigade appeared on the scene—Wright's battery under Coit and Jones on the north, Davidson's battery under Gibbs and Walker on the south, and Flanner's battery and Lamkin's mortars on the west of the Crater, with Langhorne's mortars on its southwest, would have had the opportunity of making the reputation they did for those in charge of them? Had this infantry failed to do the splendid work they did during all those trying hours—hours that seemed to the actors more than sixty minutes each, as may be inferred from the statements of Maj. Coit and Col. McMaster, and of several of McMaster's command, as to the time of the charge of Mahone's brigade—who can say that all of the guns and all of the mortars of Jones, Haskell, Coit, Walker, Flanner, Lampkin and Langhorne would not have been in the hands of the enemy long before Mahone could have come up with any part of his command?

For nearly four hours—from the time of the explosion about 4:45 A.M. to the time when the Virginia brigade made its charge, about 8:45 A. M.—the South Carolinians, a part of them in the trenches north of the Crater disputing the progress of the Federals, almost foot by foot, a part of them in the ravine from which the Virginia brigade charged, under Col. Smith and Capt. Crawford, stood as a barrier to the advance of the enemy. About 8:45 the enemy in great force began to form for their charge. Suppose that Mahone's brigade had not then been in the very spot where it was, or, being there, had not charged just at the time it did. Is it clear that the enemy would not have reached Cemetery Hill and at this time made short work of the artillery?

In the record of what was done on this day the artillery have much of

campaign of 1864, as shown by official reports:

"The command has captured—Prisoners, 6,704; Pieces of artillery, 15; Stands of colors, 42; Small arms, 4,367; Horses, 235; Wagons and ambulances, 49; Slaves, 537.

"According to enemy's own statements, the losses in killed and wounded in those commands which at different times have fought Mahone's division, foot up 11,000, from which it appears that the division during the campaign inflicted a loss of 17,704 men upon the enemy.

"The loss of the division during the campaign foots up 5,248 killed, wounded and missing."

which to be proud, but to this arm of the service in the main the glory does not belong. Maj. Walker is as much in error when he claims that the battle of the Crater was "an artillery fight" with the enemy "practically whipped before Mahone's brigade took part in the action," as is Capt. Flanner when he claims that his battery "is entitled to the credit of preventing the Federal army from entering Petersburg" on the morning of that action. The fight was one in which *both* infantry and artillery took part and in which *neither* could have accomplished much without the efficient aid of the other, and it is believed that this is a conclusion which will be reached by any impartial student who will read the details of this memorable engagement.

Since the greater part of the foregoing *addenda* has been in print, Mr. Thos. F. Rives, of Dinwiddie county, Va., an intelligent and competent civil engineer, the county surveyor of that county, has made a survey and map of the battle-field of the Crater, showing the Crater and principal land-marks of the battle-field, the map to appear in this volume.

From the measurements made by Mr. Rives, as shown on his map, the following facts appear:

The centre of the Crater is distant from sundry points, as follows—

From the centre of the Baxter Road at the point nearest to the position of Davidson's battery, 373 yards. The embrasure of its most important gun, mentioned by Maj. D. N. Walker in his statement on page 203, was 100 feet *south* of the centre of the road.

From the Jerusalem plank road, 533 yards. Flanner's battery was probably located in the angle between this road and the Baxter Road, about the site of the house of Wm. H. Griffith, deceased, the father of Mr. T. R. Griffith, the present owner of the Crater farm.

From the position of Wright's battery, 555 yards.

From the nearest point of the railroad cut of the Norfolk & Petersburg (now Norfolk & Western) railroad, 405 yards. This is the cut to which Capt. Rich'd G. Pegram refers in his statement on page 207. It is north of the Baxter Road, and in it, between the road-crossing and Taylor's Creek, on the north side of the railroad track, stands mile post 79. The cut referred to by Col. Duane in his statement on page 212 as that in which a portion of the 5th (Warren's) corps was massed does not appear on the map, being the next cut south of the Baxter Road, and the western end of what is known as "Summit Cut."

From the willow tree mentioned on page one hundred and fifty-three, 323 yards. Mr. Rives locates the right of Mahone's brigade when about to charge about 60 yards *south* or *southeast* of this tree, which, I feel satisfied, is correct, or nearly correct. This tree is seen in the photograph taken in August, 1892, for this book. The smaller willow tree near the right of the picture, beyond the corn-field, stands, like the other willow tree, several yards in the rear of the position of the line of battle. The *post* indicated on the map and visible in the picture (to the left of the smaller tree) marks about the *left* of the line of battle, being about 18 yards northwest from the point at which its left probably rested when the brigade was about to charge.

The high ground north of the Crater along which were the Confederate breastworks occupied by the Federal forces is now (1892) visible from the windows of the trains of the Norfolk & Western rail-

road as they pass in the vicinity of the Crater at a point northeast therefrom. The posts of the wire fence, plainly visible on the brow of the hill to the left, mark the general course of these works on the high ground. On the 30th of July, 1864, a heavy body of timber stood between the meadow and the breast-works at this point and obscured the breast-works from the view of one standing on the railroad. The same body of timber stood in front of the breast-works on the hill upon which stood Wright's battery. At this point, also, the timber has disappeared, leaving only a hedge-row of small trees visible in this picture on the brow of the hill on the right.

Since the address and *addenda* have been in print the following typographical and other errors have been noted, and it has been deemed proper here to correct them:

The 16th Va. regiment was commanded in the action by its lieutenant-colonel, Col. R. O. Whitehead, and not by Capt. L. R. Kelly, as stated at page 153. The name of the major of the 41st Virginia regiment was Wm. H. Etheredge, not Wm. H. Etheridge, as printed on this page.

The word *Infantry* in the note near the foot of page 179, should be read with inverted commas next after the letter *y*, so as to show the quotation.

In Mr. J. E. Whitehorne's statement on page 180 he says, "Whilst this was going on I was astonished at the splendid handling of a piece of artillery to our left and rear." After going over the ground he is satisfied that the artillery referred to was Wright's battery, which was to his left and *front*, and he directs the word *front* to be substituted in the place of the word *rear* in this sentence.

Gen. Delevan Bates calls attention to the following errors in his statement and requests their correction: An omitted word, *it*, should be inserted next after the words *what to do or how to do*, in the first column of page 183, and in the sentence *but all stopped at the Crater until all the surprise was over*, in the same column, the word *all* before the words *the surprise* should be omitted. In the next column, on the same page, the word *companies* near the top of the page should be stricken out and the words *the flank* substituted. In the last mentioned column the word *officers* should be substituted for *offi-officers*. In the first column on the next page (p. 184) the word *farm* should be substituted by the word *former* before the word *life* and the hyphen omitted.

In the statement of Mr. Wm. C. Smith, on page 185, the name of *David McConnochie* is erroneously printed *David McConichie*.

In the statement of Mr. Putnam Stith on page 188, in the second column, the words *in close proximity of Meade Bernard's head* should read *in close proximity to Meade Bernard's head*.

In the letter of Maj. D. N. Walker, in the second column of page 204, the name of Capt. *Flanner* is erroneously printed *Flannery*.

In Capt. Pegram's statement on page 207, strike out the word *instant* after the words and figures *on the 16th*.

In Gen. Mahone's statement on page 213, place inverted commas, to show the quotation, before the words *The primary* in the first paragraph of the second column, and before the words *General Beauregard* in the second paragraph of the same column.

FREEMAN W. JONES.

A DARING EXPEDITION.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE A. P. HILL CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, OF PETERSBURG, VA., ON THE EVENING OF JANUARY 2ND, 1890, BY MR. FREEMAN W. JONES.

COMRADES:

The story I shall now relate, I am sure, will be one of interest to you, as, so far as I am aware, it has never as yet been given to the public. I have for a long time felt it would be an interesting matter of history. The hero of this expedition was Capt. Chas. W. Read, of the Confederate States navy, who was at the time stationed at Drury's Bluff, on James river. I was at the same time stationed a few miles below this point on what was then called the "Howlett line," extending from James river to the Appomattox, and held by Pickett's division. I was an humble private in Co. E, 56th Virginia Infantry, Hunton's brigade.

On the 2nd day of February, 1865, orders came to my regiment that a few volunteers were wanted for an expedition, and those wishing to go could do so. The order was to report to Capt. Read at Drury's Bluff. A young friend, Mr. Fraser, and myself, determined to offer our services. We reported that night to Capt. Read, as directed. After spending a quiet night at the Bluff, not then knowing the dangerous errand upon which we were bent, the next morning, February 3rd, after an early breakfast, we were ordered to fall in line, our command numbering about 120 men. Very soon we were armed each with a heavy cutlass and pistol—the former a large knife about twelve inches long by about two and a half inches wide. Our pistols were, most of them, old navy flint-and-steel pistols, carrying only one ball. Matters began to look serious, at least to me. I should have felt better if I had remained with my regiment. But as there was no chance to make an exchange now, I soon determined to make the best of a bad bargain.

It was very soon told us that we were going upon a dangerous journey, and that every man was expected to do his duty. We had thirteen marines along who were armed with rifles. The rest of the command consisted mostly of sailors, together with a few artillery and infantry men, armed as I have described. In a short time up drove four wagons coupled at great length, each bearing a long boat, and on each side two or more long heavy poles. On the end of each pole was fastened a torpedo. The sight of these implements of marine warfare added to the discomfort of many, myself one of that number in particular, as I have a horror of *water* when it gets beyond the depth of three feet. As before stated, the object of this expedition was to dislodge Gen. Grant from before Petersburg. Just think of it, Comrades, 120 men going on an expedition to force Grant with over 100,000 troops to evacuate Petersburg! At first blush such an expedition strikes one as simply ridiculous.

But let us look at the facts of the case before passing judgment:

Capt. Read told me his plans with his own lips. I cannot, therefore, be in error in my statement. His plan was this: He intended to go around Gen. Grant's army, and, when fully in his rear, he expected, under cover of night, to board one or more United States transports then lying at anchor in James River, at a point known as Burwell's Bay. After capturing one or more of these boats he expected to steam at once up James River and take possession, if possible, by surprise, of the first gun-boat he met. "I am sure," said he, "before they could possibly have known what was going on, I could have run alongside and boarded a gun-boat with my men, and, having thus captured the first gun-boat, with this gun-boat and my torpedoes, I could easily have sunk the rest of the gun-boats. Besides, at the first signal, our own gun-boats, which were lying in readiness near the Howlett house, in James River, would have come immediately to my rescue. My plans were made known to Gen. Lee, and approved by him, and were also approved by President Davis himself."

Let us now see how far he carried out his plans and what caused the failure of this most daring undertaking:

On the morning of February 3, 1865, we left Drury's Bluff and marched about two miles west of Petersburg, and camped on or near what is now the farm of Dr. D. W. Lassiter. On the 4th we marched some fourteen miles, going above Burgess' mill on the Boydton plank road, thence a few miles south, to the left of this road. It was bad weather, and we could not get our wagons along, as the roads were bad. Making an early start the morning of the 5th, we had only gone a short distance when heavy picket firing was heard in our front. In a short

while some cavalrymen came rushing back and told us the enemy were advancing and we would all be captured. Our gallant captain was not to be easily discouraged. We soon found a road leading further to the south, and by rapid marching made good our escape. We marched some thirty miles that day, and by nine o'clock that night we were camped at a safe distance in Grant's rear. On the 6th we marched some fifteen miles and camped near Wakefield station, on the Norfolk & Petersburg railroad, now the Norfolk & Western railroad. On the 7th we continued our journey, and about midday we halted until we could procure some forage for our teams. Just as we were about to resume our march our attention was directed to a horseman coming at full speed toward us. Being in the enemy's lines, of course, the sight of this approaching horseman caused much excitement. We soon saw he was a Confederate, and knew he must be bearing an important dispatch. Riding up at full speed, he dismounted and handed Capt. Read a dispatch from Gen. Lee. This dispatch was to inform Capt. Read that, since our departure from Drury's Bluff, one of our naval officers had deserted and had informed the enemy of his (Capt. Read's) whole plan. Capt. Read was also informed that, unless very cautious, he and his whole command would be captured. I can never forget how exhausted this courier and his horse appeared. The poor horse could not stand, but reeled from side to side like a drunken man, while his rider, though exhausted, appeared much pleased at reaching us. Capt. Read then ordered the second officer in command to take us back a few miles and to leave the road some distance. The order was also to allow no fires to be kindled, and that the men be kept as quiet as possible, while he, Capt. Read, with his guide, would ascertain whether there was danger ahead.

For nearly two days we were kept in suspense, hidden away in swamp and woods, at the end of which time Capt. Read returned and said that he had found the enemy in heavy force, consisting of infantry, artillery and cavalry, a few miles ahead. He afterwards told me that, but for the timely arrival of this messenger, the last one of us would have been captured, and he thought probably would have been killed. We made our way back by a most circuitious route, by way of Sussex Court-House and Stony Creek, thence by Dinwiddie Court-House, where we safely reached our lines. We reached camp the evening of the 13th of February, having been eleven days on the march. Worn out, hungry and suffering much from cold, we were glad to get back to old quarters once more.

The great aim and end in view on the part of Capt. Read would have always, perhaps, been unknown, even to me, Comrades, (as I confess I at the time little dreamed

of the great and dangerous work that had been planned for our little band to do), but I chanced to meet with this gallant captain in the city of New Orleans during the spring of 1867, and he then and there, in his quiet way, kindly related to me his plans and purposes as I have related them to you, and he seemed much pleased to meet with one who had followed him on that expedition.

The character of this expedition, involving so much peril and aiming at such grand results, entitles it to an important place in the history of the war, and Capt. Read, its projector, deserves to be remembered as among the bravest of the brave.

ADDENDUM.

Since the foregoing address was delivered by Mr. Freeman W. Jones, the brave and distinguished Captain Charles W. Read has gone to join the great majority of the heroes of the late war.

In the New Orleans *Picayune* of January 26, 1890, in which was made the announcement of his death at Meridian, Miss., on the preceding day, the following interesting sketch of this gallant man appears:

"A THRILLING BIOGRAPHY.

"The news of the death of Capt. Charles W. Read will be read with regret by many. The brave soldier who passed away was honored all over the broad land for his valor, and beloved by his friends for his loyalty, his modesty and the many good qualities that distinguished his noble character.

"Some two months ago the *Picayune* published a lengthy history of Capt. Read's career during the war. His deeds of daring read almost like chapters of a romance. Capt. Read never repeated them, although furnishing *data* about any particular event when applied to by a friend. The record is found in history, and Northern chronicles accord him as much praise as the writers of the South. He was the naval hero of the war, and the late Capt. Sam P. Blanc, a lamented leader of the local bar, fitly styled him the John Paul Jones of the Confederacy.

"Capt. Read was born in Yazoo county, Miss., in 1840. He had a love for the sea from early boyhood, and sought and obtained an appointment to Annapolis. There he graduated and was made a cadet on the Powhatan. As soon as the news of the secession was received the ship started from New York. Young Read resigned on the way, left the ship when it landed, and came south to report to President Davis and Secretary Mallory. He had just reached his majority when he donned the uniform of a Confederate lieutenant, and was assigned for duty to the steamer McRae at New Orleans. He took part in the naval battle preceding the fall of the city, and fought with noteworthy gallantry.

"Lieutenant Read then joined the Arkansas, the celebrated ram, which had a short, bloody and brilliant life on the Mississippi, commanding the stern guns in all her actions. After a brief spell of sickness at Jackson, Miss., he was ordered to the steamer Florida at Mobile. On the 15th of January, 1863, she made her escape to sea through the blockading fleet, and commenced a long list of captures. One of these captures was the brig Clarence, which Capt. Read obtained permission to

board with a crew and set out on a privateering cruise. From the Clarence, Read and his crew transferred themselves to the Tacony, the Archer, and other vessels, played havoc with Northern ships that came their way, and made a bold stroke by going into the guarded harbor at Portland, Maine, and carrying off the revenue cutter Caleb Cushing. The daring Confederates were finally captured and sent to Fort Warren. There Capt. Read assisted in organizing and carrying out a plan to escape, lay all night on wet ground after the elements placed the rescuing boat out of reach, was prodded with the bayonets of passing sentries, and coolly walked back to the fort when daylight made further concealment impossible.

"The heroic young officer was exchanged, and appeared at Richmond for more duty. At the latter place he organized several forlorn hopes to destroy Grant's base of supplies, open James River to the Southern fleet, and give Lee an opportunity to break the lines fast closing around the Confederate capital. Read displayed a desperate daring in this series of actions almost beyond belief. The last forlorn attempt by a land expedition, was frustrated by treachery, and the little band of men engaged in the march had to trace its way through the woods at night, and ford the Appomattox River when it was covered with ice. Seventy-four of the hundred men who took part in the plan remained in the Richmond hospitals long after the evacuation of the city.

"Capt. Read closed his war record with the wonderful run of the ram Webb, from Alexandria, on the Red River, almost to the mouth of the river. The boat was specially prepared for the trip, and in April, 1865, she passed through the Federal fleets along the Mississippi, and had almost passed New Orleans when her identity was discovered and chase given. The Webb gave her pursuers a glorious race, and twenty-five miles below the city Capt. Read slowed up to allow the Hollyhock, which had distanced the others, to advance. Just then the masts of the Richmond were seen over the point ahead. Read thought it was a trap, and prepared to fight the formidable Richmond, when a flat was discovered between. The Webb would have to go around and pass under the enemy's broadside. Read knew what that was and so ordered his own ship run ashore, and each man was told to shift for himself. The cavalry had been sent down from New Orleans and surrounded the sailors, and the latter returned to their boats, preferring to fall into the hands of the navy. The Webb's crew surrendered to one of the gun-boats and were conveyed to New York. Gen. Kirby Smith's surrender gave them all their freedom, Capt. Read among them.

"Since the war Capt. Read continued to follow the sea as a profession, and took up his residence in New Orleans. For a number of years he commanded the City of Dallas, of the Royal Mail Line, engaged in the fruit business between this port and British Honduras. The gallant sailor was happily married to Miss Carter, of Meridian, Miss., and his home was brightened by several lovely children. His life took him often away from home, but it seemed as if he had found snug harbor at last when Governor Nichols, recognizing the veteran's worth, appointed him one of the harbor masters of the port. But the Great Commander had already decided to call the brave sailor home to his reward. He was stricken with

disease just as he was about to enter upon a season of rest in the bosom of his loving family. The character of the man asserted itself to the last. He looked fate hopefully in the face, and after the doctors said there was no help he quietly remarked to the writer, at their last interview, that he would obtain a leave of absence from the governor, go up to the Mississippi hills for a month, and return in condition to resume his duties. Capt. Read did get well, only to be stricken down by a more relentless foe, and the fearless commander's ship of life went down in the ocean of eternity.

"A fearless soldier, a stainless man, a devoted husband and father, a faithful friend and a loyal citizen—it is no wonder that a legion of true hearts, all over the south, mourn his passing away."

NOTE.—Mr. Fraser, the young Friend of Mr. Freeman W. Jones, to whom he refers on page 231, was Frank R. Fraser, of Brunswick county, Va., a private in the same company with Mr. Jones.

DR. JOHN HERBERT CLAIBORNE.

LAST DAYS OF LEE AND HIS PALADINS.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE A. P. HILL CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, OF PETERSBURG, VA., ON THE EVENING OF THE 6TH OF MARCH, 1890, BY DR. JOHN HERBERT CLAIBORNE.

COMRADES:

"Arma Virumque cano"—sang the Bard of Mantua in epic story, which nineteen centuries have decreed immortal; but it is a story whose stirring incidents pale in shadowy nothing, in the presence of that mighty drama, whose tragic history you made in the "SEVEN LAST SCENES OF LEE AND HIS PALADINS."

The poet has not been born nor the orator made, who, with lyre or tongue, has given to the world a fitting recital of that heroic struggle of one short week, in which was lost a cause and country that we had dreamed to be a heritage from heaven, and which we had loved even better that life.

Do not look to me, therefore, for song or story worthy of Confederate fame. I have no flower of rhetoric to show, no measured lines of epic verse to bring, to your camp fire to-night; I have only a simple story to tell, a tale of personal reminiscence, a recountal of march and bivouac and battle, measured by septenary deeds of heroism, of days of disaster, in which the heavens seemed hid; and finally, of a black and starless night, in which the warrior's banner was planted for the last time by warrior hands, and of a coming morning of unspeakable sorrow, when slowly and sullenly it was furled forever.

When, in the memorable campaign of 1864, Lee and Grant, on the 18th of June, confronted each other in the trenches at Petersburg, I was in the city, assigned to duty as senior surgeon, or executive officer, in charge of all general military hospitals at this post, reporting immediately to the general commanding the department.

My duties were scarcely of a professional nature at all—I had no op-

portunity of seeing the sick and wounded except on tour of inspection—but my whole time was consumed in receiving and forwarding morning reports of the number and condition of those under hospital treatment; to see that they had proper and sufficient accommodation; that they were carefully and skillfully attended; that their diet was full and in accordance with regulations; that they were supplied with bedding and clothing; that the sick were carefully apportioned to hospital dimensions; that the wounded were removed from under fire as promptly as possible, &c., &c.; in the execution of which my life was no sinecure and my position not pleasant, not safe, especially after the heavy shelling of the city commenced, and one not especially to be coveted. Few men had the privilege of selecting their places, however, in those days, and my lot was light in comparison with that of many others.

When Gen. Lee assumed command, or rather when he was placed in command, of all the forces and affairs at the post, my duties were increased, and I was required to report at his headquarters, or to forward my reports to his headquarters. I made a friend of his chief surgeon, a frank, genial and generous man, a surgeon in the old army, and I had his support and help in the discharge of some of my onerous and unpleasant duties. And here let me record, that the Confederate government was liberal, in and beyond its means, in the care of its sick and wounded soldiers. I had permission and authority to make requisitions, at my own will, for money in any amount, and, when money would not buy the necessary supplies, to draw requisitions for cotton yarns and snuff, with which I rarely failed to get what I wanted.

But as the months wore on; as the casualties of the siege daily increased; as the hospitals and cemeteries were being constantly filled; as the recruits became fewer and fewer; as the food, gathered and bought or impressed, came in more and more slowly from broken and badly equipped roads; it became evident that our struggle was against hope. The deserters—gaunt and hungry—God help and forgive them, for they had been men and soldiers and patriots once—began to creep away under cover of night, and our attenuated lines could no longer be held.

On the morning of the 2nd of April, 1865 (my quarters then were on Washington street, on the south side, just opposite to the present residence of Mr. Bangley), Col. P. [1] came galloping down from the direction of Turnbull's farm, the headquarters of Gen. Lee, and, reining up in front of my office, informed me that Gen. A. P. Hill had been killed, and that our lines were broken on the Dinwiddie plank road. He would give me no specific information, however, said he had no orders for me, and hurried on to the

1. Col. Henry Peyton, now of Baltimore.

front on the Jerusalem plank road. He did not tell me—(it was about 11 A. M.)—that Gen. Lee had left his headquarters, nor of the fierce fighting at Fort Gregg. I was soon made fully aware of the situation on the west of the city by one of my assistant surgeons, who, having constituted himself a scout, proceeded, without my command, to reconnoiter about a mile up Cox Road. He returned with great precipitancy, and, I might say, with haste unbecoming his rank, and informed me that the Yankees were advancing their lines as far as the Whitworth house, now the lunatic asylum, and, swinging around their left, were threatening to encircle the city. There soon came tidings from the hospital at the Fair Grounds, (now West End Park,) that things were very unpleasant in that vicinity, and that surgeons and attaches were compelled to resort to the leeward of the large trees, to protect themselves from the enemy's random bullets, whilst the convalescents were disposed to go, and not to stand on the order of their going.

About two o'clock my orders came to leave the city, and to take with me as many surgeons, hospital attaches, servants, &c., as could be spared from hospital service, and to cross the river at Campbell's Bridge, take the road to Chesterfield Court-House, go as far as practicable that night, and to await further orders.

For some months we had been able to keep open within the corporate limits only two hospitals, the Fair Grounds hospital and the Confederate hospital on Washington street, at the corner of Jones' Road; the latter the best organized and equipped military hospital I ever saw, which I had fitted up without regard to expense two years before, in a large tobacco factory, that could have been no better adapted for the purpose, if it had been built for a hospital.

The other hospitals in the city—one, the North Carolina hospital, at the present site of Cameron's factory; one on Washington street, the Virginia hospital, in Watson & McGill's factory; one on Washington and Jefferson streets, the South Carolina, now the factory of J. H. Maclin, and one on Bollingbrook and Second streets, the Ladies' hospital—we had been compelled to abandon the first month of the siege on account of the shelling, which made them unpleasant and unsafe for the sick and wounded. The Confederate and Fair Grounds hospitals, therefore, were crowded with wounded, and especially during the hard fighting which preceded the evacuation of the city. Therefore, I found on inspection I could take but few surgeons or attaches with me, and when I mustered my little force at sunset, in front of the Confederate hospital, I found I had four surgeons, as many attaches (white), one ambulance and driver, one wagon, one buggy, and four colored servants, one of whom, a sprightly and smart young lad of sixteen, his mother, who was one of

my slaves, brought up just before I left, and with many imprecations and abjurations, told him to follow "master to the end of the earth," and "never to come back unless master came back."

As I stood at the gate of the hospital and watched my little cortege move off, loth, indeed, to turn my back on home and city, for I felt that I should never see either again as I saw them then, if I ever saw them at all—the wounded were being hurried in from ambulance and upon stretcher, the moans mingling with the cries of women, the shrieking and bursting of shell, and the hoarse orders of men in authority—two scenes caught my eye, which are as indelibly fixed there now as on that holy Sabbath eve, which the great God had seemingly given up to the devils in pandemonium.

A stretcher was borne in the gateway by four soldiers, just from the near front, one of them crying, "My poor captain! the best man that ever lived!" A large, finely made, officer he was, his right arm shot away at the shoulder-joint, and the quivering, bleeding flesh soiled with dust, stained with powder and filled with shreds of the gray sleeve that had been hurriedly cut off. Something moved me as the bearers halted to uncover the face, over which some rude but kindly hand had thrown a piece of dirty blanket. Great God! There lay before me a friend of my earliest boyhood. Years had passed by since we parted—I had known him as the gentlest, most loveable of men, living in a quiet country home, amidst a simple-hearted, peace-loving people, an Arcadia, in which war was not even a dream. But he did not know me. His honest, brave life was fast ebbing away, and the mist was gathering over his eyes, which could only be swept off in the sunlight of that country where the nations shall learn war no more.

As I turned away, heart-sick, from this scene, a poor woman caught me by the hands: "Doctor, will you not order somebody to help me carry my poor husband home? I can take care of him and nurse him better than any one else—there he is." And there, lying only a few feet away in the hospital yard, where with many others he had been hurriedly brought in and put down anywhere that space could be found, was a private, an humble citizen not subject to regular service, a private belonging to the second-class militia, who had been summoned to the immediate defence of the city, when our lines grew so thin. He had fallen not very far away from the little cottage, where in days of peace he had lived with his wife and little ones—and now there he lay, a fourth part of his skull carried away with a fragment of shell, exposing his brain, leaving him with some little automatic life, but of course not conscious, whilst his poor wife was striving to get from him some sign of recognition, and begging that he might be carried home. I could only stop to tell her

that my right to order was at an end, and that, if a thousand men were at my beck, none could help her now. I could see no more, and, mounting my horse, I slowly followed my little party, crossed the river, and on the heights at Ettrick took one last look at Petersburg—as it was. Here I overtook my cortege, and, mustering them, found one absentee. This was a yellow, bob-tailed, bob-eared, rough-haired Scotch terrier, about twelve years old, who had seen no little service, and who showed it. He was irritable, selfish, self-asserting, frail as to virtue, his name disagreeably associated with any number of scandals, but full of faith in his master, and irrevocably attached to his master's fortunes, or misfortunes. I had given my chief of ambulance orders that, whoever should be left behind, Jack should go, and that proper transportation should be furnished him. He had always had too high an appreciation of himself to walk, and had ridden more thousands of miles, had fallen out of more vehicles, and been run over oftener, than any other dog in the world. I assert this without fear of contradiction.

He had but few friends, and but little capacity to make friends. Some incompatibility of temper, I suspect, had occurred betwixt him and the chief of ambulance, on the subject of riding, before the start from Petersburg, and hence Jack was left behind. I said to the chief, "Return at once to the city and bring me my dog, or fall into the hands of the enemy with him." The man looked at me for a minute as if he would question such an order, but four years of discipline and obedience had not lost its force on the first night of the retreat, and he turned off and retraced his steps to Petersburg. I never expected to see him again, but, late at night and after we had gone into camp, he returned on horse-back (he had borrowed a horse—soldiers rarely found any difficulty in borrowing a horse), and was leading Jack by a chain of white handkerchiefs. I did not enquire where he got the horse, but, having some curiosity to know where he got the handkerchiefs, I ventured to ask him. "Well, sir," he said, "they are breaking up everything in town and robbing the stores, and I found these handkerchiefs at the head of Old street."

We found, on taking up our march, that some broken sections of artillery had been ordered to take the same road to Chesterfield Court-House that we were following, and that our retreat was somewhat obstructed by their irregular and tardy movements. The teams were bad, the roads worse, the drivers profane, neither helping themselves nor calling upon Hercules to help, when a wheel fell into a hole, and when we had gotten over Brander's Bridge, about four miles from the city, one or two caissons were stuck so badly in the mud that the officer in charge of the party, or somebody else, concluded that it would be

safer for the caisson to be left there, and it was so ordered, or at least it so occurred. It was now about nine or ten o'clock at night, and our little party went into their first camp or bivouac.

We were very tired after the stirring and fatiguing incidents of the day, and the most of us were soon asleep. I do not know how long we had slept, when we were awakened by what seemed quite a heavy firing, both of artillery and musketry, a few miles to our right, exciting our fears of pursuit and capture. It seemed so near and the danger so imminent, that we thought best to break camp and to continue our march. One tremendous explosion caused such panic in our little party that Jack, who had slept on my blanket at my side, became demoralized and sought individual safety in individual flight. As he disappeared in the darkness I never expected to see him again, and never did until after my return, some two months later, to Petersburg, when he was the first one of my acquaintances to meet and greet me. His subsequent history, though not without interest of detail, would lead me away from my subject, and henceforth he will appear in this narrative no more. He was a poor soldier, always left the line when the firing began, impelled by thirst or some other consideration of a personal character; but his services in civil life entitled him, in my belief, to the right of civil sepulture, and you will find his grave in the section marked "Claiborne," in the old Blandford cemetery, and his epitaph in the 3rd chapter of Ecclesiastes, 20th and 21st verses.

All of our party moved off in order except Jack, and the next morning about 11 o'clock we arrived at Chesterfield Court-House, and found Mahone's division drawn up in line at right angles with our road. It received us with a cheer, and opened ranks to let us through. With these bronzed veterans behind us, and between us and pursuit, we dismissed all fear, and, passing a few hundred rods further, we lay down to rest and to await further orders.

After waiting several hours my orders came: "Take the right-hand road to Goode's Bridge, rendezvous at Amelia Court-House. There rations and transportation by rail will await you." We recommenced our march, but did not reach Goode's Bridge that night, bivouacked somewhere on the side of the road, and next day made the bridge. Just before we reached that point, however, we came to a beautiful residence on the side of the road, one of the old time Virginia mansions, the seat and embodiment of hospitable invitation and luxuriant entertainment, and under some patriarchal trees on the well-kept lawn were seated Gen. Mahone and staff, evidently awaiting refreshments. He recognized me and called to me to halt and tie my horse, and come in and get something to eat. My habit of obedience was too firmly fixed, after four years of service, to permit

me to refuse, and I dismounted and joined this party. We discussed the situation with as much freedom as a major-general could afford with a subaltern, but there was no sort of restraint when the buttermilk and ash-cake and fried chicken were brought out under the trees, and we enjoyed the hospitable repast as only soldiers could do, who had "had no where to sleep, and nothing to eat in four days." Had I known then, though, that which I discovered later on, that Mahone's division was not between me and the enemy, I do not know that I should have dined with so much *sang froid*, or tarried with my hospitable general so long. It seems that sometime during the night Mahone's division had passed my little party, and put us again, without my knowledge or consent, in its rear, or between it and the enemy, reversing the position which had afforded us such satisfactory sense of security the day before. Mahone, however, knew where his troops were and where the enemy was, and as soon as we had finished our dinner, he said, "It is time we were off."

I rode with him leisurely for an hour or so, perhaps, before we came up with our men, talking more of the past, in which we had many pleasant things in common, than of the future, in which neither of us saw much of promise, when he reined up his horse and, looking quietly and gravely at me, said, "Doctor, what command are you attached to and what are you going to do?" I told him that I was without any special attachment; that I had received orders to proceed to Amelia Court-House *via* Goode's Bridge, and to conduct a few surgeons and hospital attaches, and a wounded officer or two who came out of Petersburg with us, to that point, where I would receive rations and transportation to some other point, I knew not where. He said to me, "Take my advice, send your detachment along under one of your surgeons, and stay with me. If any troops get out of this trouble, Mahone's division will get out—it will get through."

I looked back over the country which we had traversed, and there was a cloud of dust which could not have been made by our troops (for all of them had passed on), and some long blue lines could be seen in the far distance, and I asked the general what that meant. "Yankees, I suppose," he said. "We will have to stop here."

The sun was about sinking down behind the high hills and dark pines that skirted them, and things looked very peaceful but for those blue lines which I felt boded no good, and I had great confidence in Mahone and his resources, and his men, scarred and bronzed in battle and campaign for four long years of war—I believed in him and I believed in them—but my little company had gone on, we could reach Amelia Court-House that night or the next morning, there was no en-

emy in front that I knew of, and I thought I had better follow them. So I said, "General, you have a very good surgeon on your staff, haven't you?" "Yes," he said, "there is Wood." "Well, then, as you have no need of my services, I believe I will go on, though I appreciate your kind attention, and will not forget you. He replied, "Go on then, but you will be sorry that you did not remain with Mahone's division."

The denouement, as we shall see later in my story, proved the wisdom of his words.

We went into camp that night about a mile from the Court-House, were undisturbed during the night, and, rising early next morning, I rode to the Court-House alone, to view the prospect and to receive my orders. There I found, or rather just before reaching there, a bivouac of officers high in command, one or two generals amongst them, at breakfast around a fire, and I recognized Major Thos. Branch,[2] who introduced me to several officers, whose names I do not remember, and who asked me to breakfast. I politely declined this civility and made known to the major the object of my visit. He could not tell me where Gen. Lee was or where or how I could get further instructions, but I was informed that the train, which it was expected would be there with rations for the army, had gone on to Richmond through some blunder of somebody, and that it would probably supply the Yankee commissary instead of ours. Worse than that, the railroad for a short distance beyond the Court-House was torn up and probably in the hands of the enemy, and the information and outlook was that a fight was imminent and necessary, if the army proposed to follow the left, the road parallel to the one on which my little cortege was resting on the right. Indeed, some desultory firing just then began on the left, and there was a general move, the officers going forward and Maj. B—— and I turning back to the road on which I had spent the night. I found the road filled with a long line of quartermaster wagons, ambulances, stragglers, &c., and saw that they had been ordered to follow the same road, where there would probably be less interruption from the enemy. I got my wagon, ambulance, buggy, &c., into line, after some scrouging and swearing, and took up our march, we scarcely knew whither.

Only those who have followed a large army can know how slowly and with how many halts a wagon train can move. A broken axle or a balky horse can detain the whole line, as there is rarely afforded an opportunity for one wagon to turn out and pass another; indeed, the attempt is met with such a storm of obloquy and opprobrious lanquage that one's nerves become demoralized, if nothing worse.

Being well mounted on a fine black mare, which I got from an impressing officer, who had taken

2. Maj. Thos. P. Branch, of Atlanta, Ga.

her from a gentleman's farm near the Court-House the day before, and which was too high strung for artillery service, I rode leisurely up and down the long lines of wagons, meeting an acquaintance now and then, and exchanging views in reference to the situation. I soon became convinced that, unless our pursuers were the most listless and unenterprising of men, our wagon, ambulance and baggage train would soon come to grief, and I determined to make my personal arrangements accordingly. Riding back some half mile along the line, I came to my party, and to the usual halt. Calling up Romulus, the colored boy, who had been my house servant and pet, the one whose mother had bade him "follow master to the end of the earth," I said, "Boy, no Yankee shall ever claim that he gave you your freedom. I will set you free right here." And getting down from my horse, I wrote his free papers, gave him a knife as a memento of his master, such money as I could spare, and told him to stay with me as long as he found it agreeable and safe, but, that when things became too hot, to skedaddle in any direction which should prove the safest. He pocketed my bequests, but evidently thought the whole thing a good joke, and went back to his place in my buggy, beside a young man named Venable, and J. V. Tucker, Esq.,[3] who was one of the attaches of the Confederate hospital, that made up our little gang. In less than an hour Romulus and Venable and Tucker were all captured and in the hands of the enemy. But I forestall my story.

Stopping just then on the road to talk to some friends who occupied that portion of the line, the wagons, &c., moved off, my party with them, and, knowing that I could overtake them any time in five minutes, I loitered in good company half an hour, perhaps, and then rode on. I had gone not more than a mile, when I came to an open place on the side of the road, where some one had camped the night before, and, seeing some excellent forage left unused, I dismounted, took the bit out of my horse's mouth, and thought I would give her a square meal, as I did not know when or where she would get the next. She had hardly begun to eat, when I heard some one cry, "The Yankees are coming," and saw a general rush, pell-mell, of teamsters and stragglers back to the rear. I remembered that, when I traded for my black mare the day before with Sergeant Harrison, the impressing officer, he told me that she was hard to bridle. I thought of this, and looked down the road, where I saw coming up from a cross-road a few hundred yards away a company of Yankee cavalry, apparently about fifty, and, as they got into our road, forming line parallel with it, and pouring their shot into the poor mules and horses of the team. I thought now, if this mare is a fool, I

3 Joseph V. H. Tucker, of Petersburg, Va.

am a goner. But she took the bit very kindly and in a minute I was on her back. I looked down and saw I had dropped one of a fine pair of military gloves that somebody had given me, and, as a glove in those days bore value not at all commensurate with its present worth in money, I started to get down and rescue it. But never did cavalry arrive so rapidly and in such numbers before. I only had time to dash out into the woods and make my retreat through them, parallel with the road, as fast as the impediments of riding through the woods permitted. This, however, was not very fast, and gave me opportunity of remarking again that they were only shooting the horses and mules, and, being few in number, had no other idea than obstructing the road and disabling us by destroying the animals.

There were a number of our men rushing back through the woods on line of the road, many of them armed with muskets, and I called their attention to the fact that the Yankees were few in number and only shooting the teams, and begged them to halt and make a stand and save the train. One old soldier looked up at me for a minute in a sort of dazed way, and said, "If you are fool enough to believe that, you stop; I am going on." I thought of the stars on my collar and of the little brief authority of command that they had given me for four years, and thought of endeavoring to enforce my words, but the stream of stragglers rushed by, increasing in numbers and making a panic that was irresistible. In a few minutes we all came out together in the road, a little out of range of the fire, and here a Col. C——,[4] of the cavalry, stopped in the road, and I with him, thinking that he would be able to exercise some authority and to stay the rout. But they paid no more attention to him than they did to me. Just then my attention was attracted by a captain and quartermaster, who was making the most urgent efforts and appeals to the men to halt and shoot. "Shoot," he said, "one time, and you will drive them away." One man, who seemed inclined to halt and make fight, replied, "I have no gun." "There are plenty of guns and ammunition here in my wagon," said the captain. Seeing me about this time, he said, "Major, you have been to the front, you know how few Yankees there are attacking us, speak to the men," and then, jumping upon a log or stump or something, he continued his harangue: "Stand men! Stand! Right here! Five determined men can stop this whole rout. Stop! For your country's sake! For Gen. Lee's sake! For God's sake! For my sake!" In the meantime I was so attracted by his earnestness, if not moved by his eloquence, that I did not as accurately note the situation as I should otherwise have done, and I was rather startled into a consciousness of the real condi-

4. Col. Caskie, of Richmond, Va.

tion of things, by two or three of the enemy riding up in most disagreeable proximity, and the pop, pop, pop, (not at the horses and mules this time,) from their carbines, which purported to shoot only sixteen times without reloading, but seemed to me, then, to shoot nearer sixteen hundred times. My quartermaster, I think, made fight—somebody fired a gun. He soon went down, however, and I heard afterwards with a broken arm, though I never saw him again.

My mare, not relishing the situation, and having been for the first time, I suspect, under fire, whirled with me, and I discovered that, besides the quartermaster, I held the field alone. She discovered the same thing, and several things, it seemed, which lent wings to her feet. Without at all consulting my wishes, but, in full unison with my desires, she left incontinently, I lying down on her neck, and not knowing at what moment I should receive an inglorious wound in the most objective portion of my person. The fugitives who preceded me must have made good time also, for it seemed nearly a quarter of a mile before I overtook anybody. Then I ran into another quartermaster, whom I recognized by his expletives as an old friend from North Carolina, and into a gentlemen, with three stars on his collar, whom I recognized as the president of a court martial that I had attended some few months before. These, with one or two other officers, seemed to be bringing up the rear of the fugitives. Somebody called out "Fall in Company Q," but it was received as a piece of pleasantry not appropriate to the occasion. My quartermaster friend suggested that he and I take across the fields in a certain direction, which he thought would bring us under the aegis of some of Lee's fighting men. We had only gone a few hundred yards, however, when we came upon Maj. Hill, a brother of Gen. A. P. Hill, and one or two other officers, who seemed to be trying to find what we were looking for. And just as we had saluted each other, a full regiment of infantry came out of a piece of woods a few hundred yards to to our left, and with a yell and a double-quick made for our position.

With the peculiar reflection of the light in the little valley they were crossing, they seemed dressed in *blue*, and we took them for the enemy, and awaited our fate with resignation. On coming up, however, it turned out to be the —th North Carolina, under Col. Yarborough, which had been sent to the rescue of the baggage trains. We went with them back, but the affair was over when we reached the place where our quartermaster had been cut down. Capt. J——,[5] whom some of you knew as a resident of Petersburg after the war, said that *he had whipped* them back by getting a few wagoners to stand and fire a dozen shots or so. The position at which

5. Capt. Stephen W. Jones, now of New York.

the Yankees were repulsed was one at which a dozen determined men, with muskets, could have repelled an hundred horsemen. The road was only about twenty or thirty feet broad, and on either side was a thicket, one of black jack and the other of second growth pine, that no cavalry could penetrate. We found a few dead Yankees, one just in front of the position which my eloquent quartermaster friend occupied, and I cheered myself with the belief that he had fallen under the fire of the quartermaster. There were others lying on the ground unhurt, one dead drunk—too drunk to be killed or captured—I do not know what disposition was made of him.

The little party of the enemy who had made the havoc had retired by the same cross-road by which they came. They were picked men of Sheridan's cavalry, who, under guides that knew the country well, hung on our flanks, and in small parties would every day strike some portion of the most unprotected part of our trains, and, having burned and destroyed as much property as they could, would retreat as soon as fighting troops appeared. The bait which had tempted them to this specific attack was said to have been six new Brooke guns, which had been brought out of Richmond when our forces left, and to which were attached some very fine teams, which had been impressed for that purpose. These were carried off, about a hundred ambulances were burned, and a number of wagons, and a number of horses and mules were shot, and the road so obstructed that it was several hours before we could recommence our march. There were no killed amongst our men, and only our brave quartermaster wounded. I was told he had an arm broken.

The casualties amongst my little party I must now recite:

Venable died at Point Lookout; Tucker is now (March, 1890,) with Dr. George C. Starke, and Romulus somewhere in New York.

Tucker, Romulus and Venable, as I said, were taken from my buggy and made prisoners. The subsequent history of Romulus is not without interest, but I cannot introduce it in this place. Drs. Hume Field, Rich'd E. Lewis, and J. P. Smith, the former two well known to some of you present, escaped into the woods and returned just as I came up. A young officer, a Capt. Riddick, who was in my commissary wagon, and who had been wounded some months before, and who had been in the Confederate Hospital, was also captured and carried off. His sister, a splendid young girl of about eighteen or twenty years of age, I omitted to say, accompanied him from Petersburg, where she had been nursing him, and was with him in the wagon. She refused to leave the wagon when he was taken, and as they could not burn it with

her in it, it was saved, and all of our commissary stores by her courage and firmness. There was also a fat chaplain along, the Rev. ——. Miss R——[6] said that he escaped by making the best time she had ever seen through the woods. We did not see him again.

The young lady was put into the wagon of a North Carolina quartermaster, which had just come up, and in which there were already two other ladies—one a Miss D——,[7] whose father was quite a learned man, and who had held some important office under the government in Richmond, and the other a Mrs. S——, whose maiden address impressed itself on my mind, because my brother had been a great admirer of hers, Miss F—— C——,[8] of Florida. The subsequent fortunes of these brave women who had determined to follow the Confederacy, I will rehearse presently.

There was a young surgeon from North Carolina who took to that wagon mightily for the few days that they remained in our company, and things seemed very lively, considering the circumstances.

My chief of ambulance escaped, though I saw him no more, I believe; also my orderly, who was a Moravian that had been impressed or conscripted in the army, but who refused to fight on account of religious scruples, and had been sent to the medical department and was ordered to me. He had been with me for many months, was faithful, honest and fearless, and the greatest forager I ever saw. It was owing to his being off on an expedition of this sort that he got away. He did better than escape—he captured a very fine saddle and bridle from a dead horse, and one of the finest young thoroughbreds, about four years old, I ever saw, which I think the Yankees had stolen and been unable to manage. Burkhardt (that was my man's name) caught him, mounted and rode him to Appomattox Court-House, though I saw him get some hard falls.

That disposes of all our party except two colored men, one named Howard, now a servant in the employ of Mr. J. H. Slater, on Liberty street, and another named John Davis, who had belonged to Mr. Clinton Jones, of this city. These men escaped and followed us to the last, faithful then, as, I am told, they have been honest, law-abiding and good citizens since.

Only one animal was left, and that was my mule, or rather a mule belonging to the Confederate government, which I had hitched to the buggy, when we left Petersburg, as a reserve force. He had escaped the bullets of the enemy, and was left like "the last rose of summer, his lovely companions all fallen and gone," and standing in the midst of the general destruction, with air and general appearance so forlorn and lugubrious, that it was impossible

6. Miss Riddick, of Suffolk, Va.
7. Miss Dimitry, of New Orleans.
8. Miss Florida Cotton, of Florida.

not to smile when looking at him. There was also a sad and seedy looking darkey standing near, and contemplating the picture with dazed and troubled mien. I called him to me, and, hastily writing a note in doggerel from the pommel of my saddle, I gave it to Sambo, with a dollar, and directed him to take the mule and buggy to a handsome residence on quite an eminence above the road, and deliver both to the gentleman who lived there. I had no idea who this gentleman was, nor can I remember the doggerel lines now, except the first two, which ran somewhat in this way:

"This to the gentleman who lives on the hill,
When I return may he live there still."

Nor did I ever dream of hearing from mule or man again. But I did. The gentleman was an honored member of my own profession, Dr. J——,[9] who returned me both mule and buggy in good order, in the month of May or June, after the surrender. I made my most grateful acknowledgements for this kindness as well as every possible apology for my silly note, which must have seemed to him very absurd and very unfitting an occasion of so much disaster. But my blood was younger then than now, and all soldiers, poor fellows, are apt to make merriment of misery. There was many a merry joke made amidst the fiercest fighting, and many a brilliant sally was spoken by lips sealed the next minute in death.

9. Dr. Jeter, of Amelia county, Va.

But my mule—I feel that I cannot dismiss him so summarily—I am sure that the interest of my comrades is enlisted in his story. I had not gotten back home from durance vile but a short time when I had a note brought me by private hands (we had the luxury of few mails just then—it was the latter part of May, 1865), saying that, if I would send for my mule and buggy, I could get them. But whom should I send? Whom could I trust with my mule? Was my own agent honest? The whole country was full of stragglers and Yankees, who had the most peculiar and narrow ideas in reference to the sanctity of personal property, and especially if that property had its form in the investment of horse or mule flesh.

However, I soon met a comrade, just back from prison, P— S——,[10] impecunious and seedy, and I said to him: "Could you go to Amelia county and bring me a mule and buggy? You would have to walk, of course, but you could ride back in a buggy." He replied: "Would the job be worth five dollars?" I said that I thought so. "Have you got the money to pay in advance?" "Yes." "Then it is a bargain." He was light of baggage, and as soon as he replenished his commissariat, he was off.

In four days he returned, and, driving up to an office which I had improvised on Bank street, he called out, "Here's your mule," and there

10. Peter Stainback, of Brunswick county, Va.

he was, greatly improved and fattened, but his personal identity was unquestionable. Whose personal property he was, was a question not so easily settled. He was an asset of a broken concern, the Confederate government, which had gone into the hands of a receiver, and many representatives of that receiver, in the shape of Yankee quartermasters, &c., lined the streets. I really had some conscientious scruples on the subject myself, for which some of my old comrades jeered me, and I thought I would inquire amongst "my friends, the enemy," stating a supposed case.

I did so, selecting as an umpire an officer whom I did not know, but who seemed a friendly sort of fellow. He paid me a doubtful compliment in replying, "If you have got a mule of that sort, and don't sell him at once and put the money in your pocket, you are a bigger fool than I take you to be." I acted on his suggestion, promptly; sold my mule for $75 (no man asked for a bill of sale or guaranty in those days), my buggy for $75 additional, and bought a horse, saddle and bridle, and carried the horse into the back lot to my office.

Before very long several lewd fellows in blue, of the baser sort, came in and said I had stolen a horse. On taking them to see him, however, he did not quite come up to their idea of plunder, and the spokesman said, "That is not the horse." There was an excellent saddle blanket, though, with the fixtures, and he maintained that it was *his*, and that I did steal *that;* but I talked him out of that idea—an accusation of *stealing* was not matter for *fighting* under the peculiar circumstances of that day, but I was left in undisturbed possession of my property.

But to return to the retreat. My ambulance was burned, with all of my clothes; indeed, they were no great shakes, except a very fine new cloak of Confederate cloth, elaborately finished, the gift of a friend, and made somewhere abroad. Its estimated value in the currency of the day was $1,500. It was too fine to wear, except for a major-general, but I regretted its loss exceedingly. A greater loss was my diary, that dated back to the days of the Charleston convention of 1860, which was the real inauguration of the revolution, in which the South staked its all for constitutional liberty. This I regretted more than the cloak. Our lives were spared, however, and some commissary stores were left, and our little party trudged along with the wagon train until the day following, when we took the vote amongst ourselves whether we would continue with it, constantly menaced, as it was, by marauding parties of the enemy's cavalry, which seemed always to be hovering on our right, and against which we had little or no protection, or whether we would follow the fighting men, at a respectful and professional distance, in the rear. We

had not found out then that the rear was simply the left of the line, whilst the front was the right, and that there was just as much and just as hard fighting in the rear as in the front. We had only changed our route a few hours when we were told that the enemy had scooped down on the wagon train again; so we thought we were lucky. But shortly after we came upon some of Mahone's men, not apparently retreating, but seemingly lounging around. I remember seeing Mr. A. A. A.[11] Mr. W. J. B.——[12] sitting down on a pile of rails with their shoes off, and not very far from the same place I saw Gen. Mahone lying down in the corner of a fence near the road, with one or two orderlies. I did not recognize any of the staff. I thought he was trying to get a nap, perhaps, and I did not salute or disturb him, but went leisurely on a short way towards the front, when we saw Gen. Longstreet and several of his staff, apparently lounging around, and, still suspecting nothing, we went on, nobody halting us, until a few minutes after, we came into an elevated and open plain, where a thin line of men were strung out diagonally across our road for some distance on either side, and a little stir of some sort going on. Presently an ambulance drove up from a sort of cross country road, and went rapidly forward through the line, and I heard a lady cry out from within it, "Don't take me right into the battle! Don't take me right into the battle!" I rode forward to see if I could be of any assistance, when an infantry officer caught the mules, and, taking the lines, turned them around and drove rapidly down in the direction from which they came, and soon placed the party under the shelter of a hill.

We followed and found some surgeons had selected the same place for the reception of the wounded, and were rigging up some sort of a table, the sanguinary usage of which we only too well divined. Of course we cast in our lot with them, and proposed to render any assistance in our power. But we also found seeking the same sheltered position, and in a wagon, (how it got there I cannot tell), our lady friends, Miss R——[13] and Miss D——,[13] from whom we had parted the day before. The battle was now opened, and in a few minutes the first victim came in, a North Carolina soldier, on a horse, though not a trooper. We had only time to take him down and to see that he was badly wounded through the knee, and that his leg would probably have to be amputated, when increased noise in front indicated increased activity of some sort, and immediately a courier came dashing up and delivered an order from Gen. Lee or Longstreet for the surgeons to fall back at once, and to leave the wounded, the ladies, the ambulances, wagons and everything, and showed

11. Mr. A. A. Allen, of Petersburg, Va.
12. Mr. Wm. J. Branch, of Richmond, Va.
13. Misses Riddick and Dimitry.

us a rough road through the woods at right angles to our position, by which we were to retreat. And so we left our poor wounded soldier on the ground, and the ambulance, wagon and ladies with hurried and rather informal adieu. We heard that they fell into the enemy's hands shortly after we left, and that they received very courteous attention, and were sent back to Petersburg under safe-guard. The fight was the one at or near Rice's station. Some of you, Comrades, have doubtless more accurate information in reference to it than I.

Our road soon carried us back to the main road on the right, along which the wagons, as many as were left, were dragging their slow length. We marched all night, or rather crept along with them, until at some creek or double creek of some sort, a panic occurred, and there was crowding and confusion worse confounded. How many ever came out, I do not know. Being light of baggage ourselves, we got ahead of them, kept the Farmville road, and went into that town about daylight the next morning, Thursday, with any number of soldiers, but none, I think, in regular organization.

There were two incidents of that night which indelibly impressed themselves on my memory: It was during that night that I saw Gen. Lee for the last time, until after the war was over, when I dined with him one day at Gen. Mahone's, at the house on Sycamore street, now owned and occupied by Mr. S. W. V——.[14] He was riding slowly along the line of inextricably tangled wagons, as if going to the rear, no one with him, as far as I can remember, and I was near enough to look into his face. He rode erect, as if incapable of fatigue, and with the same dignified mien that I had so often noted on the streets of Petersburg. From his manner no man would have discovered that, which he so well knew, viz: that his army was melting away, that his resources were exhausted, and that in a few days he would be compelled to deliver up to the enemy, which he had so often defeated, the remnants of those ragged jackets who had followed him for four long years, and who had never failed him except "in their own annihilation."

Another incident was this: Sometime during the night, on some high hills, in the county of Cumberland or Prince Edward, I know not which, it was very cold, and Dr. Lewis, one of our party, found a captain and quartermaster, whom he introduced to me as Capt. O——,[15] of North Carolina, who had some whiskey, and who invited me to take a swig from his canteen. It was the first drink I had taken in many months, and I suspect the whiskey was as good as any, but it had the most peculiar effect upon me. I had congratulated myself up to

14. Capt. S. W. Venable, of Petersburg, Va.
15. Capt. Oates, of North Carolina.

that night that I had not suffered from fatigue, from hunger, from want of sleep, from fear; and yet in ten minutes after I took that drink of whiskey I was hungry, tired, scared, and so sleepy that I had to get off my horse and walk to keep awake.

Well, we got into Farmville, as I said, about daylight, and my man Burkhardt said that, if we would halt there awhile, he would go into somebody's kitchen and bake some biscuit from a little flour that he had foraged. We turned off on a by-street, and I lay down on the sidewalk, first fastening my reins around my body, to assure my awakening in case of anyone's attempting to steal my horse, a precaution which I learned the night before, an officer informing me that some one had stolen his horse from his side whilst he was asleep. I slept for several hours, and when I awoke the whole town was full of soldiers, and the army—infantry and artillery—was crossing the county bridge as rapidly as possible over into Buckingham.

As we started to follow, my man, with his eye ever on the commissary, informed me that Major Scott[16] was issuing rations at the railroad depot, and that we had better go by and see what we could get. It was true the major was dealing out hurriedly, and I suspect without requisition in duplicate, the little that was left, and at my request delivered with his own hands a side of middling meat to my man, and we passed on.

As we reached the river there were halted on this side, and out of the road so as not to interfere with the passage of the troops, the Yankee prisoners who had been captured on the route. I judged, from a rough estimate, that there were more than a thousand of them, and a sorry looking set they were. A good many of them carried large pieces of meat, sides of middling, such as that I had just drawn at the last issue of rations to the Army of Northern Virginia, but we had no time for conversation with them.

Gen. Long crossed the river about that time, and, knowing him very well, we crossed with him, and rode with him a short distance. In less than an hour, I suppose, the army, prisoners and all, had passed over, and Gen. Lee had given orders to burn the bridge behind us, which I think was done by Major Cook,[17] one of his inspectors, a gentleman who, after the war, became an Episcopal minister, and who had charge of a colored church in this place for many years.

On the hills beyond Farmville there seemed to be a great deal of artillery halted, or parked, as I afterwards learned, and it was here (we know now that which few knew then) that Gen. Lee opened his first correspondence with Gen. Grant in reference to the surrender of the

16. Major Fred'k R. Scott, of Richmond, Va.

17. Rev. Giles B. Cook, of Maryland.

army; and it was a short distance further on that they seemed to be lightening the load of headquarter wagons by destroying letters and papers from them. A young man named Morgan,[18] from this city, who had belonged to the 12th Virginia, but who had been detailed as clerk in the medical department of Gen. Lee's headquarters, seemed entrusted with this duty. Here, for the last time, I saw Dr. Guild, Gen. Lee's medical director, and Mrs. Guild, who was trying to make her escape with the army into friendly lines, and Gen. Lee's carriage and horses, which I never saw him use, though I was told he did ride in the carriage once or twice during the retreat. It was upon a road that had been evidently just cut through some pines, and the progress was very slow and tedious. Dr. Guild said to me, "You had better remain with us," and I thought so too, but something occurred to separate my party from his, and then came the usual daily and nightly order, "Forward," and I saw him no more.

We moved on without incident of special concern to us, until Saturday afternoon. There were increased signs of demoralization and disintegration all along the roads. Soldiers whom I knew had been soldiers of steadiness and courage were straggling and sleeping, unarmed and apparently unconcerned; I attributed it to fatigue and hunger and exhaustion. Officers of the line seemed to be doing the same thing—colonels, generals, even lieutenant-generals, and I saw a member of the staff of one of Lee's most distinguished lieutenants throw himself on the ground and swear an oath that he would never draw his sword from its scabbard again; and then I noted that there were more and more small arms thrown aside on the roads, muskets stuck up in the ground by their bayonets; yet with hundreds, yes, perhaps thousands of others, I had not entertained for a moment the idea of any surrender of Lee's army as a whole.

To me, as to every Southron, as to every soldier, as to every man and woman and child of the Confederacy, it had been the embodiment of courage and fortitude and heroism. The cause for which it contended was the cause of liberty and truth and right. God could never suffer those brave battalions to go down, even before might, whose standards had been upheld for so many years by the arms of our heroes; those battle-flags could never trail in dust, which, consecrated and kissed by Southern women, had been baptized in the blood of the truest and the best of the earth. The prayers of a million of Christian men and women, proving their faith by their works of self-abnegation and self-surrender, could not fail to have a hearing above, where the destiny of nations were ordained and determined.

Oh, Comrades! Many a heavy-hearted man survived the surrender

18. Wm. T. Morgan, of Baltimore, Md.

at Appomattox, and trudged his weary way home, believing with Napoleon Bonaparte that, after all, heaven was on the side of the heaviest ordnance.

On Saturday afternoon, preceding the fatal morning of Sunday, the 9th of April, my little party was well in the front, keeping pace with some broken sections of artillery belonging to different commands, which, with exhausted ammunition and in crippled condition generally, had been ordered to make for Lynchburg. I came upon Col. P——,[19] Gen. Lee's inspector-general, placing a few infantry troops in position upon a knoll commanding a considerable view of open country on the left, and, riding up to him, I asked what command it was. It did not seem to comprise more than two hundred men in all. He replied slowly and sadly, "That is what is left of the 1st Virginia regiment, and that is the sole guard of the left flank of the Army of Northern Virginia." At a distance away, beyond musket range on the left, there was a body of Federal horsemen hovering around as ill-omened birds of prey, awaiting their opportunity.

Within range of my eye there were a great number of muskets stuck in the ground by the bayonets, whose owners, hearth-sick and fainting of hunger and fatigue, had thrown them away, and gone, none knew whither. God help the poor fellows, and forgive them! Four years of peril and fatigue and fighting had proved their mettle; but gaunt hunger had at last overcome their manhood, and they had scattered throughout the country to any house or hut that promised a piece of bread. I saw men whose rations for days had been corn, stolen from the horses' feed, and parched and munched as they marched and fought. I said to Col. P——, "Does Gen. Lee know how few of his soldiers are left, or to what extremities they are reduced?" "I do not believe that he does," was his reply.

"Then whose business is it to tell him, if not his first inspector's?" I said. "I cannot," he replied, "I cannot."

For the first time my faith and my fortitude failed me, and choking, with tears, I said to my little party: "I cannot see of what further use we can be here; let us push on ahead, may be we can get to Johnston's army; may be, beyond the Mississippi some leader will raise the stars and bars, and liberty will find there a rallying point and a refuge!"

Comrades, my faith in the Confederate cause was strong, and when the sun went down a few hours later behind the hills of the Appomattox, I looked upon life as a bauble, and the only blessed ones those brave men who were sleeping in soldiers' graves without knowledge of defeat, without taste of the ignominy of walking under the victor's yoke.

As I rode along, classic readings, in the halcyon holidays of the happy

19. Col. Henry E. Peyton.

past, haunted my memory, and I thought of Ulysses, after the siege of Troy, wandering the world a wrecked waif, and of Homer's lines:

"Happy, thrice happy, who in battle slain,
Pressed in Atrides' cause the Trojan plain,
Oh! had I died before that well fought wall,
Had some distinguished day renowned my fall,
Such as was that when showers of javelins sped,
From conquering Troy around Achilles' head." *Odyssey, Lib. 5, verse 306.*

And I thought of the grand Epic, in the words of which I began this story, and of the laments of the unhappy Aeneas and his song—

"O terque quaterque beati,
Quis ante ora patrum Trojae sub moenibus altis
Contigit oppetere!"

"Thrice happy those whose fate it was to fall,
Exclaims the chief, before the Trojan wall,
Oh! 'twas a glorious fate to die in fight,
To die so bravely in their parents' sight,
Oh, had I there, beneath Tydides' hand,
That bravest hero of the Grecian band,
Poured out this soul, with martial glory fired,
And in the plain triumphantly expired,
When Hector fell by great Achilles' spear."
Virg. Aeneid B'k 1st, Vol. 91.

But pushing on, we reached Appomattox Court-House just before sunset, and hearing there was a train of Confederate sick and wounded at the depot on the railroad, some two miles further on, we rode at once to that point. There I succeeded in getting on a few more of our sick and broken down men. I remember Mr. J. J. Cocke[20] amongst them, who was but a boy at the time, though an artillerist. The train got off for Lynchburg safely, not half an hour too soon.

We rode back in the direction of the Court-House to the Lynchburg road, where we found some of the artillery going into bivouac, as it was about sunset. Some of our party were for going on to Lynchburg that night, or at least for moving on and getting ahead of the artillery, but Dr. Feild, Dr. Smith and I, with my faithful Burkhardt, concluded we would lie down and sleep, at least for an hour or so. I unsaddled my horse, gave her some provender which Burkhardt had captured, and lay down with my head on my saddle, and was soon asleep and dreaming of better things than my surroundings. I had slept only a very short time when Burkhardt shook me rudely by the shoulder and cried, "Doctor, the Yankees be upon thee."

I arose quickly, but not so quickly as my companions, for Drs. Smith and Feild were fast disappearing through the thick black-jack forest, and Burkhardt, who had not unsaddled or tied his fine animal, was fast flying up the road towards Lynchburg, whilst, coming down the road, which we had just traversed from the depot, was a body of Yankee cavalry, in column, rushing with yells and clanking of sabres and clouds of dust right upon me. I had no time, of course, to mount my horse, or even to snatch a haversack or canteen from the pommel of

20. Jno. J. Cocke, of Prince George county, Va.

my saddle, but catching up a large shawl on which I was lying, and which I now keep as a memorial, with a bullet hole through it, I made the best time I could, following my companions, and, coming to a high fence in the woods, we climbed over that, and put it as well as the black-jack between us and the enemy's horse. There was, immediately after, some pretty smart firing over our heads of carbines and of artillery, a rebel yell, and a hurried retreat of troopers. Then there was another charge and another irregular discharge of field pieces, and a general scattering, as far as we could tell. Darkness, however, had come on, and, making a bed of leaves in the corner of our fence, we concluded that, ignorant as we were of the topography of the country, and the relative position of the contending forces, we had better remain still until daylight.

The next day, after we had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and had had an opportunity of shaking the hands of a few fellow prisoners, we got a good account of the skirmish of the night before. It seems that the Yankee cavalry, made bold and careless by almost constant and unresisted raids upon our wagon trains and stragglers, had charged down the road where they passed us, in column, and that some of our broken artillery, getting the wind of what was coming, had loaded up to the muzzle with what relics of ammunition, grape and cannister they had, and had opened fire on the column at short range.

An eye witness, Sergeant D——,[21] of the Howitzers of Richmond, himself in charge of one of the guns, informed me that the havoc was fearful. The Yankees were repelled, but formed again, and, seeing, I suppose, the fewness and insignificance of the force arrayed against them, came back almost as audaciously as before and in column again, led by a bronzed old major on a gray charger, who, with many others, met his death with a reckless courage worthy of a better cause. The second charge, however, was successful; our men had no more ammunition and were run down by the cavalry, some surrendering and some escaping into the woods. The casualties on our side were few—I do not know that any were killed. Dr. N——,[22] of Norfolk, who was then surgeon of one of the artillery companies engaged in the fracas, got a pistol bullet in his face, I remember.

But to return to our fortunes: Rising up in the morning, as soon as it was daylight, we began to cast about for our moorings. There was before us a large open field, and, thinking that lay in the direction of Lee's lines, we commenced to cross it, in hopes of rejoining our men. We were strengthened in our opinion by seeing, a few hundred yards to our right, a vidette sitting quietly on his horse as if looking out for

21. Anthony Dibrell, of Leesburg, Va.
22. Dr. Herbert Nash, of Norfolk, Va.

news. We approached him, and after getting within ten or fifteen paces were halted and brought in range of a very ugly looking navy revolver. Mentioning the fact that we were friends, and only three lost Confederate surgeons looking for Lee's lines, and asking very naively in what direction they were, he pointed to the direction which we supposed, and we started to go when we received another "halt," accompanied this time with an ominous clicking of the weapon in his hand, and a request "to come forward." We did so, and found that our vidette wore a different uniform from our own, and that we had been taken in. He gave a curt order, "Right about face, march—quick!" We obeyed promptly, and strode forward in the opposite direction to Lee's lines, he on horseback, and selecting me as "next man," and keeping his pistol very disagreeably near my head. I ventured to remark that we were unarmed, and that I thought it not at all necessary that we should be kept quite so closely covered by his weapon, but he made no reply.

We went hurriedly on over the rough ground, his pistol bobbing up and down near the right side of my head, and I really apprehended some danger, and said, "Sergeant, you will shoot me presently." He replied very cheerfully that he "did not care a d—n if he did," to which I said, "I do—I care very particularly. It would be a very unpleasant and a very ignominious death. But he did not change his position, and I saw that I had to change my tactics, or that any little irregularity in the motion of his horse might send a bullet through my brain. So I re-opened my conversation on a different scale, and said, "Sergeant, those are poor spurs you wear for so fine a trooper. I have in my overcoat pocket a beautiful pair of spurs, made out of copper taken from the old Merrimac you people sunk in the Gosport navy yard. If you will let me stop and get at them I would like to make you a present of them." He smiled and said, "All right." I took them out and handed them up to him, and he put them in his pocket and the pistol back in the holster. I had valued those spurs very highly. They were made, as I said, of copper taken from the old Merrimac; made in the quartermaster department in Norfolk, under the care of Capt. Samuel Stevens,[23] A. Q. M., and I had removed them from my feet the night before to save them in case of my being captured, and now I had just used them to save my life. I had little idea of what would be their destination when I used to prance with them on inspection days, when we played soldier the first year of the war, at the entrenched camp below Norfolk.

Well, our sergeant carried us back to the picket lines, and delivered us to Gen. Devens, who was afterwards attorney-general of the United States

23. Capt. Samuel Stevens, of Petersburg, Va.

under Grant. He received us courteously, and, finding out who we were, called up his surgeon, and we were offered coffee and requested to make ourselves comfortable. The general then asked me, "Why doesn't Gen. Lee surrender? How long is he going to keep up this foolishness? If he falls back to Lynchburg, or the mountains, does he not know that he cannot escape?" I replied that I was not in Gen. Lee's confidence, nor had I attended a council of war, and that I was really unprepared to say what his intentions were. He then asked me "how many men of all arms Gen. Lee had left, and how many prisoners he had with him, and what his position was, and what roads bore upon it," &c., &c., all questions which I could not answer, nor would have answered if I could. I did venture to say, however, for mischief, that he had more prisoners than men when I saw him last.

This was received good humoredly, as was intended, except by a dapper little officer, who said, "General, he is lieing, he does not want to know." I had not often been talked to in that way in my life, and to be thus insulted, a prisoner and my hands tied, I felt myself burn down into my boots. I suppose I showed it, for not only Gen. Devens, but one or two of his staff, gave the fellow such a look that he fell back out of decent company, and I was saved the temptation of making a fool of myself, which I should probably have done.

But in a few minutes the general turned us over to a courier, with orders to take us to the rear. We soon reached the advanced lines, and there we met Gen. Sheridan, who had apparently been spending the night in a large frame building which looked something like a country church in bad repair. He was splendidly mounted, and a number of his officers with him, his staff, I suppose, all well dressed, and, with caparisoned steeds, presented a very different appearance from our poor, broken cavalry.

There was a large body of horse in an adjoining open piece of wood, and, as Sheridan rode up, they were advanced in line. Some one remarked to us, "Now boys you are going to see something grand." A man near me said it was Sheridan who spoke. The infantry, of which there seemed to be a pretty good sprinkling around, jeered the troopers, as our men used to jeer them occasionally, and said, "Oh, you will be back pretty soon!" and "pretty soon" they were, pell-mell, and we were hurried back to the rear rapidly with the fugitives, to prevent being recaptured. I was told that Gen. Sheridan was not only repelled but that he lost two guns in five minutes. This is also written elsewhere, but Gen. Sheridan says nothing about it in his account of the "Last Affair at Appomattox." Nor does he speak of having met me.

Before we had gone back a mile

we met the Yankee infantry advancing—and such numbers! They seemed to come out of the ground. We had to give them the road to let them pass, and I can well believe that which history records, that there were 75,000 or 80,000.

We were soon in the rear; indicated by the number of our prisoners, who were halted under guard in a large body, by the hospital arrangements, and by a curious looking cooking affair on wheels, which we were told belonged to the "Christian Commission." It was all of the "Christian Commission" that we ever saw. No doubt the cooking stove had its functions, as the commission had its functions, but they were never developed under our observation.

We were marched up and merged into the body of prisoners, may be a thousand of them, and soon met several of our acquaintances, who had been captured earlier in the fray than we, among them Capt. Thos. J. Lassiter, of the Norfolk and Western railroad, and Mr. S. L. Simpson,[24] a son, I think, of Mr. Wm. S. Simpson, whom I see before me. To him I soon became indebted.

During the afternoon the prisoners were marched across a little ravine into a body of woods, open and with but little undergrowth; the limits of a prisoners' camp was designated, the dead lines drawn, and we were told for the second time to "make ourselves comfortable." Details were permitted and ordered to bring in fence rails for fires, or for constructing temporary shelter, and with the instinct and ingenuity of soldiers, many soon fixed themselves in tolerably comfortable quarters. There was also a barn of splendid tobacco near our camp, of which we were requested (by our enemies) to help ourselves.

Drs. Smith and Feild and I and another gentleman, whose name I cannot recall, but who introduced himself to us as a medical man, whom we afterwards suspected of having imposed upon us, had one fire and one improvised shelter. Friend Simpson occupied the allotted space in front of us with his mess; Capt. G——,[25] of Richmond, and his mess to the left; and to our right there were strangers. The first day, the Sabbath, closed without an issue of rations. We, (I mean my party), had had a cup of coffee with Gen. Devens in the morning, and nothing since. Having light stomachs and great fatigue we slept well, and did not awake until sunrise of the day following. The next morning 9, 10, 11 o'clock came, and no rations. Our friend Simpson came to us and divided some compressed vegetable cake with us, showed us how to make a sort of soup or medley with it, gave us a piece of corn bread, and giving him grateful thanks we made a light breakfast.

About sunset a beef or two were driven up and shot on the outskirts

24. S. L. Simpson, of Charleston, S. C.

25. Capt. Gibson, of Richmond.

of the camp, and skinned and flayed on the ground. So much of the quivering flesh was dispensed to each mess, one member of the mess going under guard to get it. We received ours, broiled a portion of it on sticks, without salt, ate it for supper, and put the other away for breakfast. Having no closets or other conveniences for stowing away supplies, we put our rations in our caps, and so slept with them. It was voted, after conference with our neighbors, as the only safe place we had. Poor Capt. G—— had cap and rations both stolen in the night, and the last I saw of him he was marching to prison bareheaded.

The next morning a Yankee, who had been busy about our mess the day before, and asking a good many questions and talking generally in a manner which led us to treat him as a nuisance, came up to me and said he had an invitation for me to take breakfast with Dr. Richardson, of New York state, and showed a permit for me to pass the lines, on my honor to return. How my friend ever knew who I was, or to what circumstance I was indebted for this mark of distinction, I could never find out. I found Dr. Richardson, with some half-dozen officers—surgeons, quartermasters, &c., some few hundred yards from the prisoners' camp, about to sit down to a very comfortable breakfast of broiled pig, bread and coffee, spread on an extemporized table under the trees. They received me very kindly, and one of the officers remarked, "Help yourself, Doctor, your people furnished the *menu*," (with a smile as if to intimate that the provender before us was impressed); "we have no rations; your Fitz Lee burned all of our wagon trains Sunday, and I don't know when you will get anything more." We made a square meal, and having talked very pleasantly for a few minutes, both sides avoiding topics that might excite disagreeable discussion, I thanked my stranger friend and returned to camp.

It is needless to say that I was the lion and the envy of all immediately about me. But I was invited out no more. We had a little fresh beef issued to us every day, nothing more. We did not know that Gen. Lee had surrendered until Wednesday, and then we could get no reliable account of anything. The fact is our captors, or those with whom we could have any conversation, did not seem to take any sort of interest in affairs, and did not seem to know or care anything about what was going on. Soldiering was altogether mechanical with them. And those who were in charge of our camp did not even seem to take any especial interest in their business. Our soldiers, the prisoners, I mean, broke the dead line constantly, and jeered and guyed the guards, until I confidently expected they would shoot into our camp, but they manifested neither pleasure nor displeasure, and I think any Confederate could have walked away that wished to—some,

I suppose, did go. I am sure of it; but there was so little prospect of a man's getting home, without money, without food or without friends, that few thought their chances would be improved by going away. Then, too, if Lee had surrendered, was not the war over?

However, the hopes of all who thought that way were soon dissipated. On Thursday morning an order came for the officers amongst the prisoners to be mustered and registered. We were gotten out and put in line to march. I noticed the officer of the guard with a badge pinned on the lapel of his coat, which indicated that he was a Mason, or I thought so, and, drawing a bow at a venture, I took an opportunity, the first time he came near me, to give a signal of distress. He came to me and asked what he could do for me. I asked what he was going to do with me. He said that the officers were to be sent to Fort Lafayette. Then I replied, "I would like to get away." He said, "I will do anything for you which is not in violation of my oath as a soldier." "What grounds have you for asking to be released?" I said, "I am a non-combatant." He remarked, "Are you not one of the surgeons who were captured with that artillery which did such fearful execution amongst our men on Saturday night last?" I said, "Yes, but I was not at a gun—I never pulled a lanyard in my life." He smiled and said, "You were in mighty bad company, then, and will have to take your chances with them."

After a little time he came back and said, "According to the terms of Gen. Lee's surrender all men and officers captured within so many hours before the time of surrender and within so many miles of Appomattox Court-House, are entitled to their liberty and parole." "Well," I said, "if that be so, I and my three friends here, and some eighty or more Alabamians of Gracie's brigade, with their colonel, are entitled to their parole." And I called up the colonel, a gentleman named Saunders, I think, and put him in communication with the officer of the guard. The upshot of the affair was, that my guard produced pen and paper and made me state the case to Gen. Meade, I think it was directed to him, at least, and forwarded by a mounted orderly, and in a few hours, we all standing in the meantime in line in the rain, there came an order for eighty-four of us to be sent back to Appomattox Court-House and to report to Gen. W. F. Bartlett, a Federal officer of distinction, and a gentleman. He, after the war, settled in Richmond, and made many friends during the few years of his life in the South. I think he finally died of wounds received in action.

We were conducted under guard through the dark and rain several miles back in the direction of the Court-House, and reached Gen. Bartlett's command about 9 o'clock P. M.

He sent for Col. Saunders and myself to be brought into his tent, and after some kind talk gave direction for us to be carried to the picket lines and released, instructing us to report to General ——, who would parole us. According to the terms of the surrender the Confederate generals were required to parole the men of their respective commands on paroles which had been printed by the Federal authorities, and which bore the impress of that fact.

We were accordingly taken to the picket lines, which seemed to be somewhere in or about the small village, in a kind of blacksmith shop, where we were halted. Our conductor gave the countersign and the pickets passed us, our guards released us, and directed us, with a "good-bye, Johnnie," down the road in the direction of our lines, in the dark and in the rain, about 10 or 11 o'clock P. M., with about as much idea of where our lines were, or where Gen. ——— was, as any other stranger in a strange country in the dark, with nobody to enquire of, could be expected to have.

What became of Col. Saunders and his men I know not—I never saw them again. Our little party struck out "down the road," but soon left it to try and find shelter and somewhere to halt until daylight. We soon came to a small two-story house, with a light in a window, and, going up, knocked at the door, and asked to be permitted to enter and remain all night, if only in the hall. Some man came to the door, but refused to open it, and, saying that the house was already full of wounded, told us that we could not get in and to move on, (a man who said to you "move on" just about that time usually had some means of enforcing his views, and it was best not to discuss them), which we did, and, having cleared the yard, lay down for rest. The water ran down my back in such a stream, however, that I protested against any such baptism by pouring, and with Dr. Feild moved on. Going some hundred yards or so, I suppose, in what direction we had no idea now, for we had lost our reckoning, and the darkness was worse than Cimmerian—it could be felt—we fell over a new mound of earth, and then another, which seemed to be new made graves, and in the end proved to be so, and, gathering ourselves up for fresh adventures, came upon a small house, the door of which was open, we judged, by its being a little darker just in that place than any other, and I said to the doctor, "Here at least we can find shelter."

It was a weird looking concern, but I said, "Let us go in." But Dr. Feild drew back and remarked, "That is a dangerous looking place." I said, "That from *you* beats all. You are the gamest boy and man (for I had been his school-mate and seen him tried) that I ever saw, and now for you to talk about being afraid borders rather on the ludicrous; besides, what have you got to lose but your life. Come on."

As we stepped into the door there came to my nose that ineffable smell of gore, two or three days old, which but too many of us learned to recognize in our four years' experience of war, and, taking a match-box out of my pocket, I struck a light. Sure enough we were in a field hospital. There was the bloody floor, the bloody clothes and rags that had been cut off from the poor fellows who had been operated on, and even a book of anatomy, from which some young surgeon had doubtless been refreshing himself during the process of mutilation, and straw upon which the wounded had lain and the table and broken chairs, &c. Well, we were at home, at least, and our right there was none to dispute, as we thought. There was a large open fire-place in the room, and with the straw and broken furniture we soon had a blazing fire, and lay down before it to warm and dry. We were soon asleep of course, how long I do not know, but I was awakened by the biggest wasp next falling down upon me I ever saw. I suppose the room had been uninhabited, and the wasps had built in the chimney. We were not long in getting up and out; but we returned to the combat, and managed to destroy our new enemies and to take possession of our old quarters, where we slept soundly until morning. Leaving our house as soon as it was daylight, we made a breakfast on some hard tack, which Dr. Feild had purchased of a Yankee soldier the night before for a gold ring, and which, tied up in his old pocket handkerchief, had soaked by the rain to an extent which made them edible, if not improved in flavor. We went out now to try to find our way to Gen. ——. We soon came upon Dr. Smith, who told us that after parting from us he had spent the night sitting up with his back to a tree. He was an old campaigner and had done that thing before. He had found out, somehow, the route to our destination, and we put out through mud and rain. Coming to the Appomattox, which was an insignificant branch when we crossed it on the fatal Saturday afternoon before, we found it quite a swollen and angry stream. But there was neither bridge nor ferry, and so with others, who I suppose also were looking for Gen. ———, we went in and waded through without the formality of undressing. The water did not reach greatly above our knees, and we suffered no inconvenience from our morning bath.

On going about half a mile, I suppose, I came upon a group of Confederates breaking camp and about to commence the journey, no longer march now, home. As good fortune would have it, I knew them every one, and in company with every one but one, I had commenced my military career four years before lacking four days.

There were Gen. Wm. Mahone, Capt. Sam'l Stevens,[25] Capt. Benja-

25. Capt. Samuel Stevens, of Petersburg, Va.

min Harrison,[26] Capt. John R. Patterson,[27] Maj. J. Arthur Johnston,[28] Maj. O. H. P. Corprew,[29] Capt. Hamilton J. Stone[30] and one or two orderlies, one especially, a young Kentuckian, who was a nephew of Capt. Stone, had won the soubriquet of the "bravest of the brave." His name was Blakemore.[31]

Another one I did not mention in my last address (he was before me then) and one man whose merit can be measured by his modesty. He had been a soldier in the Mexican war before he was old enough, but had seen that service and come home, and now left with us all of the 4th Virginia battalion, on the 19th of April, 1861, to do battle again for his country, though under a different flag. He was a quiet, diffident, fighting private of the 4th battalion, afterward of the 12th Virginia, Mahone's brigade, until he got an ugly wound at Sharpsburg, in the breast, of course, when he was made a quartermaster-sergeant. His name[32]—well, so much the worse for you if you do not know him.

As we approached the group, all of whom were mounted and ready to be off, Gen. Mahone accosted me: "Well, where in the h— have you been?" "The last place I was in was a mud hole," I replied. "You look like it," he said. And I expect that I did. Those of you who were left at Appomattox Court-House long enough to encounter the rain that wept over our defeat can bear testimony to the mud and to the exceeding slipperiness of the roads. On the night before, under a forced march to freedom, our Yankee escort had taken a mischievous pleasure in hurrying us up, and how often I had fallen down, and how often I was ordered to "get up, Johnnie," with a bayonet inconveniently near my person, I cannot recount.

But this was no time for fooling. I said, "Boys, you are not going to leave me here?" Mahone then said, "Did I not tell you not to leave Mahone's division? Now you see what has come of it." "Yes, General, but where is your surgeon, Wood?" "Oh, that fellow got shot." I knew that, because I had seen him grievously wounded, and he had asked me to take charge of his instruments, or watch, I forget which, but the Yankees had given him an ambulance and driver and two mules, and I suggested that he would have a better chance than I to secure their and his safety, which he did. He reached home safely, I afterwards heard, near Fincastle, Va., and lived there many years.

But for myself—I said, "May be so, I could not be much worse off than I am." "Are you paroled?" he asked. "If you are I will take you home with me." "No," I said, "I and many others, my two friends here amongst them, and sixty men of your old Alabama brigade, were released last night by my influence, and ordered to report to Gen. —— to be paroled." "Well," he said,

26. Capt. Benjamin Harrison, of Petersburg, Va.
27. Capt. John R. Patterson, of Petersburg, Va.
28. Maj. J. Arthur Johnston, of Petersburg, Va.
29. Maj. O. H. P. Corprew, of Norfolk, Va.
30. Capt. Hamilton J. Stone, of Petersburg, Va.
31. James H. Blakemore, of New York.
32. J. E. Spotswood, of Petersburg, Va.

"go down and see Gen. ——; he is about a mile down the road, and tell him to parole you and send you back to me. He says you will have to have a blank parole," and, turning around, asked if anybody had one. Capt. Patterson produced one from somewhere, and then I asked if I could not get another one for Drs. Feild and Smith, but not another could be found anywhere. The general then got off his horse, made me mount her, and told me that he would provide some way for me to accompany him by the time I returned, and to hasten to Gen. ——'s headquarters before he left.

When I reached Gen. ——'s headquarters there was no difficulty in finding him, as I think that his was the only tent I saw. Riding up there was at the door of the tent Capt. ——, a lawyer of Richmond, who, I think, was Gen. ——'s ordnance officer, though I am not sure of that. We had been students together at the University of Virginia. Besides, I had met him in the army occasionally, and we were well acquainted. He bade me get down, and, giving my bridle to a soldier, took me in the tent and introduced me to Gen. ——. My reception was decidedly the reverse of cordial, but I was not prepared for what followed. I told him that, with several surgeons and some sixty or eighty men of an Alabama brigade, I had been ordered to report to him to be paroled, and that the remainder of the party would report soon; that I was fortunate enough to have a blank parole made out by Gen. Mahone, who had requested me to get his signature to it, as he wished to take me away with him, and had loaned me his horse to ride down to see him. He heard me through, and then going to the door of the tent and pulling aside the blanket that hung over the door of the entrance, he said, "Do you see those men shivering in the rain and scattered about in bivouac under those bushes? That is the remains of ——'s division. The Yankee printing press at the Court-House is broken down, and I cannot tell when I can get any blank paroles, but until every one of those poor men is paroled and sent away not one of you will leave here." "That is hard upon me, at least, General," I said. "We have all suffered enough and lost enough to give us some common fellow-feeling for each other, and I think we should be glad for any one to get out of this trouble. I have a parole filled out by Gen. Mahone, and only wanting your signature to enable me to rejoin him and leave for home." "I shall not do it," he said. I replied, "As you please, General," and turned to leave, knowing that the war was over, and also his brief authority, except that with which the Yankees had crowned him by the terms of the surrender, and made up my mind to go with Gen. Mahone anyway. He called me back and said, "Let me see that parole." He took it, read it, and, picking up a pen from his table, wrote "——, Major General."

That parole is in my possession now. It was enough. Before he could make up his mind for further negotiations I was off. But just as I mounted Gen. Mahone's horse to go back, Capt. —— said to me, "Claiborne, have you another one of those blank paroles?" I replied, "——, there was not another one to be found at Gen. Mahone's camp when I left. Besides, if there were, I have two companions there who would claim them." With tears in his eyes he said, "That is the way of the world; you have gotten out of trouble, and now you are willing to leave an old school-mate and comrade perishing of cold and hunger, the streams rising behind him, and no means of relief." Until that brave man spoke I never realized what hunger and cold and hopelessness could bring one to. I said, "Don't talk so, ——. Come, get on your horse, let us go to Gen. Mahone, and, if there is a parole that can be gotten for love or money, you shall have one." We rode rapidly back to Gen. Mahone's camp and searched, but no parole could be found, and slowly and sadly and without salute the captain turned off and rode away.

Gen. Mahone dismounted one of his couriers, put him with Corprew, his commissary, in a wagon which had been allowed him, and mounted me on a rough, raw-boned charger, and we left Appomattox for, we scarcely knew where, but determined to get to the south of the returning armies and prisoners, who had not been released, and to make for Charlotte Court-House as the first objective point.

Drs. Smith and Feild, after my experience at Gen. ——'s, declined to report to him, and going back to the Court-House got permission to go immediately to Petersburg, riding on the rail when the trains were running, and walking when the roads were torn up or obstructed. I cannot think that the paroles amounted to anything. We passed a number of Federal troops and no man ever asked to see a parole.

Soon after getting out of the lines at Appomattox Court-House, Capt. Stevens opened his heart and saddle-bags, and gave me the first piece of bread I had eaten in four days. That was my day's rations. Riding all day, just before sunset, our cavalcade—cold, hungry and tired—came to a beautiful country house in a noble grove of oaks, and surrounded by every evidence of luxury and wealth. Flocks of sheep and lambs, turkeys, chickens, pigs, roamed about, just the things to make a soldier's mouth water, evincing that no ruthless war had visited that country. A full crib of corn stood right in our way to the house, and we thought, "What a haven for a tired, hungry Confederate soldier! No doubt we shall find a welcome here, and all creature comfort for man and beast."

Gen. Mahone called up Major Johnston[33] and said, "Johnston, ride forward and ask the proprietor to

33. Maj. J. Arthur Johnston, of Petersburg, Va.

allow us to remain all night. We shall want supper for our party and corn for our horses, and would like to have two rooms in the mansion, with fires; but we are ready to pay, and in gold, for all we get. Besides, our presence may afford protection from stragglers." The major rode off, and soon rode back, evidently disappointed and discomforted, and reported: "General, Mrs. ——— owns and lives at this place, and says we cannot stop here; that she doesn't want any soldiers about her house or place, and that we must move on." The general remarked in a laconic style: "The devil! Johnston, you have made a mess, I expect. Dr. Claiborne, I wish you would go to Mrs. ——— and tell her who we are, and engage what we wish." "All right, sir," I said, and rode forward full of my mission and confident of a graceful reception. I got off my horse at the yard gate, tied him to the rack, which at that day was a feature of the landscape never omitted from the picture of the planter's home, went into the yard and was met by a dignified and most respectful looking darkey, past middle age, whom without introduction I recognized at once as the dining room servant, butler or gardener, or fac-totum generally, who illustrated and adorned every planter's home in those days, and who invariably met the visitor and showed him to the house. This colored gentleman, with the grace and dignity of manner which such servants of a gentleman's house in old Virginia caught from constant contact and association with gentlemen, a character which is now dying out, and which never can be reproduced, met me and said, "My mistress, Mrs. ———, is a widow, sir, receives no gentlemen company, and asks that you will excuse her." I told him that my business was urgent, and that times were troublous, and probably it would be better for his mistress to see me. With an apology for not taking me into the front way he led me around to the rear of the house. As I was about to mount the steps of a long portico in the rear, Mrs. ——— appeared at the top of the steps, and making no acknowledgement of my salute, remarked, "Do not come up the steps; we will have no soldiers here." I apoligized for my intrusion, said that we had no idea of forcing our way in, but that Gen. Mahone and his staff, some seven in all, wished to remain all night, that we would like also to have supper and some forage for our horses, and that we would pay in gold for all that we got, besides protecting her premises. "No, no," she said; she "did not intend to have us stop there."

I was as tired as a man well could be, and really I did not feel like going any further, and I thought I would try the patriotic and sentimental. I said, "So you seriously propose, madam, to deny the rights of hospitality, in an old Virginia home, to one of her most famous generals and his staff; men who, for four long years, have fought your

battles and placed themselves a living wall between yourself and the Northern vandals who have come down upon you to seize your property and to slay your people?" "I do," was her brief and unmistakable reply. "I don't know you nor Gen. Mahone, nor ever heard of either of you before, and I want you to leave." Never heard of either of us before! What is fame?

I returned to the general not only crest-fallen, but I confess, no little irritated. Johnston was the only man who seemed to enjoy my discomfort. Gen. Mahone remarked that it would serve her right to camp right there in her lawn, take what we wanted and pay for nothing, but that it would be a bad example to set, especially in such lawless times, and that we must go on, which we did, to Charlotte Court-House, four miles further, the longest four miles that I ever rode. On reaching there our little party broke up into sections, Gen. Mahone, Capt. Patterson, Capt. Stevens, I think, and myself going to Mr. S——'s,[34] who formerly lived at Westover, on James River, but who had sold his place during the war and moved up to Charlotte Court-House, to be out of reach of the enemy.

Its location was such that it was supposed that not even a Yankee could ever find it. Mr. S—— was not at home, but was out in the woods dodging capture, as Mrs. S—— told us, but she received us only as a patriotic Virginia woman could receive a soldier, gave us supper of hot rolls, broiled chicken and coffee! And such rolls, such chicken and such coffee! The savor of that supper has never died away from my senses.

Mrs. S——'s daughter and one or two other young ladies received us in the parlor, and Capt. Patterson introduced me as Dr. Claiborne of Petersburg, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." As I had not washed my face and hands, or combed my head, or made my toilet for ten days, and was muddy to my blinkers, I felt that I was being trifled with, but I made my best obeisance, took a proffered chair, and distinguished myself by going to sleep immediately in their presence. They were polite and considerate enough to ask us to our room at an early hour. There were two beds in the room, and Gen. Mahone and I were bunked together. But now a very serious question arose, which I feared at one time would give rise to some unpleasantness. I had not had an opportunity of taking off my long cavalry boots for thirteen days, and they, having in that time been often wet and dried on my feet, were literally moulded to them, and positively declined to come off. Gen. Mahone, and then my other companions, refused to sleep with me with boots on, to say nothing of the impropriety of occupying one of Mrs. S——'s beds with such foot-gear. A negro man was summoned, the situation explained to him, and he guaranteed

34. Mr. Selden.

relief. After dragging me around the room two or three times, encouraged by the cheers of my companions, who enjoyed the fun more than I did, he succeeded in getting them off, and I slept with Gen. Mahone for the first and last time in my life.

The next morning Mrs. S. sent us up a box of paper collars, the first I had ever seen, and with one of them on, my face and hands clean, head combed, and some of the mud off of my clothes, I appeared the next morning in fair comparison with any of my comrades. After breakfast, bidding farewell to our kind hostess and her daughters, and seeking the others of our party, who had found homes in different houses of the village, we renewed our journey. After riding some ten miles we separated, Gen. Mahone taking Blakemore, Corprew and myself with him to his home at Clarksville, and Patterson, Stevens, Ben. Harrison, Johnston and Spotswood turning their horses' heads towards Petersburg.

We reached Clarksville that night after a forced march, and after a hot supper, which Mrs. Mahone prepared for us after our arrival, I went to bed more dead than alive. I had undergone not only all the fatigue of the retreat, but my Rosinante was the roughest riding animal I ever backed, and riding him rapidly two long days had used me up. This was on Saturday night succeeding the surrender.

It seemed as if the events of a lifetime had been crowded into that short week. It was almost impossible to realize the changes I had seen in that time, and now the marvel of looking at Gen. Mahone sitting down in peace, playing with his children, whom one week before I had left at the head of his ragged veterans in fierce and hopeless fight, was more than I could take in.

Sunday I was too sick to get up, but with the kindly ministrations of Mrs. Mahone I was on my feet Monday morning, and after breakfast Blakemore and I, the last of the "Paladins" of our little group who had left Appomattox together, renewed our journey. We traveled together about half a day, when he turned off to go to his aunt's, Mrs. J——'s,[35] in Mecklenburg county, Va., and I took the road for Louisburg, N. C., where my wife and children had been refugeeing. I had no companion for the balance of that day, reached Ridgeway about night, and found hospitable quarters with an old friend and college mate, Dr. J——.[36]

The next morning I met our adjutant, J. R. Turner,[37] sitting by the side of the railroad, recalling to my mind some lines of Patience on a monument. I then made for Louisburg, about twenty-five miles, saw and overtook many of Lee's soldiers trudging their way on foot to different portions of the state, and saw several splendid teams belonging

35. Mrs. Jones.
36. Dr. Jermaine, of Ridgeway, N. C.
37. John R. Turner, of Petersburg, Va.

to the quartermaster department of the government, which had been out foraging, but whose drivers seemed to be at sea as to where to go or what to do. One man, who told me that he lived in one of the far Southern states, and who had been out with a fine team and wagon, of four mules, begged me to take them, saying that he was certainly going to leave them on the road that day or the next, and make his way home afoot as well as he could.

Of course I had no more use for the team than he had, and no more right to it, and I declined. About midnight I came to a camp which some cavalry had occupied the night before. Amongst other odds and ends they had hurriedly left was a bolt of fine imported jeans, which I picked up and tied behind my saddle. From it was fabricated the only change of under-clothing I had.

I reached Louisburg about six o'clock the evening of that day, rode up to the house, where two years before I sent my wife and children, and soon had my loved ones in my arms. Four years before, almost to the day, at my home in Petersburg, I had taken them in my arms, and giving a last kiss and "God bless you" I had gone out with my comrades and compatriots to the war, with brilliant uniforms and flying banner, with heart full of hope, if full of sorrow, with no fear of defeat and no reckoning but that we should save to them, if not to ourselves, our fair Southern land, a heritage the best that heaven ever gave; and now, alone, ragged, unaccompanied by one single comrade, unheralded, without country, without home, without faith and without bread, I was before them, even a stranger to my children. I leave the picture—let some other finish. But the bitterest experience of all fell to my lot when a selfish, crabbed old man, who had done nothing for the cause and continually prated at home his lugubrious prophecies, met me with the stinging welcome, "I told you so. How do you feel now?" I never could look at that man, or hear of him, or think of him again, with christian forbearance, and it was a load taken from my life when I knew that a few years later he had paid the penalty of nature, and that he and I did not live in the same world together.

And now, Comrades, one word more: If those men whom you left behind you at Seven Pines, at Cold Harbor, at Malvern Hill, at Second Manassas, at Crampton's Gap, at Sharpsburg, at Gettysburg, at Chancellorsville, at Spotsylvania Court-House, at the Wilderness, at Hatcher's Run, in the gorged mouth of the Crater; if those men fell for nothing; if no God sits in the heavens to judge their cause, if there be no reward for them, who, seeing duty did it, laying down life as a common thing in defence of kindred and home; then we have no future—let us patch up a treaty with the horrid past, let us eat of the grovelling

swine's food fed to rebels, let us spit upon the dust of our dishonored dead, and let us teach our children to despise their fathers as a robber band. Is there one in all this audience who can believe and teach that creed? NO! NO! I see before me women who sent out their husbands that came back no more when the soldiers returned from the war. I see before me mothers, fathers, who sent out their sons to do battle for the right yonder where the battle was raging so fiercely, and they came back no more. Think you there is any attaint of treason on those honored names, which you hand down as a heritage to them who are to come after you? Sits there a skulking figure of shame upon yonder green mound in the old churchyard, where loving hands spread flowers year by year on the natal day of your soldiers' immortality? No, Comrades, cherish and honor and keep and defend their memories! Away with the apologetic whine for the part we took in the war between the states, and the maudlin confession that we fought for what we thought was right! We fought for that we *knew* was right. The issue of battle never yet estabed a *principle*, it can only determine a *policy*. We contended for the principle of state sovereignty, as written in the constitution of our fathers, for the rights of the state and for the liberty of the citizen. Mr. Seward tinkled his little bell at Washington and notified the world that the laws were silent, and Mr. Greeley declared that the constitution was "a league with hell and a covenant with the devil." Congress ordained that the safety of the nation demanded such construction, and the sword established the new policy of central power. We yielded—not convinced, but conquered—and only after such a contest that the world looked on and wondered how six millions of people could keep at bay for four long years forty millions, with every government upon earth at their back. We accepted the terms of the new government, not the old; we gave our fealty, and we shall keep it to the new, as we kept it to the old, and we notify all peoples and nations that the stars and stripes are ours now, and hands off. The men who carried the stars and bars showed their allegiance to their colors; they will show their allegiance now, when the stars and stripes are unfurled, and they will follow their banner where any man will dare to lead.

But let us hear no more of treason or of traitors! There are no rebel graves in yonder silent city of Blandford, watched over by the Confederate sentinel, which the true and loving hands of our women have set up as a memorial of their undying love of the "LOST CAUSE."

ADDENDA.

When Gen. Lee entered Petersburg on the 17th of June, 1864, confronting Gen. Grant, whose army

had reached our entrenchments on the east of the city the day before, there were six hospitals within the corporation limits, of the average capacity of about 400 beds, all of which were filled to overflowing with sick and wounded soldiers. As soon as the Federal leaders became aware of Gen. Lee's presence before them, and of the fiasco which they had committed the day before, in not moving on our then comparatively defenceless works, they opened their batteries on it in spite, without notice or warning—not only on our hospitals, every one of which was more or less in range—but upon the city, filled with helpless women and more helpless children and invalids.

As chief of hospitals I received an order from Gen. Lee to at once remove the sick and wounded from under fire. I issued immediately the necessary orders and instructions to the surgeons in charge of the various hospitals, and applied for transportation to other points—Richmond, Farmville, Burkeville, etc., to be gotten ready as soon as possible. I also made requisition for every hospital tent that could be gotten, and had them rigged in the groves adjacent to the city, beyond range of the enemy's guns, and undertook to supervise the removal. Confronted with the difficulties of procuring sufficient transportation, not only to the depots, but upon the trains ordered to be in waiting, as well as with the difficulties of moving hundreds and hundreds of men fearfully ill or desperately wounded, and of moving these poor fellows along streets where the screaming of shell, the hurtling of shot and fragments of shell, and the crashing of broken timbers, all created a pandemonium calculated to demoralize the strongest hearts, even of the strong and well, the execution of the order of removal was much delayed and obstructed—so much so that on the second or third day of the siege some complaint was made to Gen. Lee that a great many of the sick and wounded were still under fire. One of the complaints, which I forwarded myself, as in duty bound, was from a French surgeon in the Federal service, who, with some half dozen other Federal surgeons, prisoners of war, I had placed at the hospital at Central Park (then Poplar Lawn), with several hundred of Federal sick and wounded, and whom I had placed under the care of their own surgeons on condition of allowing the latter all the privileges possible under the situation. This Federal surgeon characterized the keeping of wounded men under fire as "barbarous and unknown in civilized warfare"—rather a grim joke, when I called his attention to the fact that his own people were shelling the hospitals as well as a city full of women and children, to whom they had given no notice to escape and no opportunity of escaping.

However, I assured him that I was no fonder of shells than he was, and disliked just as much to be shot

at, and that when I could find an opportunity of leaving I would take him with me. In reply to the complaints I soon received a message from Gen. Lee that, after no battle he had ever fought, were there so many men who could not be moved, and where there was so much difficulty of removal, and that he hoped it would be unnecessary to repeat his order. I replied that, after a battle, the wounded, stricken down in health and strength, would bear transportation much more easily than those who had been confined with festering wounds, and with pyæmia in hospitals for months, hundreds of them, and that there was more danger of their dying on the stretchers and in ambulances than from the shot and shell of the enemy, an opinion which was verified by subsequent facts. But I asked that he would send his own inspectors to supervise or take charge of the work. He sent Major Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and Major Winfield, of Virginia, both belonging to his staff, and I showed them the situation and asked to be relieved. They were two clever and gallant gentlemen, but a few hours of inspection, especially one hour at the Southside, now the Norfolk and Western depot—one of the most exposed and dangerous places during the whole siege, and one to which the cars soon ceased to run—convinced them that no great improvement could be made in my service, and with a complimentary report, embracing the recommendation that the whole management be left to my discretion, they retired. The compliment, not to myself, but to my assistants—my surgeons, my hospital stewards, nurses and attaches, male and female, who had displayed conspicuous courage and patience, and who deserved all that could be said in their praise—was timely and proper. Not one of them, and not a soldier, sick or wounded, was struck during the removal, though several of the latter did die on the stretchers or in ambulances, as I predicted. Finding it utterly impossible to remove all the sick and wounded, and moreover, believing it judicious to keep open certain hospital service for the many daily and badly wounded on the lines around the city, I did not close the Confederate Hospital at the corner of Washington and Jones streets, nor the Fair Grounds Hospital, situated at what is now known as West End Park. These hospitals were but little exposed to fire, or the enemy learned their locality, and, knowing that some of their own wounded prisoners must of necessity have been registered at them, directed their guns so as to spare them.

It is astonishing that of the thousands of patients received in those hospitals during the siege, not one was struck, either in transitu or in hospital, though the shelling at times seemed to fill the air and the earth with the missiles of death; nor was any hospital attache, servant,

or guard struck, with some half dozen exceptions, and these latter were not wounded whilst at their legitimate service, except one poor fellow whose death was so tragic that it deserves especial record. I often found it necessary to ask for extra guards when there was any unusual moving or receipt of stores; and soldiers, who had become cut off from their commands for any reason, were frequently ordered to me for extra duty, until the locality of their regiments could be learned and transportation furnished them. On one occasion during the siege two Georgia soldiers who had reached here after a sick furlough, on their route back to the army, were detained for some purpose and ordered to report to me. Just as they reported I had occasion to have some stores sent for, which were in the Southside depot, a point of unpleasantness to which I have before referred, and I directed these two men, with some others, to guard their removal. One of them asked that he might get some tobacco, rations of which were being issued at the commissary department adjoining my quarters, that were at that time in the brick office of the Canal company, near the basin. I said to him, "Hurry up—you will in all probability have no mouth in which to put tobacco in less than ten minutes," referring to the particularly dangerous locality to which he was ordered. I spoke lightly of it, and thought of it no more, and I cannot express my surprise and horror when the poor fellow was brought back in a very short time, with the greater part of his face and head torn away by a shell, my unfortunate prediction having been literally fulfilled. I can recall the death of but few men, as many as I saw slain, which are as indelibly fixed in my memory; and of all the medical officers who served in and about the tents in the general hospital department during the eleven months' siege, I was the only one struck—only slightly wounded fortunately—but just badly enough to give me a brief respite from business, and to get the thanks of the department for "steadiness, courage under fire and devotion to duty," a compliment which was not deserved, for I only went under fire when it could not possibly be avoided, and always retired as soon as a "patriotic sense of duty permitted." Some of my ambulance men used to say that the Yankees always knew where my quarters were, and those of Capt. Reade, a commissary. It was certain they shelled me out twice. On the last occasion my quarters were at the house on the corner of Hinton and Folly streets, now occupied by Mr. Henry C. Mann. It was in September, 1864, I think about the 30th, and the shelling had been very hot all day, and was continued into the night. Every one had left the quarters but Romulus, my servant aforementioned, and myself, and about 10 o'clock P.M. I lay down on a lounge

or camp bed, and, resting on my elbow, was watching the shells as they flew by—those with lit fuses, and listening to their bird-like notes (birds of ill omen), when the scenes and the sounds began to be rather demoralizing and inimical to sleep. I remarked to Romulus, "We will run Providence one more night; after this we will change our base again," when immediately a couple of planets of first magnitude seemed to have come together right in my face and to break into a million of stars of lesser magnitude. I felt myself whirling over in the midst of laths, plaster, glass, broken timber, and the dust of *debris* indescribable. Then followed Cimmerian darkness, and I became conscious of a stinging pain in my left shoulder and left foot, and an ominous trickling down my back, and of a general sensation of being used up. My first sensible thought was: I am not killed—it hurts too badly. As soon as I could get the dirt out of my mouth I called Romulus, to know if he was hurt. "Not tetched, sir," he said. "Well, "I am," I replied. "Come and help me to get into the basement and under the lee of the wall." "Better lay still, marster," he said. "Shell never come in same hole twice." "Never mind," I said, "You come and drag me down stairs out of the dirt." He soon got me in safer quarters in the basement, and, striking a light and seeing blood on my shirt, be became demoralized himself, and wanted to go for a surgeon. I told him that I was but little hurt, and that if he attempted to go through that fire to a surgeon he would probably be killed, or the surgeon would be killed before getting to me. He then dragged a mattress down into the room, and, getting me on it, in a few minutes I was asleep. The next morning I found my wounds were trifling, and I simply reported myself unable to do duty, and asked for some officer to be assigned to my place temporarily. I was only absent from duty some week or two—but I changed my quarters!

To Dr. John Herbert Claiborne's address and the foregoing *addendum* thereto it is deemed proper to append the following, which in December, 1882, I wrote in the interleaved copy of Carlton McCarthy's "Detailed Minutiæ of Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia," referred to on page 21:

"I was not at the surrender of Gen. Lee's army, but was near enough on the north side of the James to hear the artillery during the fighting in the early part of the day (Sunday, April 9th, 1865), say, between 9 and 10 o'clock in the morning, and what seemed to be a *salute* about 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon. In company with Bob Hackley (then an engineer in the Confederate States navy —now, 1882, an engineer on a steamship plying on the Pacific Ocean) and Charley Scott (then under militaryage, but connected with the artillery service as a clerk or courier of his near relative, Maj. Wm. C. Scott, qnartermaster on the staff of Gen. R. Lindsey Walker—now a Bap-

tist preacher), all of us on horseback, I was on the public road leading from Charlottesville through Nelson county to Amherst Court-House, on our way to Lynchburg, where we expected to join our respective commands then with Gen. Lee's army, which we knew to be retreating through the southside counties in that direction, but from which we had heard nothing but *rumors* since the break-up at Richmond and Petersburg.

"On the 24th of March, 1865, I had left my command on a ten days' furlough, commencing on that day. They were then occupying the breastworks between the James and the Appomattox, where we had been during the preceding three weeks resting in considerable quiet, although in close proximity to the enemy, but little dreaming that the end was so near at hand.

"Arriving at my father's in Orange county, I enjoyed to the fullest extent the respite allowed by the furlough, for which I had been waiting for several months.

"On Tuesday, April 4th, in blissful ignorance of the momentous events which had been transpiring about Richmond and Petersburg within the preceding four or five days, I made the following entry in my diary:

"'Rockwood,* Orange Co., Va., April 4, '65.

"'On furlough which expires next Tuesday night. Intended starting for the army to-morrow, but deferred it until the next day in consequence of the rumored evacuation of Richmond. Have spent a very pleasant furlough thus far. I reached here Sunday afternoon, March 26th, having left Petersburg Friday about midday. I had to "foot it" 43 miles of the journey.'

"By the next day, however, the bad news began to break in upon us. Here is the entry in my journal:

"'Rockwood, Wednesday, April 5th, 1865.

"'News of to-day perfectly awful! There has been terrible fighting around Petersburg the past week, in which our army was whipped and which has resulted certainly in the evacuation of Richmond, which the enemy entered on Monday morning. It is said that Gen. Lee is retreating with the remnant of his army towards Danville, expecting at last accounts to be joined by Johnson.* It appears that Sherman succeeded in getting to Grant's army before Johnson did to Lee's, if the latter did get to Lee to participate at all in the recent fight. We have a rumor, which God grant may prove true, that Lee has whipped Grant in a heavy battle fought since Richmond was evacuated. Such a battle would enable our Government to make some sort of peace with the enemy. Unless we can now deal a crushing blow to the enemy our cause seems lost, however so much we may dislike to acknowledge such a fact.

"'I have deferred my starting to the army until next Friday, in order that I may have company (Bob Hackley and Charley Scott) and may make arrangements to go on horseback.'

"On Friday morning, April 7th, 1865, I rode over to Mr. Wickliffe Scott's and there joined Bob Hackley and Charley Scott. Taking leave of our friends we started for Charlottesville, as the first objective point on our route to join Gen. Lee's army. Our first day's journey was uneventful. Towards the latter part of the afternoon we reached Charlottesville,

*This was the name of the place of residence of my father, the late D. M. Bernard, of Orange county, Va.

*Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

and spent the night at the house of my connection, Mr. ———. Next morning we made an early start, taking the public road to Nelson Court-House. Saturday we spent in a body of pines near the roadside, with our horses picketed near us. We were not without fear that, if we stopped at a private house, leaving our horses in the stable, some one might steal them during the night. There were the many deserters from our army prowling around the country and to press a horse into service in those disjointed times was not regarded as a very serious offence.

"Having spent Saturday night in the woods, we pushed ahead bright and early next morning, and stopped for breakfast at the first place on the road at which we could get it. When we left home, each of us was provided with several days' rations, which we determined to save as long as we could otherwise sustain ourselves. Among these rations was a lot of biscuit which we carried in a meal-bag tied in the middle and slung over the saddle of one of our horses like a pair of saddle-bags. Whilst we were in the house on the way-side eating our breakfast this Sunday morning, the bag of biscuit slipped from its position on the back of one of our horses and fell to the ground. When we came out from breakfast, much to our annoyance we discovered a hound with his mouth at the bag doing his best to eat the biscuit, and he had broken several of them with his teeth in his effort to chew them through the bag. What should we do with these *dog-chewed* biscuit? Should we throw them away, or keep them? I voted to keep them, as we knew not to what straits we might come. So we concluded to keep them. Oftentimes afterwards on our trip the question was asked, 'Shall we eat some of those "dog-biscuit?"' as we called them. Before we got home we did eat some of them.

"As I have before mentioned, on our route this Sunday morning we heard cannonading several miles ahead of us on the south side of the James, which ceased after a little while.

"After passing Nelson Court-House, stopping for a little while on the roadside, I found time to write the following in my diary:

> " 'On the road from Nelson C. H. to Amherst C. H., Sunday afternoon, April 9th, 1865.
>
> " 'Our little party, Charley Scott, Bob Hackley and myself, left Mr. Wick Scott's, where we got together about 8 o'clock Friday morning. ———and Mr. Scott rode with us as far as Gordonsville. I never felt so sad when leaving home. At Gordonsville we heard that the column of the enemy which reached Staunton the evening before had returned down the Valley, but could gather nothing very definite as to those reported to be at Goochland C. H. and Dover Mills.'

"As we jogged along, when within four or five miles of Amherst Court-House, the sound of artillery across the river reached our ears, but there was an ominous regularity in the firing of the guns, indicating that it was only the work of one combatant and that our enemy. It was their habit to fire *salutes* whenever they had achieved any considerable success. Having often heard their salutes when on the lines around Petersburg, I told my companions that I was satisfied it was a *salute*, and not the reports of artillery engaged in action that we then heard.

"Pushing on, we reached the village of Amherst Court-House, where we found a large number of paroled Confederate soldiers, and also a number of artillerymen, both men and officers, and rumors that Gen. Lee had on that day at some place on the south side of the James, surrendered. There was also a rumor that there had been no surrender, but that Gen. Lee had ordered his artillerymen to bury their guns and meet him in Lincolnton, N. C., at which place the army would be reorganized.

"I remember hearing one of the artillerymen ridicule the idea that there had been any surrender, pronouncing it a fabrication gotten up by some lying cavalrymen, who, he said, had even gone so far as to say that they had seen the Confederate soldiers delivering up their guns to the Yankee army.

"Having gathered up what information we could, but learning nothing authentic, we rode on through the village, intending, if possible, to make Lynchburg that night, where we intended to meet the army and our commands. From the rumors we heard, we did not believe that there had been a surrender of the army, but only that there had been some considerable disaster. We rather agreed with the artillerymen that the cavalrymen who reported the surrender to have taken place had been drawing upon their imagination.

"When just beyond the outskirts of the village, on our way to Lynchburg, we met a very tall, stoutly built, man on the road on foot coming from the direction of Lynchburg. Thinking he could give us some information—which we were seeking from every one we met—we asked him the news. With an accent not that of a Southerner, and so strange that it arrested my attention, he replied: 'Good news! Old Marse Bob went into Lynchburg today about 12 o'clock with his army.' This was indeed good news. But curious to know who the man was from whom we got the information, I asked him what command he belonged to. His reply was that he did not belong to any command, but was working for the government at Lynchburg. This satisfied me, supposing that he was probably a deserter from the Federal army there employed in the Confederate service.

"Going a hundred or so yards further, and after leaving the man who gave us this agreeable news, we encountered two or three artillerymen who came into the road from the bushes, and, walking up to us as we rode along, stopped for the purpose of speaking to us, when one of their number, speaking to us, said: 'Are you armed?' I was the only one of our party that was armed. So looking the fellow who asked the question in the face, I replied, 'Yes.' I thought it not unlikely that the purpose of the party who were stopping us was, if they found us unarmed, to take forcible possession of our horses. Being informed that we were armed, the spokesman said: 'Did you see a provost guard at the little village you have just passed through?' We replied that we did not. 'Did you meet a short distance down the road a tall, large man on foot?' We told him that we did, and described the man we met above mentioned. 'Then,' said the artilleryman, 'we believe that fellow is a d——d Yankee spy. He lied to us, and, if you are armed, we will capture him.' Thereupon we wheeled our horses and rode rapidly back in search of

the supposed spy, but could neither see nor hear anything of him.

"When we got back to the village the sun had set, and we concluded that it was best to stop for the night and go on to Lynchburg the next morning.

"In the village we fell in with Capt. Thos. Whitehead[38] (who afterwards represented that district in Congress), who wanted us to go to his house and go along up to Lynchburg next morning with him. We accepted his invitation, but told him we preferred to sleep in his stable, so as to be near our horses in case of any attempt to steal them.

"So we slept in the stable that night, and a gloomy night it was. Among my dreams was one that Dr. James W. Claiborne, the surgeon of our regiment, had come where we then were and told me that every man in the regiment except himself, not killed, wounded or captured, had gone home, and that the army was fast falling to pieces, and that he felt that it was time for him to leave. Having then, as I still have, great confidence in Dr. Jim Claiborne, I was very much impressed by this dream, and I awoke next morning with very serious forebodings.

"At an early hour we saddled our horses and called to the little negro boy in Capt. Whitehead's yard, and told him to tell his master that we were ready to start to Lynchburg. The boy returned with a message from Capt. W. that we must tie our horses to the rack and come into the house, which we did.

"Soon after we got into the parlor Capt. Whitehead came in, and, bidding us good morning, said: 'Boys, I have the worst news to tell you. Col. Holliday[39] came here this morning from Lynchburg, and brings reliable information that Gen. Lee's army was surrendered *yesterday*.' This was indeed crushing news. Whether Gen. Lee himself had surrendered was not known by Col. Holliday.

"Without waiting for breakfast at Capt. Whitehead's our little party, Bob Hackley, Charley Scott and myself, determined to push ahead. So, mounting our horses we bade adieu to Amherst Court-House and were soon jogging along in very gloomy spirits, until night came on, when we halted, and I found an opportunity to make the following entry in my journal:

> "'At Mr. Edward Carter's, Amherst Co., 7 miles of Rope Ferry, Monday, April 10, 1865.
>
> "'Was interrupted last evening by the rain, and have not now the heart to enter into the details I intended recording. Gen. Lee's once splendid army, the Army of Northern Virginia, now no longer exists. What remains of it, after many disasters, was yesterday surrendered near Appomattox depot, on the S. Side R. R. To-day we have seen hundreds of the army, melancholy and sad, wending their way in various directions, many of them nominally going to join Johnson's army, but most of them probably to their homes. Bob Hackley, Charley Scott and myself are determined to get to that army if possible, but the chances are very much against us, as our route will be a very long one, through Buchanan, Salem, and down into Western N. C. I very much fear Johnson's army will share the fate of poor Gen. Lee's.

38. Hon. Thomas Whitehead, Commissioner of Agriculture of Virginia.

39. Hon. Frederick W. M. Holliday, Governor of Virginia from 1878 to 1882 inclusive.

We have not heard as yet whether Gen. Lee himself was included in the surrender.

"'We slept last night in a stable at Amherst C. H. We lodge similarly to-night. I have never spent such a melancholy day as to-day. I can yet scarcely realize the situation. The dreary rain of to-day has been in keeping with my spirits.'

"The incidents of the next day are recorded in my journal as follows:

> "'At Mr. Thompson's, on James River Canal, 10 miles of Buchanan, Tuesday evening, April 11, '65.
>
> "'Slept very little last night in Mr. Carter's stable-loft. After eating a warm breakfast this morning, for which we settled, not in Confederate money, but in writing paper and coffee, we started about nine o'clock, went first to the Furnace on James River, and then came up the 'tow path' to this point, having stopped at Mr. Echols' at the North River Junction, where Mr. Echols had our horses fed. On the road this evening we heard that Johnson had retreated from Danville, and that a major is trying to get together a party of guerrillas to join Gen. Lee in S. Carolina. We will go on to Buchanan to-morrow morning and will there determine our future direction. If affairs look as hopeless as represented, we may, as much as we dislike the alternative, abandon the effort to get to the army, or rather to what remains of it. I lost my pistol to-day, a serious loss.'

"It may be mentioned here that, after discovering my loss above mentioned, I offered a negro whom I saw at Mr. Thompson's a large sum in Confederate money—the only money I had—to go down the tow-path to the blacksmith shop, where I left the pistol (some two miles distant), and get it for me. But the fellow seemed to have less faith in this money than I had, and refused the offer. I was too much broken down at the time to go back myself. So I left the pistol to its fate.

"Another incident may be here mentioned: During the night Bob Hackley aided the young men at Mr. Thompson's in burying, I think under a stable or grainary, a lot of brandy. The idea was that it would thus be secured against loss by falling into the hands of Federal soldiers, who were expected soon to make their appearance in the neighborhood. Midnight was the time selected for hiding it, under the idea that the negroes on the place would not know where it was, and so could not, as it was expected they would, if they knew, inform the Federal soldiers who might come along."

Here ends what I wrote in the book referred to, leaving the account of the experiences of our little party during those eventful days unfinished. They can be briefly told:

On Wednesday morning, April 12th, we pursued our journey up the tow-path to Buchanan, arrived at which place we found it was useless as well as impracticable to proceed further, and accordingly concluded that it was wisest to make our way down the Valley to Orange county, and there to await developments. It will be best to let the entries made in my diary tell the story. They are as follows:

> "On road from Lexington to Waynesboro, 15 miles of Waynesboro, Friday, April 14, 1865.*

*This date is by mistake written Friday, April 16th, Friday, April 14th, being intended.

"On our way back to Orange. Arriving at Buchanan on Wednesday morning we concluded, in view of the very great danger of capture at this time and the difficulty of getting along on horseback, to make our way back to Orange and endeavor to make our way to Johnson's army from that point, going on foot in another direction, that is, if upon getting to Orange we learn that there is still hope in prosecuting the war. Almost all the Virginia soldiers appear to have gone to their homes, or to other points of safety, there to be ready to fight more if need be, but with the intention of watching for the present the course of events. Very few are so much whipped as to favor the abandoning of the cause. The Southern soldiers from Lee's army appear to have the same intentions, and no doubt most of them will go to their homes, if possible, before joining Johnson.

"Wednesday night we stopped at Mr. John Lackey's (of Company H, 14th Virginia Cavalry), 9 miles from Lexington, and were very hospitably treated by him. Reaching Lexington about 11 o'clock the next morning we called to see —— ——, and accepted his offer to prepare us a snack, which we enjoyed very much. Last night we went off the road a little way, and went to the house of a Mr. S——, who proved to be a blood relation of mine, and who entertained us very well. Thus far we have met with excellent fortune. My spirits are better now than two days ago."

"At Mr. Jas. B. Newman's, Orange County, Monday morning, April 17th, 1865.

"Stopped Friday night with Mr. S——, two miles south of Waynesboro. Left Mr. S——'s next morning in a rain, which continued until we reached the summit of Rockfish Gap, 6 miles distant. As we ascended the mountain the wind blew a perfect gale, driving the rain with some hail right into our faces. Getting over the gap we missed our way, and after traveling about 4 miles found ourselves on the Scottsville road. Just at this point Charley Scott's horse broke down, and was left with a Mr. ——, living on the road. Changing our direction near this point we went on to Hillsboro, and thence to within 3 miles of Whitehall, and stopped with an old gentleman named ——, who, with his wife, was very kind to us and made us feel very much at home. I had almost forgotten to mention that some old ladies near Mr. ——'s, whom we asked for some bread and milk, very kindly set a table for us and gave us a regular dinner. They seemed to be in such humble circumstances that I gave them half the meat I had, which it was with difficulty we could induce them to accept, and they seemed rather hurt at anything being offered them. Yesterday between Earlysville and Fray's mill an old gentleman named ——, whom we asked the privilege of grazing our horses in his lot, insisted on our going in the house and partaking of such dinner as he had, which invitation we accepted, and we found the old gentleman's dinner a very nice one. After dinner we started first for Fray's mill, 3 miles distant, at which point we determined to go on to Barboursville, 12 miles further on, and if possible make Rockwood that night, thinking it could not be more than 4 miles beyond Barboursville, but it was so late when we reached this place, and we apprehended such difficulty in finding our way across the mountain that we concluded to accept Mr. Newman's kind invitation to spend the night and to complete our trip this

morning. Before concluding this entry I must mention that at various houses on the road we were given bread and milk and other delicacies. We have been surprised at our good fortune, traveling as we have been, on the charity of the good people by whose houses we passed, our Confederate money of course being worth nothing. Our return trip has been quite pleasant, and we are now rejoiced at being so near our destination."

"Rockwood, Tuesday, April 19th, 1865.

"Reached here yesterday morning about 11 o'clock. Everybody rejoiced to see me back. The various rumors about French recognition and an alliance with the Confederacy appear to be true, and it is said that a French fleet has had an engagement with the Yankee fleet somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico, in which the French sunk three of the Yankee vessels and captured the balance. It is also said that Johnson has whipped Sherman, capturing from 15,000 to 25,000 prisoners.* If these reports be true, we still have much to hope for—the Confederacy has not yet been destroyed."

"Petersburg, May 22d, '65.

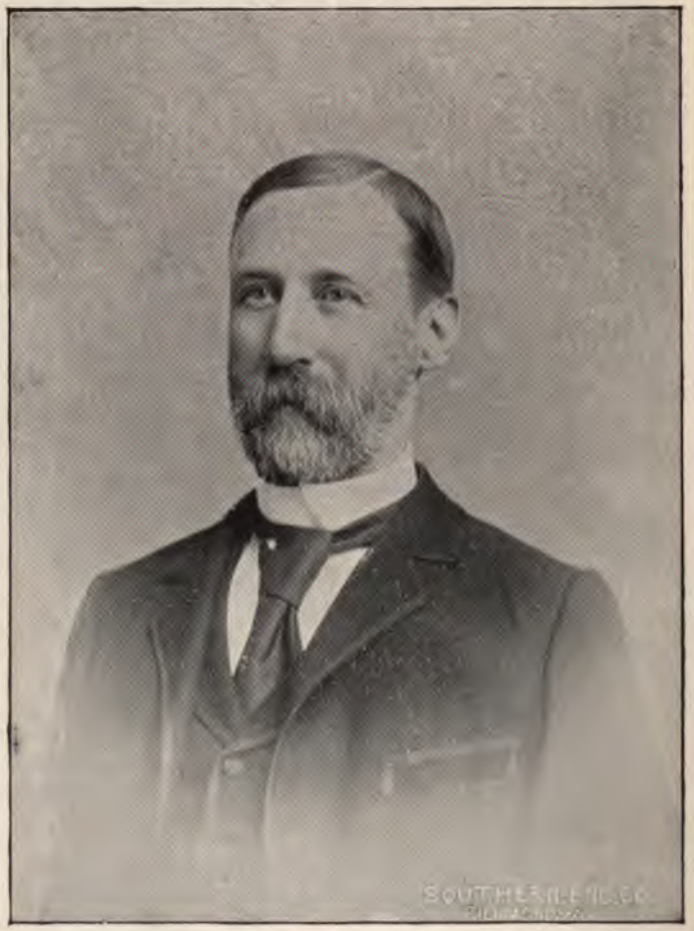
"After writing last, whilst at Rockwood, made arrangements to join the Black Horse Cavalry in 4th Virginia regiment, which was called together to meet at Charlottesville, Waynesboro and other places the first week in May, but the news of the fate of Johnson's army determined me at once to go down to Richmond and get my parole. Reached Richmond last Monday, May 15th, was paroled May 16th, and came over here the following day, and to-day took the amnesty oath, a bitter pill indeed. I find nothing to do whatever in my profession and am taking steps to get employment as a teacher."

I should mention that on Thursday, April 13th, as we were going down the Valley, we met a train of several wagons wending its way up the Valley in the charge of a quartermaster, or other Confederate officer, the whole proceeding along as if nothing had happened. I do not remember that we were asked the news or that we volunteered to communicate any information that we had.

In looking back to the last sad scenes of the Lost Cause, I have often recalled the appearance of this organized party of Confederates—the last I ever saw—quartermaster, or wagon-master, and teamsters, still in the faithful discharge of their duty, solemnly and slowly moving to their point of destination in obedience to the orders of some superior officer whose commands had, when they were issued, the bayonets of the once powerful Army of Northern Virginia to enforce them, but which was now a thing of the past. †

*This is a sample of the wild rumors that floated through the country at this period.

†Dr. Hume Feild (whose name is erroneously spelled *Field* on page 248) and Dr. Richard E. Lewis, so frequently mentioned in Dr. Claiborne's address, were from Dinwiddie county, Va. Dr. J. P. Smith was from Clarke county, Va. Dr. J——, referred to on page 271, is Dr. T. P. Jerman (not Dr. Jermaine) of Ridgeway, N. C.



HON. JAMES M. MULLEN.

LAST DAYS OF JOHNSTON'S ARMY.

A COMRADE'S EXPERIENCE WITH GEN. L. S. BAKER'S COMMAND AT WELDON, N. C., DURING THE FIFTEEN DAYS PRECEDING JOHNSTON'S SURRENDER AT GREENSBORO, N. C.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE A. P. HILL CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, OF PETERSBURG, VA., ON THE EVENING OF NOVEMBER 25TH, 1890, BY HON. JAMES M. MULLEN.

COMRADES:

Looking back, perhaps I am justified in saying that my lines during the late war were, in one sense, cast in pleasant places. At the time, and while the conflict was raging, I did not think so; but "blessings brighten as they take their flight." Hudibras says that

> "He who fights and runs away,
> Will live to fight another day;"

and thinking "on my marcies" during the piping times of peace that have succeeded the late unpleasantness, I have learned to properly appreciate my good fortune in being kept out of harm's way. The running away was not of our own choosing, for the boys of our battery would have had it otherwise, and we did not relish the paternal regard of the "powers that were" in our behalf. It did seem, however, that the authorities studiously avoided exposing us to danger, and kept the battery continuously on the move, so as to shield it from the enemy's bullets. Around Richmond, from April to November, 1862, either in camp of instruction or manning some of the heavy redoubts that encircled that city, we took no active part in the bloody scenes that were enacted at Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Cold Harbor, Savage's Station and Malvern Hill,

though within sound, and at times in sight of bursting of shell and rattling of musketry upon those fields of carnage. From November, 1862, to June, 1863, we helped to guard the line of the Blackwater under Pryor, and assisted in the investment of Suffolk under Longstreet. During the remainder of 1863, with the exception of a few weeks at Chaffin's Bluff, we remained around Petersburg, our principal duty being to stand guard over Fort Clifton. The first five months of 1864 found us on the coast below Wilmington, N. C., about six miles above Fort Fisher. From there we were sent in June, 1864, to Weldon, N. C., where we remained until the close of the war.

When approached, several weeks ago, with the request that at some future meeting I favor the camp with some of my war experiences, the same feeling took possession of me that doubtless came over that good woman when about to cast all she had—two mites—into the treasury of the Lord. I was oppressed with the consciousness that what I might be able to contribute would fail to entertain scarred veterans who had "stood like a stone wall' with Jackson, or marched and fought with A. P. Hill's "Light Division." As it was not my privilege to witness or participate in any of the many glorious victories won by that incomparable body of men, the Army of Northern Virginia, the din and shout of fierce battle are not within my experience. It can never be my pleasure to relate with bated breath and glowing cheek to my children and children's children, as one of the actor's therein, those mighty passages of arms that made for Lee's ragged veterans a name as great as, if not greater than, that of any armed host whose achievements are recorded in the annals of history. "In all the tide of time" the brilliant deeds of that array of, "bright muskets and tattered uniforms" will live and glow upon the historic page, in attestation of the fortitude, prowess and courage of that noble band of patriot soldiers. Would that I could, as one of the actors in the bloody drama, tell of the charge up the heights of Cemetery Hill, when nothing daunted by

> "Cannon to the right of them,
> Cannon to the left of them,
> Cannon in front of them,"

that gallant command pressed on, at the call of duty, to certain death. But if the privilege accorded the old soldier to

> "Weep o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
> Shoulder his clutch, and show fields are won,"

is denied me, I am possessed of the proud consciousness of having done all I could—all that was permitted me to do—to secure the success of the cause I believed to be right.

It is announced that I shall speak to-night of "A Comrade's Experience with Gen. L. S. Baker's Command at Weldon, N. C.," during the fifteen days preceding the surrender of Johnston at Greensboro, N.

C. I shall endeavor briefly to recount some of the incidents and events that came under my observation while with the little command during this short but eventful period.

After the evacuation of Plymouth, Washington, Kinston and Goldsboro, Brig.-General L. S. Baker was sent to Weldon, charged with the duty of holding on to that place, not only for the purpose of preserving railroad communication between the other forces in North Carolina and the Army of Northern Virginia and those along the line of the Wilmington and Weldon railroad, from Goldsboro to that line, but of collecting supplies for these armies from that portion of Eastern Carolina not actually in the possession of the enemy. The authorities recognizing the importance of this position in these respects—it being one of the principal sources of supply for the armies—instructed Gen. Baker to hold it until the last moment, and at the same time watch out for and repel any raids of the enemy coming from the Blackwater and Chowan, and from Plymouth, Washington and Goldsboro. With the force under his command this was no light duty, and he was necessarily absent from Weldon most of his time, looking after the various points under his supervision. Weldon, however, was the headquarters of his department, which was styled "The Second Military Division of North Carolina." In his absence the captain of our battery (Capt. L. H. Webb, Company A, 13th battalion North Carolina light artillery) was in command.

You will remember that the days of which I speak were times that tried men's souls, and put to the severest test the metal with which the Confederate soldiers were made. All signs indicated that "the end was near at hand." Lee had abandoned Petersburg and Richmond, though this was unknown to us until several days thereafter, as I shall later on show; all of North Carolina east of the Wilmington and Weldon railroad had been given up; and Sherman had made his memorable march through Georgia to the sea, and through the Carolinas, having as his objective point Goldsboro, where he purposed to form a junction with Scofield, moving from Newberne and Kinston, and with Terry, moving from Wilmington. This was accomplished by him on the 23rd of March, 1865. The giant arms of an octopus were rapidly closing upon the Confederacy in her final desperate but grand struggle for independence. Just one month previous to the junction of these three armies, flushed as they were with victory, that old war horse, Gen. Joe Johnston, had relieved Beauregard at Charlotte, N. C., and was charged with the difficult task of collecting and uniting in one army the scattered forces of Bragg, Hardee, Hood and Beauregard, for one supreme effort to stay the tide of the invader, and be prepared, if necessary, to unite his

forces at Danville with those of Lee, who even then contemplated abandoning his position around Petersburg for that purpose, with the hope that the two armies might fall upon Sherman and crush him before Grant could come to his assistance. Vain hope born of desperation; for Sherman, having reached Goldsboro, his next plan was not to follow after Johnston, but open communication with Grant, so that the two might act together. This is shown by his special order, issued April 5th, at Goldsboro, which reads: "The next grand objective is to place this army (with its full equipment) north of Roanoke River, facing west, with a base for supplies at Norfolk, and at Winston or Murfreesboro on the Chowan, and in full communication with the Army of the Potomac at Petersburg; and also to do the enemy as much harm as possible enroute." His army was to move on the 10th of April, in three columns of 25,000 each, with his cavalry under Kilpatrick, aiming directly for Weldon until it had crossed the Tar River, the general point of concentration being Warrenton, N. C. But his whole plan was suddenly changed by the news of the fall of Richmond and Petersburg, which reached him at Goldsboro on the 6th of April. Inferring that Lee would succeed in making a junction with Johnston, with a fraction of his army, at least, somewhere in his front, he prepared, on the day he had appointed (April 10th) to leave Goldsboro, to move straight on Raleigh, which place he reached on April 13th, and found that Johnston had moved further on.

Let us now leave Sherman at Raleigh, and go back to the little force at Weldon. And, in the outset, I take pleasure in acknowledging my indebtedness for much I shall now recount to my old commander, Capt. L. H. Webb, than whom a truer soldier never drew sword, and who has very kindly furnished me extracts from his diary kept during this period. I have also obtained valuable information from that gallant soldier, Hon. James C. McRae, then assistant adjutant-general on Gen. Baker's staff, and now one of the superior court judges for North Carolina.*

The task imposed upon this small force, consisting of two or three hundred infantry and our battery, numbering about one hundred and twenty-five men, was no light one. For weeks it had been in a state of constant activity and excitement, enhanced towards the last with continual suspense and anxiety. It had been constantly on the move to meet threatened advances from the directions of the Tar and lower Roanoke and the Chowan and Blackwater rivers. If I remember aright, during the month of March it had been sent upon two expeditions through Northampton, Hertford and Bertie counties, to repel reported

*Judge McRae was, in August, 1892, appointed by Gov. Holt an associate justice of the supreme court of North Carolina, to fill a vacancy thereon caused by the death of Associate Justice Joseph J. Davis.

raids of the enemy's cavalry from the Chowan; one, to and below Tarboro to meet a threatened advance from the lower Tar and Roanoke; and one down the Seaboard and Roanoke railroad towards Franklin, to check a cavalry raid from the Blackwater. This last expedition, however, was in April, the command returning to camp therefrom the night of April 6th. It was under command of Col. Whitford, who had with him not to exceed two hundred infantry (about fifty of whom were members of our company, armed with inferior rifles) and two guns from our battery. I was with the expedition as a cannoneer of one of the guns of the battery. I forgot to say that we were conveyed down the Seaboard road upon two or three flat cars, and possibly a box car or two. Upon reaching Boykin's depot, about twenty-five miles from Weldon, we discovered that all below that point the enemy had torn up and burned the track, so that it was impossible for us to proceed further on the train. Disembarking, we reconnoitered the situation for several miles around, and remained there until next morning, when, hearing that the enemy was making his way in the direction of Weldon, we boarded the train and started back. After passing Seaboard, a small station about ten miles east of Weldon, Col. Whitford, who was riding on the engine, saw one or two men run across the track some six or seven hundred yards ahead. He at once ordered the train stopped. This precaution was not taken any too soon, for, as soon as some of the infantry were put off as skirmishers and the situation was taken in, it was discovered that the track for some distance just ahead of us was torn up and that the enemy had ambuscaded both sides. We had passed Seaboard about a mile. As soon as the train was stopped the enemy opened fire upon us. Col. Whitford caused the train to be run back to Seaboard, where the remainder of the command was put in position to await the return of the skirmishers, who were ordered to fall back as soon as they could ascertain with some certainty the force and purpose of the enemy. They soon reported that the enemy, consisting of a regiment of cavalry, had retired in the direction of Jackson, which was distant some eight miles in a southeast direction from where we were, and away from Weldon. Col. Whitford concluded to follow on after them, but I suspect with no hearty desire to meet up with them, for he could but know that our force was not able to cope successfully with a full regiment. Upon reaching Jackson, we learned there that the regiment was the 3rd New York Cavalry, about six hundred strong, well mounted and thoroughly equipped with Spencer repeating carbines, and had passed through that town some hours before, and then must be near Murfreesboro, some twenty-five miles distant. After waiting several hours

at Jackson our guns were ordered back overland to Weldon, while the infantry, under Col. Whitford's command, retired to Halifax. I shall always remember with pleasure one little incident connected with this affair: Several weeks before, as we had more men than were required or needed to man the guns, about sixty of our company had been armed with rifles and acted with the infantry. When the train was halted and skirmishers thrown off I was anxious to join them, and endeavored to get one of the riflemen to exchange places with me. I knew he was disaffected, and it occurred to me that he would not hesitate to shirk danger; but I reckoned without my host. He rejected the overture with some indignation, and remarked that, if anybody had to use his rifle, he proposed to do it himself; and I ascertained that he behaved as gallantly as any man. This but illustrates that it was not cowardice that caused a great many of our soldiers to waver in their allegiance toward the close of the war, but the terrible hardships to which they were subjected, the distressing accounts of suffering of their loved ones at home, and the intuitive knowledge that defeat was inevitable. I remember with sadness, without any feeling of censure, many instances of desertion of as brave men as ever marched to the tap of a drum.

On the 7th of April, about 5 P. M., a telegram was received by Capt. Webb, who was in command, from Gen. Johnston, ordering that all trains north of the Roanoke River be recalled at once, all the artillery that could be moved got on the south side, and such heavy guns in the defences north of the river as could not be moved destroyed, and the railroad bridge burned. Steps were at once taken to execute the order, and by hard service all night, the next morning (Saturday, 8th) found everything in the shape of guns, ordnance, quartermaster and commissary stores removed from the north side of the river and delivered in Weldon, and combustibles at once gathered and placed at each end of the railroad bridge to fire it as soon as all the trains were safely over. The bridge, however, was not fired that day; why, I will let Capt. Webb speak. I quote from his diary: "Gen. Baker came up about 10 o'clock A. M., and ordered me with my battery and Williams' section of artillery across the river again. Upon getting my battery over the river I put my guns in position along the old line as I thought best, and awaited ulterior orders from headquarters. My only support were the feeble remains of a company of so-called cavalry under Capt. Strange. In all the twenty men of his command there was not a single man or officer decently mounted. With my old fiery Bucephalus, 'Duncan,' I could have charged and overturned every skeleton of a horse in his company. But the men were all true 'Tar-heels,' and there was no braver man

than Capt. Strange." On the afternoon of the 10th the artillery was ordered back on the south side, and preparations made to leave Weldon. According to Capt. Webb, there were then at that point about five hundred men, including at least seventy-five stragglers, furloughed men, convalescents from the hospitals and detailed men.

On the 12th the command to leave Weldon was given. Capt. Webb was ordered to take charge of the column and start towards Raleigh, keeping as near the railroad as possible. By 10 o'clock A. M. the column was well on its way in good order, the objective being, if possible, to join Gen. Johnston at or near Raleigh. We marched about sixteen miles that day.

For several days previous to our departure, and even while the artillery was on the north side of the river, everything was done to put the force in good marching condition. Unfit and worthless animals connected with the artillery, quartermaster and commissary departments, were condemned and either sold or given away. To supply their places squads of mounted men were detailed to make detours through the adjacent farms and plantations to impress horses and mules. The extra men of the command were parcelled out and assigned to the different regular organizations, and everything in the way of stores sent off by rail up the Raleigh and Gaston railroad. The bridge, however, remained in *statu quo*, and was not burned until the night of the 13th, two days after we had marched away. One of the duties imposed upon the men of our battery, just before leaving Weldon, was the collection and destruction of boats along the river, so that, upon the burning of the bridge, communication with the north side might be effectually cut off. Perhaps it was a precautionary measure that could have been very safely dispensed with; and when I recall my experience in the performance of that duty I am strongly inclined to that opinion. In company with a mountaineer, who knew nothing of boat-craft, I was sent up the river for that purpose. After proceeding about half a mile above the bridge, we came across a boat; but the owner, who doubtless had taken the alarm, had hid the poles with which to propel it. Nothing daunted, we improvised the best we could, and started down the river. Tempted by the sight of some fish upon a slide near by, we essayed to cross over and secure them, and had almost reached the prize when my companion's pole broke, and away we went down the rapids. We fortunately passed the worst safely, and by dint of extra exertion reached the shore; but for a few moments there were two badly scared navigators. The rest of the trip to the point we were ordered to bring the boats was made by swinging around, one of us in the stern and the other at the bow, alternately catching hold of and turning loose the bushes along the bank.

The scenes in and around Weldon these few days were heart-rending. As early as the 8th the citizens in the country around, especially on the north side of the river, became panic-stricken, and came crowding into the town, imagining the direst calamities would befall them upon the withdrawal of the troops. We could but remember the kind and hospitable treatment these good and loyal people had always extended to Confederate soldiers, and were deeply touched at their distress. But some of us, who had witnessed similar scenes, took comfort in the thought that it would not be half as bad as they imagined. I remember the confusion and consternation in and around my own home upon hearing of the capture of Roanoke Island; and yet, the storm of war passed by without inflicting the grievous woes apprehended. But Sherman and his bummers did not pass that way.

By sunrise on the 13th we resumed our march in a hard rain, and with the roads in a terrible condition. Not long after starting we began to meet stragglers making their way to our rear. Among the first to attract our attention was a weary-looking, foot-sore and jaded young fellow in the dirty and tattered uniform of a lieutenant of infantry, who told us he was going home; that Lee had surrendered, and what was left of his army had been paroled. Up to this time we did not know that Petersburg had been abandoned, so completely were we isolated and cut off. Capt. Webb, who was in command—Gen. Baker not yet having come up—refused to believe him, and ordered him and some others under guard to accompany the command until their story was verified. But it was not long before all were fully convinced of the truth of their statements, for the roads were soon filled with soldiers returning from Lee's army. I shall never forget the feeling which came over me when fully impressed with the fact that Lee had surrendered. Until then I had never permitted myself to doubt the ultimate success of the Confederacy; and, as to the Army of Northern Virginia, I believed that, under "Marse Robert," it was simply invincible. I apprehend this feeling was shared by most of the Confederate soldiers; hence their endurance, courage and devotion under the sorest trials and in the darkest hours of the cause. With Lee's surrender, all hope fled, and thereafter all obedience and discharge of duty were purely mechanical. Swift upon the heels of the news of this terrible disaster, and on the evening of the same day, came the rumor that Sherman was in possession of Raleigh, and that Johnston was retiring before him towards Greensboro. Madam Rumor was not a lying jade this time. About nightfall, weary and hungry, depressed with the gloomy outlook, and after a hard day's work, we halted and went i-
camp near Warrenton Ju
Gen. Baker had not yet
and Capt. Webb
as to

Let me narrate the events of the succeeding day in the words of Capt. Webb himself. I quote from his diary:

"Friday, April 14th. About daylight this morning the bugles sounded reveille, and as soon as the weary men could be got into line, and the horses hitched, without breakfast, we started for the junction, about four miles distant, intending to feed at that place. I pressed on ahead of the column to see if I could hear any thing of General Baker, and at that early hour I found the road filled with stragglers, all reiterating and confirming the news of yesterday. Nothing could be heard of the general. The column came up in about an hour, was halted, horses fed, and men got breakfast. About the time we were ready to move again a solitary horseman rode up to the depot, in whom I recognized General M. W. Ransom. He dismounted and hitched his horse, while I went forward to meet him. He confirmed the reports of Gen. Lee's surrender, having himself been there and witnessed it. I told of my situation, the reported occupation of Raleigh by Sherman, and that, surrounded by the enemy as I was, I hardly knew what to do with the stores and men under my charge. He replied that he knew nothing of Sherman's position, but hardly thought he was in Raleigh, and that, being a paroled soldier, he could not give me any advice in the premises; but that his brother, Gen. Robert Ransom, was at his house, only about four miles away, and, as he was not paroled, I could consult him. This I concluded to do, and countermanding the orders to resume the march, we mounted and rode off. We found Gen. Robert Ransom at his house (he was home on sick furlough), and I entered at once into the matter which had brought me to his presence. Gen. Matt. Ransom was present, but took no part in the discussion. After some reflection, Gen. Robert remarked that under the circumstances he could see no good in holding out longer; explained the difficulties of reaching Johnston if Sherman occupied Raleigh, and that he thought it best to remain where I was, and send a flag of truce to Sherman at Raleigh, offering to surrender upon the same terms accorded Lee's army. At the conclusion of Gen. Robert's remarks, Gen. Matt., forgetful of the fact that he was paroled and could give no advice, sprang to his feet and exclaimed with flashing eye and extended arm, 'Never! Under no consideration surrender until there is a force in your front sufficient to compel it. But what am I doing! I am a paroled prisoner and have no right to speak in this manner,' and walked out of the room. There was that in his manner, looks, and ringing tones, which settled the question for me, and bidding both 'good-bye,' mounted my horse and rode back to Warrenton Junction. Upon arriving there I found a considerable number of the men in a state of disquietude and disorder, amounting to almost total demoralization. They had broken into one of the cars containing supplies of food, were wantonly wasting the supplies, and were preparing to break open other cars. Springing from my horse and making my way to them, calling my bugler as I went, I had him sound the assembly, and bade them fall in with their several commands at once. The better and nobler instincts of good soldiers coming to their assistance, they soon quieted down and readily fell into line. I then addressed them as best I could; told them all the news I could learn; of my conference with the two generals; that we had food

enough for a week at least, and in that time felt sure something would be done, either by the arrival of Gen. Baker, or in some other way, which would enable us either to continue or close our services as Confederate soldiers in an honorable way. That I proposed now to move on to Ridgway, halt and call a council of officers; and urged them to be men a little longer and trust me, and I would do for them the best I could. My emotions choked my utterance; many of the men wept with me, and all promised implicit obedience to my orders. The column was soon formed and marched to Ridgway, where we arrived about noon. Hastily calling the officers together for consultation, we concluded to send an engine and tender up the road as near Raleigh as possible, and ascertain, if we could, whether Sherman was there or not. An engine on the track, already fired up, was seized, and as many men, armed with Enfield rifles as could be were put aboard and in charge of Lieutenant Blount, of Tenth North Carolina Troops, with orders to go as near Raleigh as he deemed safe, and if he found the enemy in occupation to return with the best speed possible, burning the most important bridge on the road in his rear. The engine was about to move off, when the president of the road, who lives here, stepped up, and in an authoritative tone, ordered the men off, and the engineer not to move an inch. I renewed my former order, which the president again forbade, denying my authority to impress his rolling-stock in such service. Remonstrances proving unavailing, I directed a sergeant, with a file of men, to remove him into the railroad office and keep him under guard, which being done, the engine moved off up the the road. In the consultation with the officers it was decided that if, upon the return of Lieut. Blount, Gen. Baker had not come up or been heard from, another meeting should be called for definite action. At 5 P. M. news came that Gen. Baker and staff were coming, and about 6 P. M. they rode up. Upon his arrival the president of the road was set at liberty, and he at once made complaint to the general; but he endorsed all that I had done, and then saying he would make his headquarters with the president, they rode off together. Soon after, he called a council of the officers, from which I returned about 9:30 P. M. With few dissenting votes it was decided to send a flag of truce to Sherman, tendering our surrender upon the same terms allowed Lee's army. Lieut. Blount had returned about 8 P. M., reporting that he had gone within twelve miles of Raleigh, and getting what he deemed reliable information that Sherman was in possession of the city, on his return, in obedience to orders, he had burned the bridge over Cedar Creek."

On the morning of the 15th, the general announced an entirely different programme from that determined upon the evening before. That now announced was, to abandon the artillery and all except absolutely necessary supplies, and with the whole command in as light order as possible, mounted on artillery horses and transportation animals, as far as could be done, and armed as best we could, try to get to Johnston by passing around Sherman's rear. This change met with widespread dissatisfaction, but nothing further was done that day.

On the 16th (Sunday), the general was urged by some of his officers to carry out at once the plan originally

decided upon, to surrender; for they were satisfied they could not control their men longer. He promised to take the matter under consideration and announce his final decision at an assembly of all the forces that evening. The plan finally adopted was, to try and cut his way through to Johnston with all who would volunteer to follow him, the others to disband and go home as best they could. About fifty volunteered, of which nineteen were from our battery. These fifty were authorized to be mounted on government horses, and armed with Enfield rifles. This was done, and at midnight they took up their march.

I might relate several ludicrous incidents of this march, but I have already detained you too long, and must hasten on. The next morning, having been up all night, we presented anything but a martial appearance, and, if the truth must be told, our enthusiasm was at a low ebb, for we were pretty well satisfied that ours was a "wild goose chase." Nothing but a sense of duty, and a reluctance to turn back as long as we were called upon to go forward, carried us on. For two days we wandered on over the hills and through the woods of Franklin, Johnston and Wake counties. On one of these days we passed through Louisburg, worn out and hungry. The good citizens of the town received us enthusiastically, and treated us most hospitably. It must have been an amusing sight to see us straggling through the streets, with flowers in one hand and something to eat in the other. It made a deep impression on me at the time, and I shall never forget the scene.

About sundown on the 16th we reached Arpsboro and halted. There the general informed us he had reliable information that Johnston had surrendered, and he had determined to send in a flag of truce to Raleigh, tendering his surrender. On the next day, having re-crossed the Tar River and counter-marched several miles, we started the flag, the officer in charge bearing the following letter:

"Headquarters 2d Military District,
Nash Co., N. C., April 19, 1865.

"Major-General W. T. Sherman,
Com'ding U. S. Forces,
Raleigh, N. C.

"General—Finding that Gen. Johnston has surrendered his army, of which my command forms a part, I have the honor to surrender the command, with a request that the same terms be allowed me as were allowed Gen. Johnston's army.

"I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
"L. S. BAKER."

A rumor reached us to-night that President Lincoln had been assassinated.

About 5 o'clock P. M., on the 20th, our flag returned with a letter from Gen. Sherman to Gen. Baker, stating that Gen. Johnston had not surrendered, but that terms had been agreed upon between them for a cessation of hostilities and the restoration of peace. Accompanying the letter was a copy of the agreement. The letter gave Gen. Baker the right to disband his force upon

the terms granted Gen. Lee's army. The general, deeming it best to accept these terms, issued the following order :

"Headquarters 2d Military District,
Department North Carolina,
Bunn's House, April 20, 1865.

"(General Order No. 25.)

"The brigadier-general commanding announces to the officers and men who have remained with him that the two grand armies of the Confederate States having been compelled to make terms with the enemy, it has become necessary that he should disband his command.

"The officers and men will be allowed to return to their homes, where they will remain peaceably and quietly until called forth again by the proper authorities.

"He offers his profound thanks to those who have remained with him to the last. Though their labors have not met with present success, they will carry with them the proud consciousness of having done their whole duty to the country, and of having laid down their arms only when they could be of no further service to the cause to which their lives were so freely devoted.

"With the kindest wishes for their future welfare he bids them farewell.

"By order Brigadier-General Baker :
"J. C. McRae, A. A. G."

And the following to each commanding officer in the force, *mutatis mutandis :*

"Capt. Louis H. Webb, Co. A,
13th Battalion N. C. Artillery :

"Captain—You will please present the thanks of the brigadier-general commanding to the following named officers and men of your company, who have courageously remained at the post of duty until the last moment, and who have not feared to trust their safety to him in the hour of adversity. He has done all he can for these brave men, and only surrenders them when it would be folly and madness to continue longer in arms :

"Captain L. H. Webb, First Lieut. H. P. Horne, Sergeant T. G. Skinner, Sergeant J. G. Latham, Corporal L. W. McMullan, Privates James M. Mullen, Alphonso White, Peter McMillan, A. J. Baker, J. A. Jacocks, Daniel Morrison, Nathaniel Hathaway, Richard Boguc, Walter J. Webb, Charles Barber, Thomas H. Snowden, Wm. H. Whedbee, R. W. Happer, and George W. Fentress.

I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
"James C. McRae, A. A. G."

The men were each furnished with the following :

"Headquarters 2d Military District,
Department North Carolina,
Bunn's House, April 20, 1865.

"In accordance with an agreement with Major-General Sherman, commanding United States Forces in North Carolina-Private ——————, Co. A, 13th battal, ion North Carolina artillery, is permitted to go to his home, and there quietly remain, taking with him one horse, his private property.

"L. S. Baker, Brig.-Gen."

In passing, let me say that the horse was the best pay I ever received from the Confederacy, and he proved a valuable acquisition.

Early the next morning (Friday, April 21st), we turned our faces homeward, feeling as if a heavy weight had been lifted off our shoulders, and relieved that the suspense was over. Capt. Webb, who was going to join his wife on the Blackwater, accompanied the Perquimans county boys, of whom there were about a dozen. This party kept well together until just before reaching Halifax, when Capt. Webb, Wm. H. Whedbee and I, pushed on ahead. I quote again from the captain's diary :

"On Sunday, the 23rd of April, at Martin's Cross-Roads, Northampton county, N. C., I parted from Mullen and Whedbee, the last two of my company to remain with me."

And now, Comrades, I have but little more to add. After leaving Capt. Webb, Whedbee and I pushed on to Murfreesboro; reaching there

we found the ferry had been destroyed, and we were compelled to cross the Meherrin in a small canoe, swimming our horses. Our nearest route home from Murfreesboro would have been to cross the Chowan at Winton, but the citizens of Murfreesboro informed us that at Winton were several Federal gunboats. We did not know how we might be received by the enemy, so deemed it the wiser course to abandon that route and cross the Chowan at a ferry higher up. This we did, but there we met with the same luck as at the Meherrin, and had to cross in a small boat ourselves, and swim our horses. Here a *bit* of good luck befell us—not much, but we were thankful for small favors. We met with a gentleman who had a sulky which he wanted to get to the town (Hertford) in which I lived. It must be borne in mind we were not cavalrymen, and yet we had been in the saddle seven or eight days, on the go all the time, were completely worn out, and had still before us about sixty miles to travel before reaching our homes. We gladly availed ourselves of this opportunity to change our mode of locomotion. Whedbee and I agreed we should ride "turn about," with my first go. But "all is not gold that glitters," and we are often doomed "to see our fondest hopes decay." I had hardly started before the fear of the thing breaking down took possession of me. The trouble was, compared with the vehicles (caissons and gun-carriages) I had been used to for three years, the frail appearance and elastic motion of the sulky were alarming. I soon yielded the concern to Whedbee, who seemed to take to it better. This was inspiring, and when my turn came again I claimed the privilege, and accustomed myself to its motions. Whedbee, who lived in the country, left me when I was several miles from home. He was hardly out of sight when I heard in the direction I was going the booming of cannon, repeated at invervals. It occurred to me at once that the firing was from the gun-boats lying in the river at Hertford, and out of respect to President Lincoln. This was not very comforting; for, while there was no reason why I should apprehend trouble or annoyance, I did not fancy facing the music all alone, satisfied as I was of meeting in the town soldiers and sailors from these boats. But seating myself more firmly in my novel vehicle, drawing the reins of my steed tighter, and mustering up courage for the ordeal, I dashed over the bridge and through the main street of the town in fine style. As I expected, the town was filled with sailors and soldiers, but they gave me a cheer as I passed, and shouted, "There goes a Johnny coming home in the best style yet." I realized at once that "this cruel war was over," and these hearty greetings from quondam foes went a long way towards reconstructing me.

I would commend the example of these, their brethren, to those of the

North who would keep alive the fires of sectional hate more than twenty-five long years after we Southern soldiers had laid down our arms in good faith. I venture to say that none of the men that greeted me so fraternally that April morning are found in the ranks of those who would deny us the right to meet together to commemorate the deeds of valor of our comrades in arms. They, no doubt, like us, look upon the courage and bravery of the "boys in blue" and the "boys in grey" as a common heritage, to be tenderly preserved and proudly transmitted to posterity. No want of loyalty and devotion to our common country, and to the one flag that floats above us prompts to do honor to our illustrious dead and contribute a pittance to cheer the destitute who fought nobly and now endure uncomplainingly. We cherish in our hearts no feelings of disloyalty, neither do we regret the failure to establish the Confederacy. The war was inevitable. Inflamed as were the two sections of our country, the one stigmatizing the constitution as "a league with hell and a covenant with death," while leading statesmen of the other taunted the fanatical anti-slavery sentiment with the boast that "they would live to call the roll of their slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill," there was no arbitrament for the "irrepressible conflict" but the sword. True, we fought for a constitutional right, yet better violence to that than the perpetuity of an institution which was the fruitful source of "all our woes." Eliminated of its radical feature, time will right the wrong done "state's rights" (already we see the "Old Ship of State" gradually drifting back to her rightful course), while slavery, that was surely sapping the "bone and sinew" of this Southland of ours, is gone forever. Entertaining these sentiments, which I believe are those of our entire section, when I hear men like Foraker questioning the loyalty of the South to the Union, I feel that they but insult our intelligence and good faith. When they pour upon our heads the vials of their bitterness I am almost constrained to exclaim with old Jacob, "Cursed be their anger, for it is fierce; and their wrath for it is cruel." They have yet to learn to appreciate this Southern people; and to their unjust criminations I can but retort in the words of Evan Macombich, when the mob sneered at his promise to come back and redeem his chief, "they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman, nor the honor of a gentleman."

APPENDIX.

SEVERAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS BOOK WERE RECEIVED TOO LATE FOR INSERTION IN THEIR APPROPRIATE PLACES IN THE BODY OF THE WORK. THEY ARE ACCORDINGLY HERE APPENDED.

THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN OF 1862.

Ex-Gov. Wm. E. Cameron, who was adjutant of the 12th Virginia regiment of Mahone's brigade at the battle of Second Manassas, writing from Chicago under date of July 13, 1892, says:

"I am in receipt of the advance sheets containing your address and mine—Turner's I already have, as you sent it to me in Tallehassee. The notes and additions you have made, Keily's letter, Col. Feild's description, &c., are very valuable in filling up the outlines I was able to furnish. I was glad to notice, too, that in nearly all points the *memoranda* taken contemporaneously seem to bear out the accuracy of my memory.

* * * * * *

"The spy to whom you allude on page 11 was hung with very little shrift, and, if I am not mistaken, with the driving-rein from the harness of a mule team to serve as a rope, and from the branch of an apple tree. He came to the head of the column as we reached a cross-road, and gave orders as coming from Gen. Lee that the troops should turn to the right—that is down the river. But Gen. Longstreet happened to be on the spot, and knew that the exact contrary was the line of march. It had been raining, and the pretended courier had on a gum coat, the skirts of which reached his boot-tops. When this was stripped off a full Federal uniform was exposed to view. The whole affair scarcely lasted for as many moments as would be required in relating the circumstances. I remember at the time that remark was made about Hatcher's taking the trousers from the body, and ill-luck was predicted to him; and afterward, on my return to the army, the incident was often recalled in connection with his death upon the field at Cramp-

ton's Gap, not *propter hoc*, but *post hoc*.

Of the group of officers you mention on page 15, I have the most perfect recollection; I recall them as to our left and in front of our line. Gen. Jackson was only there a short time in the morning, but Gens. Lee and Longstreet remained in the same position until we moved, as you have described, in the afternoon. Stuart was also there for a long time, and he lay prone on a red blanket pointing out to Gen. Lee roads and positions on a military map which was stretched before them. I was close to the group, almost among them, in conversation with Col. Fairfax, of Longstreet's staff, and heard Gen. Lee's direction to Gen. Anderson, substantially as given by the late Theo. Ruffin in the letter from which you have quoted in a note on page 15.

"Our division was the reserve of the army, and the position we then held was just about the centre. When we moved to the left, and slightly to the rear, with a view of rest and rations should time permit, we crossed the turnpike and so came in rear of Jackson's line. Just at that time occurred the terrific fight in the railroad cut, in which Taliaferro's division was so nearly overcome, and in which the men fought with clubbed guns and stones. Jackson sent for aid, and we were ordered up. In advancing we passed so near our cooking-camp that the detail came out to see their comrades march into battle, and one of the cooks handed me a pone of bread and hunk of pork, which I divided with Major May, and devoured as we hurried on. We formed line under shelling, our right resting on the 'pike, and expected to be led directly forward into the presence of the enemy. Gen. Anderson, mounted on a fine black mare, and decked off with white waistcoat and gloves as if going to a ball, sat directly in front of the 12th regiment. Col. Walter Taylor, of Lee's staff, dashed up to him, made some brief communication, and dashed away. Gen. Anderson turned and said, with a smile, 'Gentlemen, Gen. Jackson says that by the blessing of God his necessities have been relieved. So we will go to the right and help Longstreet.' We immediately faced, clambered down the steep bank into the road, then up the opposite side, and so moved to the position where Hood had fought, from which our final advance upon the enemy was made.

"While we were moving through the woods, before encountering any infantry fire, one of the guides, instead of keeping a straight line of direction to the front, seemed bent upon comforming to my movements, which were governed by the nature of the ground. Lt.-Col. Fielding L. Taylor, of our regiment, a man of pious habit and conservative in daily life, was, as will be remembered, a swearer worthy of Flanders when once in the smoke of combat; and, at last, he broke out, 'D—n the adjutant, sir; and d—n you, too; it's no business of yours where *he* goes. Why the h—l don't you follow your nose?" The poor fellow, bewildered before by the signs and sights of his first battle, was worse confounded by this sulphurous blast from his usually placid and agreeable officer; and shortly afterwards he took advantage of a confusion worse than his, and took a straight line for the rear, following his nose so successfully in the new direction that he never returned to the regiment during the war, nor have I ever seen him since.

"The night of the battle the

wounded were treated at a field hospital about three miles from the scene of engagement. It rained, of course, and we had no shelter, but lots of coffee and brandy which Jackson had captured at Manassas Junction a few days before, and the men did not complain of the weather. By some accident, when the army moved forward, Buck Kevan, George May, E. G. Jolly, and myself were left by the side of the road under an oak tree, without any provision for our care or removal. I had my horse and negro boy, and so alone for twenty-four hours we obtained no food or even water. Finally Col. Robt. B. Bolling drove by, returning from a trip to look after the safety of two of his boys who were with Stuart's cavalry, and he, taking us one at a time in his barouche, removed the party to the house of Mrs. Dade in Haymarket. Here we lay for a week, receiving every possible attention from our hosts; but they had been stripped of everything, and we were a burden upon their poverty. Our wounds were undressed for many days, and we were in a bad way generally when Major J. Arthur Johnston happened along and supplied me with enough money to meet our wants and hire a wagon to haul us to Culpeper Court-House. All four of us were badly wounded, and the trip through the Gap, over rocks that seemed as big as tables, and in a vehicle totally innocent of springs, was an experience of such exquisite agony as to defy description. At Warrenton the mercenary driver threatened to leave us to the mercy of the hospitals (which were full of gangrene), because I had not money enough in hand to pay *in advance* his exorbitant charges. But again the Good Samaritan appeared on the scene at the moment of need—this time in the person of Mr. W. H. Spratley, of Greensville county, who acted as banker, mother and father as well, to the party until he delivered us into the hands of the medical director at Gordonsville. Here, with rare good fortune, we met Mr. Andrew Kevan and Capt. Nat Harrison,* and our troubles were at an end. The doctors had orders to pass no wounded on to Richmond, but fortunately the secretary of war was my kinsman, and a telegram brought quick orders for our release, and that we should be furnished a hospital car and sent on at once. The next day we reached home, the first to arrive of the wounded at Manassas, and received such ministrations as well repaid all that had been endured on the journey. Jolly lost his arm, but George May never recovered from the effects of his wound, and was never able again to take up arms for the cause to which his family gave so much priceless blood, and lingered not long enough to know the pangs of defeat.

"I omitted to say that the Federal cavalry rode in upon us twice during our stay at Haymarket, but did not consider us fit subjects for capture, or even to be paroled. I believe they sent a squad to hunt up

*Capt. Nath'l C. Harrison, of Petersburg, Va., the mention of whose name recalls many pleasant memories to the surviving members of the 12th Virginia regiment. For two years—from the time the regiment took part in the campaign around Richmond in the summer of 1862 until its return to Petersburg with the Army of Northern Virginia in the summer of 1864—this gentleman, in charge of a wagon and team furnished and maintained by the people of Petersburg and bearing supplies to the Petersburg boys in that regiment, sent by loving friends at home, made regular trips from Petersburg to the camps of the regiment, and his arrival was always hailed with the greatest delight.

Gen. Mahone, who was near Aldie, but he managed to evade the search.

"Another fact, closely connected with the history of our regiment during the chmpaigns of 1862, should be mentioned: James D. Williamson, whose name occurs among the killed at Second Manassas, was the color-bearer in our "baptism of blood" at Seven Pines. His hesitation, under a conflict of orders, was mistaken for want of courage by one of his superiors, and, without opportunity for defense, he was deprived of the colors on the field and degraded from his position. For months he bore bravely the undeserved stigma, but went about his duty like one weary of life; and though the harsh and cruel edict was never withdrawn by the officer who issued it, the victim had the sympathy and respect of his comrades throughout the ordeal, and at Manassas he fell in the fore-front of the fight, and found his vindication in a hero's death. His unjust judge did not long survive him, and his faults may be remembered with greater charity, in that he too met a soldier's end, and met it bravely.

* * * * * *

"I wish I had time while my mind is on these subjects to touch on some incidents connected with Turner's paper on the 6th of May at the Wilderness; but I have stolen an hour to scribble the above for you, which, or part of which, you may be able to work into the *appendix*."

Col. Thos. W. Smith, of Suffolk, Va., who was a lieutenant in Company A, 16th Virginia Infantry, Mahone's brigade, in a letter dated August 7, 1892, referring to the battle of Crampton's Gap, says:

"The 16th regiment was ordered to the Gap before any other regiment of the brigade, and was in position and came very near getting into trouble before the other regiments arrived. When the 12th and 6th came up they were put in on the left of the 16th. The 41st was guarding another pass, and the battle was fought, if I remember correctly, by the 16th, 12th and 6th. We had several killed and a good many taken prisoners (I write this after talking with some of my men who were there). I was at the time acting quartermaster and commissary, and, though not compelled to go into this fight, did so, and saw the whole movement of the enemy, and was with or near our artillery when it fired on the enemy. Moreover, I came very near being killed, as I was told next day by Col. Parham. His words were, 'You d—d fool, you ought to have been killed. Who ever heard of a commissary going into a fight?' I knew Parham well, and of course understood. The next day, in the presence of Gen. Wilcox, he complimented me on 'rationing the men with cartridges.' Parham was a glorious, brave man, a good fellow and the best curser when he chose I ever heard."

Capt. John R. Patterson, of Petersburg, Va., referring to the Berry Stainback and Buck Johnson incident mentioned in the note at page 43, says:

"It was Berry Stainback, not Buck Johnson, who carried the blanket and who got captured, the boys said, when he found that Buck, his partner, was a prisoner. 'The bomb-proof detail' given Berry was not given him 'a few days previously,' but on the day of the battle of Crampton's Gap. A few hours before the battle Berry said to me, 'Pat, I am tired of marching up and down these d—d

mountains. Please detail me to cook to-day.' I complied with his request, but the battle had scarcely opened before Berry came up to our line. I said to him, 'I thought I had detailed you to cook.' His reply was, 'Oh, h—l! I could not stay with that crowd of bummers and wagon-dogs.' "

Mr. Jno. E. Crow, of Wilmington, N. C., who was a member of the Petersburg Riflemen, Co. E, 12th Virginia Infantry, Mahone's brigade, in a letter dated October 23, 1892, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of a pamphlet containing the advance sheets of this book, embracing the Maryland campaign and the battle of Chancellorsville, gives the following interesting account of his experiences in the Maryland campaign:

"The pamphlet containing the addresses about the 'Maryland Campaign of 1862' and 'Chancellorsville' came to hand yesterday. I have read both, and been profoundly interested from the beginning to the end—the Maryland campaign especially, having been all along there in *propria persona*. I was not at Chancellorsville, as I was serving on that 'detail' mentioned in my recent letter to you about the battle of the Crater. Cameron's description is simply splendid.

* * * * * *

"In crossing the Potomac at Leesburg I lost my shoes, and went through the Maryland campaign bare-footed. Those of us in this deplorable fix had not only to contend with the sore and tender bottoms of our feet, but our feet were also sunburned and blistered on top, which was equally painful. Going through Frederick city I was in a dilapidated condition indeed. My cap had no brim. The sleeves of my jacket were worn out and were ragged at the elbows, and I was bare-footed and dirty. As the regiment marched through the town I marched along with it, on or near the sidewalk. We halted a minute or two in front of a door in which stood a very pretty young woman, wearing an apron of the United States colors. I did not speak, but she eyed me for a minute or so, and then, in the most contemptuous way, with a sneer on her face, said to me, 'You *are* a nice specimen, you miserable ragamuffin rebel!' What impressed me at the time most was the spirit she manifested under the circumstances, the 'rebel' army, as she called it, in possession of the city and she perfectly defiant.

"Just before the battle of Crampton's Gap Billy Douglas* and myself were sitting together, both bare-footed and excused from duty by the surgeon on account of our condition. Our regiment was then commencing to move from our camp in Pleasant Valley to the Gap. Col. Allen Parham, who was commanding the brigade, had known Douglas as a boy long before the war, I think. At any rate he said to us, 'What are you boys doing there?' We told him we were bare-footed, and that our feet were in such bad condition we had been excused from duty. 'Boys,' said he, 'the enemy are advancing upon us; there is a stone wall behind which we will fight, and you can shoot them down like squirrels.' Thereupon Billy Douglas and myself buckled on our accoutrements and followed behind the regiment as best we could. When we got up to them the regiments were all in line at the foot of the mountain, the 12th in

*Wm. C. Douglas, of Florida.

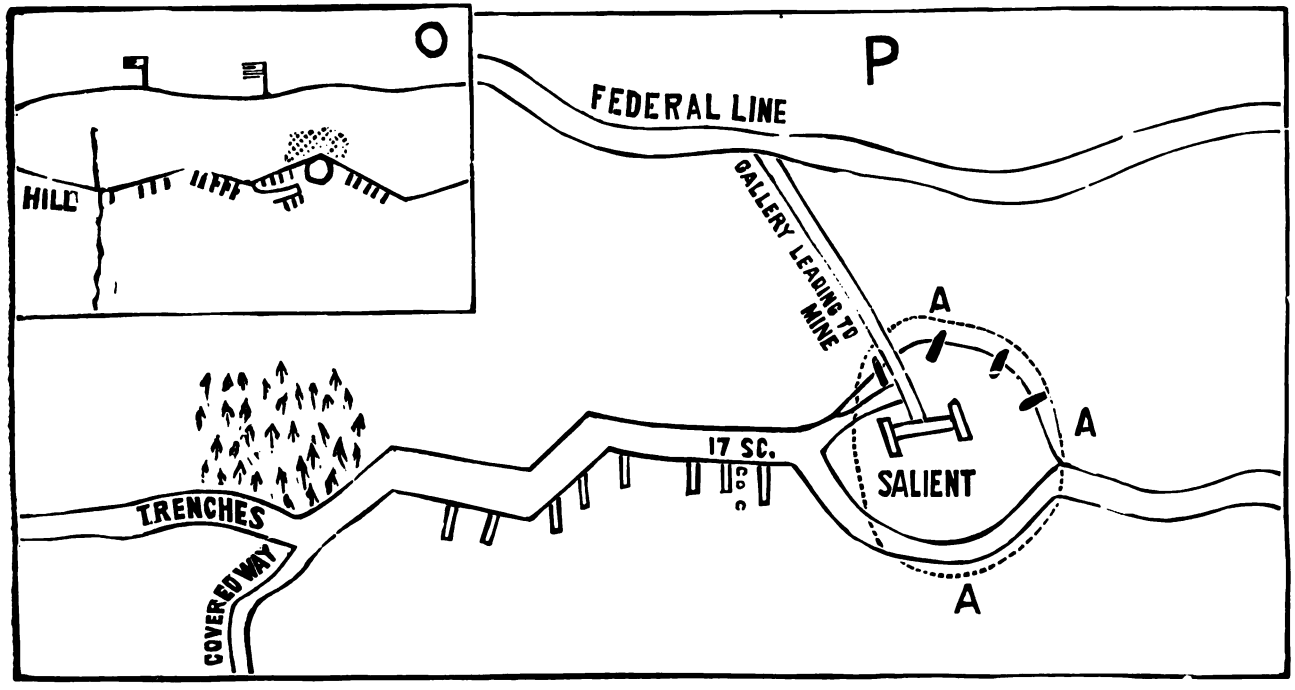
the centre, the 6th on the left, and the 16th on the right. The stone wall turned out to be a few stones on the ground, on which was built a rail fence—at least this was all I saw that might be called a 'stone fence.'

"As I came to our line the pickets were firing. Lieut.-Col. Fielding Taylor was lying down. He had been sick and was using a cane—a gold-headed cane I am pretty sure, as you will see later on. I said to him, 'Colonel, I am a volunteer fighter today, and would like to choose my own position, which shall be behind this tree, if you have no objection, rather than lie down behind that fence. I can load much faster.' I was then near an oak tree. He replied, 'You can do as you choose, but you will be more exposed behind that tree, as the enemy can see you from the flank.'

"Up to this time I had carried the same Enfield rifle that I started in the war with, and I believe I had gotten my marksmanship down to a fine point with this gun. From this position I could see the enemy's main line and reserves coming up. On the left I could see them coming. I saw a horse loose in a lot cavorting in the most excited way. I wondered what would become of him, when the firing opened from both lines, there being only skirmishing now. I go to loading and firing as fast as I can. I can see numbers of the enemy, and I am careful to take the most deliberate aim. Every now and then I could hear our wounded and their friends call for the ambulance corps. Joe Maclin, I remember, was one. He went in and came out under this terrific fire several times. I did not think it was possible for him to escape. I noticed a young hog come running behind our line from the direction of the farm lot where the horse was. I thought to myself, 'How can Joe Maclin escape?'* I saw him bearing off a wounded man. I 'halloed' to him, 'Joe! I am nearly out of ammunition.' Hearing me, he cut off the cartridge box from the wounded soldier whom he was carrying out and threw it to me. In that fight I must have gotten in sixty to seventy rounds. Joe has told me since the war that he thinks I must have fired that many from what he knew. I had my cartridge box full, and he says the one he threw me had only a few out. The tree behind which I stood received a dozen minnie balls at least, the bark flying in my face. The fire was enfilading.

"Soon our fire slackened for want of ammunition. Bill Andrews, the driver of the ordnance wagon, had come as near to us as possible to supply us. The enemy soon found out our weakness in this respect and prepared to charge. Col. Taylor was

*Jos. J. Maclin, of Petersburg, Va., who did not escape the enemy's missiles. Mr. Jos. Edwin Spotswood, of the same place, says: "Joe Maclin was wounded as we made our way up the mountain slope. I came across him on my way up and took him on my back to the Gap and left him at what I thought was a safe place. I then went into the woods, trying to find our men, but was suddenly surrounded by a number of the enemy—Germans—and surrendered. They gave me some crackers to eat and told me to put my rifle by the side of a cliff of rocks near by. Their attention was just at this time drawn off from me, seeing which I took advantage of it, seized my rifle and darted down the west side of the mountain. My captors fired several shots at me, but it was getting dark and they could not see me. About the foot of the mountain I came upon some of our regiment—Capts. R. W. Jones and Jno. T. Clements I remember A line of battle was formed in a cornfield, and in this position we remained until morning."



DIAGRAMS OF BREAST-WORKS, &c.

The above, engraved by Mr. W. H. Miller, Engraver, Petersburg, Va., are reproductions of diagrams of the breast-works, &c., about the Crater made from memory.

Diagram "O" was made on the fly-leaf of my diary (I think) some time before the close of the war, and gives my impressions of these breast-works with their traverses and ditches about the place of the explosion.

Diagram "P" was made in, or a little subsequently to, December, 1876, by Mr. Thomas S. Lamotte, of Columbia, S. C., being that referred to in Col. McMaster's letter (p. 197), and gives his (Mr. Lamotte's) impressions of these works. The dotted line "A" "A" "A" shows the extent of the upheaval by the explosion of the mine.

Both diagrams, although differing a little in details, and neither of them strictly accurate, nevertheless serve to give some idea of the traverses, ditches, &c., referred to in the statements of some of the participants in the battle.

G. S. B.

wounded only a few steps from me. The enemy started forward, led by an officer riding a sorrel horse. This officer I wished to shoot, and attempted to load my gun for that purpose, having just fired it. I had noticed for several shots that my gun had become very foul, and it was difficult to drive the ball home. This time I got the ball down some six inches from the muzzle. I could not get it further, although I seized a stone and hammered the rod. It is fixed in my memory, whether correctly or not I cannot say, that Gen. Reno was that officer.

"When we had to retire I grabbed up Col. Taylor's gold-headed cane, thinking at the time that whether he lived or died this cane would be historically prized by his family. I stuck the small end in the muzzle of my gun and started up the mountain. Very soon Capt. John Patterson was shot. As I was going up the mountain I saw a Federal soldier draw a bead on me and I made myself small behind a small hickory. He plumbed the centre of the tree. On my side of it, the lick sounded like a cannon ball had hit it. Presently Cobb's legion opened fire. I was between the lines. I could not get along any faster. My feet were so sore I got down on my hands and knees and crawled safely through Cobb's line of battle, and then straightened up. Gen. Cobb was right by, and saw the cane sticking out of the end of my gun. 'What's that you've got there?' he asked me, undoubtedly thinking at first sight that I had some new patent gun. I told him it was Col. Taylor's cane in the end of my gun, which was so foul I could not fire it. 'Throw it down and get another gun,' he said. I was now near our ordnance wagon, and threw in my gun and Col. Taylor's cane, and got another gun.

"Night was now coming on, the enemy still pushing us back, and we firing in retreat. We would get in squads, fire and fall back to another squad behind us. I recollect that Mr. Bruce Gwynn and myself had fired on the head of the enemy's column, when, looking to our rear, we saw about 100 of our own men about to fire through us on the same column. We fell on our faces to the ground and crawled into our lines.

"Darkness coming on, we went back into Pleasant Valley. My feet were so cut to pieces that I was thrown into an ambulance and sent to Charlestown with the wounded. I was hobbling about the street when a lady came to her door and called me. She said she had a pair of shoes that belonged to her son, off in the army, which had been slightly worn. 'My daughter,' she said, 'saw your condition from the window and wished to offer the shoes to you, but was ashamed to do so, and begged *me* to do so.' 'I am an old lady with a son in the army,' she continued, 'and you must not mind taking them from me under the circumstances.' I appreciated the kind intent, accepted the shoes, and thanked her for them. They fitted me well, and I wore them a long time—indeed, until I got a pair sent from home.

"I have a poor memory for names, and I may not be correct about the name of the lady by whom Ned Aiken was so tenderly nursed and in whose house he was. I think she was a Mrs. N——. Tayleure can tell you, as he doubtless remembers the name. I saw him in Baltimore in 1866, I think, and he talked over that (to me) sweetest memory. Mrs. N—— had a niece living with her, a Miss Lizzie ——, for whom

I cherish the tenderest feelings for her gentleness, sweetness and kindness to me. I was frequently in and out of the house, helping to nurse Ned Aiken especially, of my own company, and the other wounded soldiers who were there—seven, I think, in all—and to relieve as far as I could the burden of care upon these noble ladies. I determined that I would assist them, but would not allow myself to accept their hospitality, already taxed so severely, as I was getting my rations at the hospital, a church being temporarily used for the purpose. Even here we were not allowed to live upon the 'commissary department'; the ladies supplied us with everything nice, even the most delicious fruit being added to our bill of fare. A great many of our regiment had made acquaintances here during the John Brown trial. Several companies from Petersburg, you know, were sent to Charlestown at that time. I recollect a Miss Jennie H——, whose kindness knew no limit, with other ladies of the family.

"I had been in one day to see Ned Aiken at Mrs. N——'s, and, knowing it was near her dinner time, I started out the back-way to the hospital to escape being seen. As I passed out Miss Lizzie —— was looking after affairs in the kitchen and she stopped me, and insisted on my taking dinner. I begged to be excused, and urged that I was needed at the hospital. 'I will take no excuse,' she said; 'something must be done after dinner, and it is necessary you should be here.' Her charming manner and that 'something' fixed the matter, and I remained. Let me describe my appearance: My cap was without any brim. I was wearing a shirt made of bed-ticking—a streak of blue, a steak of yellow, and a streak of white, adorned at the collar by an immense white horn-button discolored and brown from use. My jacket was out at the elbows, which I have already mentioned. I was shod with the shoes I have already referred to, but had no socks. *This* was the figure I cut before that lovely little woman, whose winning ways went straight to my heart.

"We had a splendid dinner, finished up with pears and grapes. After dinner Miss Lizzie said, 'Come with me," with a kind of delicious mystery in the tone of her voice and manner. She led the way up stairs and ushered me into the most charming little library—her own—the personification of her own sweet self. All the appointments were of exquisite taste and there was an air of coziness about it that was irresistibly pleasing. I dubbed it *dreamland*. I realized now that *mysterious something* was about to be made known. She said: 'I will send you a box of cigars and a cup of coffee, and you can amuse yourself while you sip your coffee and smoke (if you are a smoker), and be sure you send me that jacket. I have already secured your cap, and you are now my prisoner.'

"She then left me to my own thoughts. By the time I had finished my delightful reverie the jacket was sent back with the elbows both patched in the neatest way. When I came down stairs my cap had a new brim and I was *aglow* with an indescribable sense of my good luck and improved condition. I now felt ready to march, my feet having gotten well, and I informed these ladies that I would the next morning rejoin my regiment, which I had heard was at Bunker Hill, on or near the Winchester turnpike, and that I expected to leave very early in the morning, and that I had come to say good-bye. Hearing this, Miss Lizzie said to me, "I will

not say good-bye now. You must come in the morning before you start and tell us good-bye.' I replied that I would be glad to do so, but that I had a long march before me and as I wanted to make the regiment before dark I must start before they were up. Miss Lizzie replied, 'You come any way. You will be apt to find us up. We get up very early.' I then went to the commissary and got a haversack and some hard-tack, and by daybreak I was ready. According to promise I went to Mrs. N——'s house, fearing I was too early. I tapped at the door and Mrs. N—— came forward and invited me in. I thanked her for all she had done for me and bid her good-bye, crestfallen, however, because I did not see Miss Lizzie anywhere about.

"Feeling diffident about asking for her so early in the morning, I shook hands with Mrs. N—— and started to go, when she remarked, 'You will find Lizzie in the parlor. She is waiting there to tell you good-bye.' I went at once to the parlor and there found Miss Lizzie. As I entered the room she came forward at once, and said, 'I know you will have a long march to-day, and have fixed you up a haversack to carry along. Leave yours here.' It flashed upon me that she had intended to fix up this haversack for me as soon as she learned of my intention to start early in the morning, to surprise as well as to please me. As the haversack was handed me she gave me both hands, and we said *good-bye*. Not another word could I speak. With these recollections of the place I can say that the tenderest and sweetest memories of the war linger around Charlestown."

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Mr. Wm. C. Smith, of Nashville, Tenn., of Company B, 12th Virginia Infantry, Mahone's brigade, whose statements in reference to the battles of the Wilderness and the Crater, appear respectively at pages 96 and 184 of this book, furnishes the following interesting statement descriptive of what transpired with a detachment of men doing duty at Germanna Ford just before the battle of Chancellorsville:

"I think it was the latter part of January, 1863, that Mahone's brigade of Virginians, and Posey's brigade of Mississippians, were removed from their respective camps near Fredericksburg, to a new position near the United States Ford on Rappahannock River, about four miles from its confluence with the Rapidan. We were in bivouac here the remainder of the winter, and until the aggressive movement of Hooker's army the latter part of April, 1863, which culminated in the battle of Chancellorsville. About three weeks before the battle of Chancellorsville a detail of one hundred and twenty men, including officers, was made from the two brigades (Mahone's and Posey's) and placed under the command of Capt. J. E. Tyler, of Company D, of the 12th Virginia regiment, with orders to report to Capt. Collins, chief engineer of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's staff, at Germanna Ford, on the Rapidan River, for the purpose of building a bridge across this river at that point. Two days afterwards the writer was detailed by special order, on a requisition from Capt. Collins of the engineer corps, and directed to proceed to Germanna Ford and report to that officer. On my arrival there I was given immediate charge of the construction of the bridge contem-

plated, which had been ordered to facilitate the movement of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's horse artillery, then in camp at Culpeper Court-House, in anticipation of a movement of the Federal army against Gen. Lee.*

"The facilities afforded me by Capt. Collins for the construction of the bridge were of the most meagre and primitive kind, and several day's delay was occasioned thereby. I expected him, as a matter of course, to furnish the design and details of construction, including the necessary tools, ropes, etc., and waited several days for them, but they were not forthcoming; whereupon, at the suggestion of Capt. Tyler, who seemed to appreciate the importance of its speedy completion, I made the necessary surveys of the site, and from these latter made the design and details of the bridge.

"The work of construction was progressing rapidly when, on the morning of April 28th, 1863, I think it was, we were advised that the enemy was crossing the Rappahannock at Ely's Ford. We gave little credence to the report at first, but at a later hour, about 10 o'clock A. M., the report was confirmed by Lieut. Price, of the engineer corps, one of Capt. Collins' assistants.

"We had commenced our operations of building the bridge from the north side of the Rapidan, and had three spans of it completed on the morning referred to, though all the men of Capt. Tyler's detail were quartered in the Old Mill building on the south side of the river at Germanna. Hence, those of the detail, about fifty men, who were immediately engaged in the work of construction, were on the north side of the river, when the news reached us of the advance of the enemy across the Rappahannock at Ely's Ford.

"I directed the men to go at once to their quarters across the river for their arms and accoutrements, and to return and resume their work; that, if the reports of the advance of the enemy were true they would then be ready for any emergency.

"The first boat load of these fifty men had been at work but a few minutes when it became evident that the reports heard earlier in the morning were not idle rumors. Capt. Tyler took me into consultation with him as to the situation and plan of action. In the meantime Capt. Jas. Smith, of Company E, 41st Virginia regiment, was ordered by Capt. Tyler to take ten men, and with them to proceed to the north side of the river and advance some distance on the Culpeper road from the north abutment of the bridge, and there to establish a picket post, so that the men working at the north abutment of the bridge would have warning in the event of the approach of the enemy. The residue of the detail, about sixty men, were divided into three squads and posted on the south side of the river as follows:

"Squad No. 1 was posted on the right at the ford, Capt. J. E. Tyler, commanding in person. Squad No. 2, was posted on the left at the Old Mill building, with an officer from the 16th Mississippi regiment in command, while squad No. 3 was posted in the centre, at a point directly opposite to and commanding

*After the battle of Chancellorsville a petition signed by the regimental and company officers of the 12th regiment, and other officers of the brigade, and approved by Gens. Mahone, Anderson and A. P. Hill, asked the appointment of Mr. Smith to a commissioned office in the engineer corps in recognition of his services at Germanna Ford, but it was not granted, on the ground that Virginia had received her quota of appointments to this corps—a well merited compliment.—G. S. B.

the approach to the northern abutment to the bridge, with the writer in charge.

"These details had been determined upon and arranged only a few minutes before it became necessary for every man to get at once to his post.

The last boat load of the fifty men who, with their arms and accoutrements, had re-crossed to the north side of the river for the purpose of resuming their work, had scarcely reached the top of the river bank before it became necessary to deploy as a line of skirmishers and go at once into action.

"Capt. James Smith, of Company E, of the 41st Virginia regiment, who was guarding the Culpeper road with his ten men, heard the firing in his rear, in the direction of the bridge, and on attempting to reach the bridge came upon the rear of a Federal line of skirmishers. He was not observed by them, however, and, quickly directing his men to follow him, made his escape by a movement to the right, under cover of the undergrowth, some distance up the river, where he was fortunate in finding a boat with which to cross to the south side of the Rapidan. In the meanwhile squads Nos. 1, 2 and 3 on the south side had become engaged with the advance line of skirmishers of the enemy, who lined the northern bank of the river. Our firing was kept up until our ammunition was well nigh exhausted, when, according to the previous agreement as to the plan of action, the men were directed to retire, one at a time, and to assemble at a certain point beyond the hill in our immediate rear. In this way we retreated from our respective positions, and I shall never forget the sight presented to my view on ascending the hill behind us. I stopped for a moment or two before reaching the crest of the hill, and, on looking over the river, I saw a line of battle presenting a front of nearly a mile in length, with several pieces of artillery in battery ready for action. In this action we lost among those engaged on the south side of the river one killed and one wounded. The fifty men who returned to the north side with their arms and accoutrements to resume work on the bridge were all captured. A few men of the respective squads posted on the south bank of the river were also captured, among them Capt. J. Edward Tyler.

"The cavalry of the enemy followed us very rapidly, but we managed to elude them by keeping to the woods, and at the same time keeping the road in view. In this way we retreated parallel with the Culpeper road until we reached the Fredericksburg and Orange Court-House plank road, about 4 o'clock P. M. Here we concluded to halt for the night, or at least until we could hear from Gen. Mahone.

"It was nearly sunset when a courier arrived from Gen. Mahone with an order that a reconnoissance be made towards Germanna Ford, to ascertain the strength of the enemy advancing by that route. Being familiar with the topography of the country, I determined to make this investigation in person, and called for two volunteers to accompany me. Two young men of the detail, who belonged to Capt. Thos. F. Owens' company, from Norfolk, responded as volunteers for the business in hand. I regret very much that I cannot recall their names. They were gallant and fearless, and both were gentlemen of culture and refinement. At sunset we were about

starting on our mission, when we saw on a hill, half a mile distant, a squad of soldiers. At first we thought they were Federals. Finally they were induced to come a little nearer, and then there was a mutual recognition.

"It proved to be Capt. James Smith, of Company E, of the 41st Virginia regiment, with his detail of ten men, who had been sent in the morning as an advance picket to guard the Culpeper road beyond the northern abutment of the bridge we were constructing at Germanna.

"A short distance beyond the northern abutment of the bridge there was a small and apparently unimportant road branching off to the right from the Culpeper road, but Capt. Smith went some distance beyond this fork in the road, with a view to guarding the main road at what was thought to be a more important point, not thinking for a moment that the enemy would advance by the small road referred to, but, before reaching his destination, he heard firing in his rear in the direction of the bridge, and he at once retraced his steps and endeavored to reach the bridge, when he came upon the rear of a heavy line of skirmishers of the enemy advancing towards the Rapidan River. Seeing that it would be impossible to reach the bridge by the road, he ordered his men to be quiet and to follow him, and thus, under cover of the bushes and other undergrowth, he made his escape with his men as hereinbefore narrated.

"After the mutual greetings and congratulations were over between Capt. Smith's detail and those of us who had escaped from Germanna, with the two young men from Company H, of the 12th Virginia regiment, who had volunteered to accompany me, the writer started on his scouting expedition towards Germanna, to ascertain if the enemy were advancing by that route in any considerable force. It was now about twilight. The writer being quite familiar with the country between the Orange Court-House and Fredericksburg plank road, we had no difficulty in reaching the residence of Mr. Dempsey, who lived at the distance of about half a mile west from Germanna. From this point we were guided by an old friend of Mr. Dempsey's by way of a hog path through a pine thicket to the open field at Germanna, over which we had effected our retreat in the morning. Here we found a very large body of the enemy in camp. Having obtained all the information we desired, we returned to the residence of Mr. Dempsey, and from there retraced our steps to the point on the plank road at its junction with the Culpeper road, from which we had started in the evening, reaching there about one o'clock A. M.

"Gen. Mahone's courier was in waiting, and to him the information obtained was given. He returned to us between four and five o'clock A. M., with an order from Gen. Mahone to fall back at once to Chancellorsville, and in retreating to post a man about every half mile, with instructions to retire towards Chancellors in from six to eight minutes. In this way we retreated towards Chancellorsville, arriving there just as a large body of Federal cavalry emerged from the woods into an open field on our left, immediately north of the Chancellor house, in full view of us. Seeing this we quickened our steps to escape capture. A moment or two afterwards, however, we came upon a part of

the 12th Virginia regiment under the immediate command of Col. E. M. Feild, who was apparently conducting a retreat. Those of us who had escaped at Germanna went immediately into ranks with this part of the 12th Virginia, which was being very skillfully handled.

"The skill displayed by Col. Feild in conducting the retreat from the Chancellor house until we overtook the brigade, impressed me most favorably with the ability of that gallant officer."

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Col. Thomas W. Smith, of Suffolk, Va., who was wounded at the battle of Spotsylvania Court-House, in his letter from which an extract has already been taken, referring to the lamented Ben May, says:

"I would like to tell you all I know of poor Ben May. We lay in a tobacco barn in Spotsylvania county, which was turned into a hospital, and we were within a few inches of each other. The night he died he said to me, 'Tom, I shall die tonight.' I tried to cheer him up and said, 'Ben, old fellow, we will live to fight again.' 'No,' he replied, 'I'm going to tell you good-bye for, I think, the last time," and with a sweet, kind 'good-night' we both went to sleep under an opiate the surgeon was giving the wounded. The next morning my friend, Ben May, the gallant color-bearer, was dead."

Professor Richard W. Jones, who was major of the 12th Va. Infantry, Mahone's brigade, writing to Mr. John R. Turner, of Petersburg, Va., from the University of Mississippi, under date of July 16, 1892, says:

"I recall very vividly most of the events related by yourself, Gen. Sorrel and others, as given in your address before the A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans. I need not reiterate these, but mention only a few things not recited by you:

"I commanded Company I in that battle, and was next to the 41st regiment, I think. While we were charging and driving the enemy in that deeply tangled woods, through the blinding smoke of the burning leaves and undergrowth, Private James J. Taylor, of my company, was struck about the centre of the forehead by a minnie ball. He continued to go forward and use his rifle until we halted near the plank road. Then turning to me he called my attention to the wound he had received. The poor fellow did not know how serious it was. I was astonished. The ball had penetrated the skull just far enough for the posterior end of it to be on a line with the skin of the forehead; in other words, the minnie ball had penetrated its length. I told him the ball had entered and that the wound was extremely dangerous, and directed him to go to the rear. He said he did not need any one to go with him, and seemed to be unconcerned about it. He asked me to extract the ball. I told him I preferred that the surgeon do that. After he reached the field hospital and the ball was removed, he became delirious and died in a few days.

"One of the most pathetic scenes of the whole war occurred in the Wilderness after we had made that splendid and successful charge and some of our bravest boys had fallen. It was their burial. The dead were brought to one place. I remember

now how John Mingea looked. They were wrapped in army blankets, a trench was dug hastily with bayonets, the bodies were disposed as well as possible in the shallow trench, Dr. (now Bishop) J. C. Granbery read from a little testament in the most solemn and impressive manner a burial service, and then we covered the lifeless forms of our honored and loved comrades with the earth, using our hands for hoes and shovels. Many a soldier's eye moistened with tears as he looked for the last time on those motionless bodies and then upon the long mound under which they lay. It is true: 'the bravest are the tenderest.'

"When we started on that charge we were commanded to swing round to the north, and in doing so we were ordered to 'dress to the left.' The guide was left as I remember it. In your account of this battle you say: 'Our color-bearer, in the excitement of the moment, failed to observe that the other regiments of of the brigade had halted at the plank road. We became detached and passed over the road forty or fifty yards before halting.' I might make similar quotations from the written accounts of others. The point is this: I think two companies next to the 41st regiment kept their alignment with the brigade to their left, and the division occurred within our own regiment. I do not remember with certainty just where it occurred, but am certain that a part of our regiment did not pass over the plank road.*

"I do not know, however, that this is a fact worth preserving, and yet it is a fact. The brush was so thick I doubt whether our color-bearer could see the colors of the regiment on his left. I did not see the plank road until we were within a few feet of it."

*This statement agrees with that of Col. Jos. P. Minetree of the 41st Va. regiment. See note page 104.

THE DEFENSE OF PETERSBURG

Capt. Joseph A. Rogers, who commanded one of the companies in Archer's battalion, in the famous action of the 9th of June, 1864, in a letter to his grandsons, Masters Reinhold and Floyd Rogers, sons of Capt. Geo. J. Rogers, of Richmond, Va., written June 7, 1892, from Macon, Ga., after giving them a very interesting account of the battle, closes in the following timely words, conveying a noble and beautiful tribute to the gallant Confederates and to the brave men who met them on the fields of battle :

"I have written you boys this because I want to tell you that the men who fought and the men who died in defence of home and country in our war were as true patriots as ever laid down their lives for home and country in any war. It is now over, and we are all one people, and I have no malice to the brave men who opposed us on many battle-fields, but let my boys remember, and remember always, that it was numbers, resources, that overcame us, not superior valor. No braver, truer men, ever drew sword than our Confederates. Honor their memory, strew flowers on their last resting place, and encourage our girls and women to do this to keep alive their memory to the end of time. I am an old man now, 76 years old. I have enjoyed writing to you to-day; it brings back old memories, and, though there is some sadness with it, there are pleasures

also. The greatest pleasure of memory in old age is of duty faithfully performed."

THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

Mr. A. Whit Smith, of Americus, Ga., who was a sergeant of the Otey battery, writing from that place on the 16th day of August, 1892, says:

"Some weeks before the battle of the Crater a detachment from the Otey battery (whose names are correctly given in Mr. Flournoy's statement), and one from Dickinson's battery, numbering in all thirteen men, under command of Lieutenant Jack Langhorne, were detailed to take charge of three six-inch mortars placed in the rear of those guns of the Otey battery nearest the Crater. Lieut. Langhorne having returned to his old section of the Otey battery, at the time of the battle I was in charge of the three mortars. We knew that the enemy was mining, and had arranged our platforms so that we could bring our pieces to bear on various points on our line where the explosion might probably take place. This was fortunate; for thereby we were enabled to fire rapidly and accurately, with little exposure, from the time of the explosion until about one o'clock, when we ceased firing, as I had orders to reserve ten rounds for each mortar, to be used only in case of a charge on our lines.

"The explosion of the mine, which took place before sunrise, was most terrific, causing the earth and our bomb-proofs to heave and stagger, arousing us instantly from sleep. We immediately opened fire, and continued firing until our shells were reduced to ten to each gun. As soon as we ceased firing an orderly from the commanding officer in our front came, ordering us to continue firing, as it was most effective; and on my not doing so a second orderly came, to whom I explained our lack of ammunition and my orders to reserve the number of rounds we had.

"That the fire was accurate and effective is shown by the testimony of Lieut. Bowley, United States army, who was in the Crater. He says: 'A mortar battery also opened on us; after a few shots they got our range so well that the shells fell directly among us. Many of them did not explode at all, but a few burst directly over us and cut the men down most cruelly. Many of our troops now attempted to make our lines, but to leave they had to run up a slope in full view of the enemy, and nearly every man who attempted it fell back riddled with bullets.'

"The only man from Dickinson's battery whose name I remember was ———, a big raw-boned farmer, in whose hands I put a musket, and, placing him in the covered ditch near us, caused him to stop the many who, in the first consternation of the explosion, sought retreat through it to the rear. All our men did their whole duty, those from the Dickinson as well as the Otey battery; and whilst there were many 'close calls' not one of us was wounded. The bravest sight I witnessed that day was an infantry private coming alone over the field to join his company on the lines through a fire in which it seemed a sparrow could not live.

"We remained at that point many months in charge of the mortars, afterwards having two nine-inch guns added; and we were so well thought of after the battle of the Crater, that no matter what requisition we made for building material for our fortifications it was most promptly furnished."

Judge Horace H. Burbank, of Saco, Maine, who was captain of Company K, 32nd Maine Volunteers, 2nd brigade, 2nd division, 9th army corps, and was captured at the Crater, writing under date of October 7, 1892, says:

"Referring to our conversation on the cars, I write that I find only this in my diary relating to the occurrence of July 30, 1864:

"'July 30, 1864: This morning the fort in our front was blown up, and a charge made by the 9th corps. About 900 prisoners were taken and 77 officers, myself among the number. The affair of to-day is a shameful failure.'"

Mr. John E. Crow, of Wilmington, N. C., who was a member of the Petersburg Riflemen, an extract from whose letter about the Maryland campaign appears on page 303, of this book, in a private letter written from that place, dated October 7, 1892, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of a pamphlet containing the advance sheets of this book relating to the battle of the Crater, gives the following graphic account of his experiences in the battle:

"There is no battle of the war so deeply impressed upon my memory as the 'Crater,' notwithstanding I was with my regiment at Seven Pines, through the Chickahominy, the second battle of Manassas, into Maryland to Crampton's Gap, where you were severely wounded and taken prisoner. I was bare-footed at Crampton's Gap and had my feet so cut to pieces that I was unable to do duty at Sharpsburg; indeed, I had to be carried to Charlestown hospital in an ambulance. Well, to make a long story short, I was constantly with my regiment up to Burgess' Mill, with the exception of a winter detail at Hamilton's Crossing.

"By the bye, I am specially proud of that detail from the fact that our magnificently gallant colonel, Col. Everard M. Feild, sent for me to come to his tent. He said to me: 'Gen. Lee has issued an order for a detail of two men to do provost duty at Hamilton's Crossing. It is light duty, and it is his wish that the detail be given to two men who have been with their commands through all the campaigns.' Col. Feild kindly detailed me as one of these two men, and with me a man from the 'Old Grays,' whose name I have forgotten. I may say that with these exceptions I was constantly with my regiment, from Seven Pines to Burgess' Mill. Yet the battle of the 'Crater,' after all these years, stands more deeply and indelibly impressed upon my memory than any other of the war.

"I recollect that at this time the army in the trenches was divided into three reliefs, and did guard duty every night. I was sleeping with Meade Bernard—bless his soul!—and had just come off duty when we were ordered into line. I remember the immense column of dust, smoke and *debris*, as it rose gigantically in the early morning, between daybreak and sunrise, with the east for a background. I remember well the conversation between Capt. Wm. Norborne Starke and Meade Bernard, mentioned in the latter's statement, and I noticed the earnestness of each. While they were moving along talking a solid shot, the only one I saw in motion during the war, came rolling (nearly spent) towards me, and I was about to put out my foot to stop it, when one of these gen-

tlemen hallooed to me, "Get out the way! It will break your leg!' When Meade rejoined the line he told me that Capt. Starke said that there was some desperate work ahead; that fifteen stands of Federal colors had been counted in our line then occupied by the enemy.

"I remember well the shot that plunged into Hannon's pond as we passed along by the pond. I remember our emerging into the open field up the ravine. I did not see Gen. Mahone, but it was passed up the line that he was near, and that one of the boys said, 'General, no prisoners to-day, but the black flag.' I remember a little mortar, which I have since been told, perhaps erroneously, belonged to Miller's North Carolina battery. You will remember my water-drinking propensity. Well, I was *very* thirsty, and asked the men at the mortar for 'a drink.' One of them handed me an old earthen jug with a cotton-twine string tied around the neck, the handle having been broken off. There was a comradeship and a heartiness with that drink of water I shall never forget. I said, 'Boys, this may be the last drink of water I will ever take, for I have made up my mind never to turn back, as a volley from that crowd of Yankees in the rear will be *certain death*.'

"You will remember that we made that charge with the 41st on our right, with a gap between the regiments. When the line was formed there was no time for counter-marching, for I have a very vivid recollection that the Federals were forming rapidly for a charge; and it would have been impossible for us to resist the *momentum* of such a tremendous force down the hill in our position. I think every man felt this terrible crisis, and that what was to be done *must be done quickly*. It was said at the time that Capt. Girardey, that gallant Georgian, voiced this impulse by the command to 'forward!' and I believe it. I have always believed, too, that there was a spontaneous impulse felt by every man and officer alike, and that the command was given by several at the same moment; for, under the inspiration of this impulse, the entire line rose as one man. I cast my eyes up the line and it was like a dress parade. I was a sergeant at the time, and my position was in rear on the left of my company, and, the left being in front, I was thrown next the 41st. Having made up my mind that it was safer to go on to the works than to halt, or be forced back, should such a catastrophe happen, at the command to forward, I rushed through the gap between the 12th and 41st regiments to the front, and well remember the splendid line of advance. This move threw me more with the 41st, among whom I did most of my fighting that day, Put Stith being the only man of our command I recollect seeing until we reached the main line of works, of whom more later.

"When we were half way up the hill a negro soldier rested his gun upon the shoulder of a Federal officer and fired. The ball whistled near my head, and, although our orders were to fix bayonets and not to fire until we reached the works, I returned this shot. Two other shots were fired, and the negro fell. My gun was now empty, and, as I approached one of the traverses, I saw a white Federal soldier half-bent with a minnie rifle cocked. He was standing at a 'ready,' and I was expecting every second he would put his gun to his shoulder and fire at me, I being slightly in advance of our line. I could

see the great 'hat-cap' on the nipple of his rifle glistening in the sun. I felt I was doomed, but never took my eyes off the man who held the rifle. When I reached the traverse I came to a 'charge bayonet' on him, and ordered him to surrender. I was above him and had him at my mercy. He was badly demoralized, and seemed to expect 'no quarter.' He said: 'What are you going to do with me?' I said, 'Go to the rear.' He replied, 'It will be certain death to go over that field.' I said, 'I have just come over it.' Finding him loth to move, and, fearing he would shoot me from the rear if I moved forward, I reached down with my left hand and caught him in the collar, and, holding my gun midway with the right, the bayonet at his breast, I jerked him up, gave him a kick and sent him to the rear. I took his gun and fired it into the enemy in front, threw it down and re-took my own, still unloaded. Just at this moment Put Stith, whom I did not see before, was above me on the traverse (I was in the ditch), firing down upon the negro soldiers on the other side, who were falling back to load. That big, black burly negro, of whom Put speaks in his statement, came from that side, and made an attack upon me with his bayonet, which I parried, but which tore open my pants just above the left knee. Put struck him over the head with his musket clubbed, and felled him to his knees. He recovered and started to the rear in our lines, and was fired at twice on the run, but was not hit, or at least did not fall, for I watched him. Put Stith, I had felt sure, fired one of these shots, until I read his statement, in which he says his gun was empty when he reached our works.

"Meade Bernard went in on our left, and my recollection is that he told me that Jake Old was the man who came to his rescue. Put was wounded just about this time in the shoulder. The time we congratulated each other on getting safely through the charge was before—and just before—the fight with the negro. Put then went to the rear. We had not then reached the main trench, but were fighting in squads up the ditches. I got with a young and splendidly gallant soldier boy from the 41st, and we were making our way as best we could to the main trench, he on my right. I never knew his name. He called me 'Twelfth' and I called him 'Forty-first.' He saw a stand of colors in front in the main trench and was pushing towards it. At this point I came to one of those 'mortar proofs' which went into the ground. At the entrance was a Federal officer, and I always believed he was the same man on whom the negro rested his gun. I came to a charge and ordered him to surrender, with my bayonet at his breast. He was very reluctant to give me his sword. He said he was willing to surrender, but desired to surrender to a commissioned officer. He was evidently afraid of 'no quarter,' and wished the better protection of a commissioned officer. I said, 'Give me that sword, or I'll run this bayonet through you.' He gave me the sword and I buckled it around my waist.

"In this bomb-proof were, I think, fourteen negro soldiers. Capt. Cox, of the 41st, was immediately by my side, with sword drawn and the devil in him. He was infuriated at the idea of fighting negroes, and would have run the first one he encountered through had he not fallen on his knees and begged for his life,

saying, 'Master! Master! please don't kill me! I'll be your nigger!' We marched these negroes out and sent them to the rear, along with the lieutenant above referred to.

"It was here I got the Spencer rifle which I have now, and the like of which I had never seen then. I soon found out how it worked, and, finding the magazine full with the exception of one load, I threw down my gun and used the Spencer till I got to the main trench, when, some time after we had been in possession of the works, I again fell in with the 41st boy, whose death just at this juncture shocked me greatly at the time and has always been a distress to me. We had been keeping up a fire on the Federals from the parapets of the main trench wherever we would see them, and, whenever one would attempt to run back to the enemy's line, this boy would step up and fire from the parapet and then jump down again, and I the same. When the order came down the line from the right to get all the loaded guns we could, and to load up all our own, and, when Saunders gave the 'yell,' to fire to the right oblique and "to keep their heads down," this brave boy fired and remarked, 'I killed that d—d Yankee! I saw him fall!' At that instant a ball struck him in the forehead and he fell convulsed in death in my arms.

"That same day in the trenches, after things got quiet, I presented the sword I got from the Federal officer to a young lieutenant, of Company D, I think, and the impression upon my mind is that he was an officer recently commissioned or promoted, and that he was a handsome and a modest young man. I have forgotten his name. It may be that you can place him for me.

"There was that day fired at us a missile we had never heard the sound of before, and it was said then that the enemy was short of ammunition and were shooting ramrods at us.

"Do you recollect this circumstance? I have not seen for a long time any of the 'boys,' and these are my recollections, unrefreshed by any conversation except one with Meade Bernard about a year ago, when he was here, and which I enjoyed beyond expression."

Since a part of this Appendix has been in the hands of the printer, Mr. F. Perry Lockwood, a citizen of Petersburg, Va., has placed in my hands copies of the Petersburg *Express*, published during the week succeeding the battle of the Crater, and from these the subjoined extracts are taken. The statements made in these extracts contain some manifest errors, but it is deemed best to reproduce them for what they are worth, as the practically contemporaneous accounts of the battle of the Crater, written by a person, or by persons, near the scene of action.

The *Express* of Monday, August 1st, 1864, in its editorial column, giving the news from the front, says:

"As soon as the nature of the disaster was known, Gen. Hill dispatched a courier to Gen. Mahone's headquarters, and that vigilant officer moved off immediately at the head of his own brigade, with instructions for Saunders' (Ala.) brigade and Wright's (Ga.) to follow.

"Arriving upon the ground Gen. Mahone found twelve of the enemy's flags waving upon the ramparts of

that portion of our line carried by the explosion, and the whole vicinity swarming with white and black Yankee troops.

"Getting his troops into position, Gen. Mahone ordered his brigade to retake a portion of his works, and instructed Wright's brigade to come up in such position as would insure the re-capture of the remaining portion. Under the command of Col. Weisiger, acting brigadier, Mahone's brigade formed into line, and were about to move up when the enemy sallied out and made a charge. The Confederates reserved their fire until they could 'see the whites of the enemy's eyes,' when they poured into them such a storm of bullets that the enemy recoiled and fell back in confusion. A charge was now ordered, and Weisiger's men dashed forward with a yell, driving the enemy up to and over the breastworks. On the works our men halted and delivered a plunging fire, which proved so destructive that the enemy were never again rallied on this portion of the line, but left our men in undisturbed possession.

"In the meantime Wright's brigade, commanded by Col. Hall, instead of coming directly up, by some means deployed and came around, and thus failed to re-take that portion of the line assigned to them.

"At a later hour Wilcox's old brigade, now ably commanded by the young and intrepid Saunders, came gallantly up to their work, and by a charge drove the enemy from the remaining portion of the works, and thus enabled us to re-establish our lines, precisely as they were before the explosion.

"The enemy finding escape impossible rushed for safety into the immense hole or chasm made by their explosion, and around the edge of this great basin our men closed in and fought hand to hand. This was done chiefly by Mahone's old brigade, and Saunders' Alabama men. Here the slaughter was terrific, and here, too, many a gallant Confederate fell to rise no more. As an evidence of the desperate nature of the contest around and in this chasm, we would state that Gen. Saunders' men, after removing a large number of wounded, buried in the hole on Saturday night, fifty-five Yankee negro troops, and 178 of the whites."

In this account of the events of the preceding Saturday, the editor says:

"The enemy opened a severe fire on the city with his siege guns simultaneously with the explosion, and for two hours his shell fairly rained upon our streets. Thanks to a kind Providence, but one accident occurred, and that was the loss of a finger by the chief engineer of our fire department, Mr. Robert Green. It was cut off by the fragment of a shell. The few houses burned were small wooden buildings, very old, and of but little value."

In the *Express* of Tuesday, August 2nd, 1864, the editor, giving the usual editorial summary of the news "From the Front," says:

"During Sunday night there was but little picket firing, the enemy seeming disposed after their heavy losses on Saturday, to enjoy a little rest, to which our forces offered no serious opposition.

"The flag of truce sent in Sunday, as we expected and stated yesterday, was to ask the privilege of burying their dead. The request was granted, and yesterday morning from 5 to 9 o'clock, there was a cessation of hostilities. The enemy

went actively to work, as there was a heavy job before him, and by means of a very large force succeeded in placing under the sod seven hundred of their dead which had fallen between our intrenchments and his own. But few of our dead were found in this locality—not over twelve in all.

"We have now positive evidence that the enemy's sapping and mining experiment has cost him most dearly. One of our generals, who has all of the means of ascertaining, estimated the Yankee loss yesterday, at an early hour, to be all of 4,000. At a later hour, and pending the flag of truce, one of Burnside's aids stated to a Confederate captain, that their losses had not been definitely ascertained, but would certainly range between 4,000 and 5,000.

"We omitted yesterday, in our account of the fight of Saturday, to state that Gen. Elliott's South Carolina brigade occupied a prominent position on the line, and suffered heavily in officers and men. This brigade was on either side of Pegram's battery, for its support, and five companies of the 18th and the same number of companies of the 22nd, were involved in the wreck caused by the explosion. Many of the men are known to have been blown up, or buried in the general wreck. The 17th South Carolina, attached to this brigade, lost forty-eight wounded and 25 killed, and it is believed that many were taken prisoners. Three companies in the 17th, and the whole of the 25th South Carolina, the two commanded by Col. Smith, participated in the charge with Mahone's old brigade, which occurred at 8 o'clock."

In the foregoing, as in some of the following paragraphs, there are errors of statement, but it is nevertheless best to reproduce them for what they are worth, as the statements of the press about the time of the occurrence. Proceeding, the editor of the *Express*, in this statement, says:

"At a later hour of the day, about 2 P. M., the whole of the 17th South Carolina participated with Saunders' brigade in the charge which wrested from the enemy the remaining portion of the works which the enemy had taken from us.

"The 22nd and 23rd South Carolina regiments, of Elliott's brigade, occupied a position to the right of Pegram's battery, and although much stunned by the explosion held their ground manfully, never yielding an inch during the day.

"Col. Fleming, of the 22nd, who has not been heard from since the explosion, is supposed to have been blown up, although hopes are entertained that he is a prisoner in the enemy's hands. The command of the 22nd and the 23rd devolved upon Capt. Shedd, who, by his coolness and intrepidity, inspired his men and most nobly did they emulate the example of their commander.

"Other troops—a portion of Wise's brigade, all of Gen. Matt. W. Ransom's and Clingman's brigade, participated during the day, and we hear the conduct of all highly spoken of."

In the *Express* of Wednesday, August 3rd, 1864, Lieut.-Col. Hall, who commanded the Georgia brigade in the action, published the following card:

"[Communicated.]

"WRIGHT'S GEORGIA BRIGADE.

"HEADQ'RS WRIGHT'S BRIGADE,
August 2nd, 1864.

"*Editors Petersburg Express:*

"Sir—In your editorial column of August 1st, 1864, giving an account of the engagement of July 30th, there are some erroneous statements about the action of Wright's brigade that I desire to correct.

"You state that Gen. Mahone, getting his troops in position, ordered his brigade to retake a portion of the works, and instructed Wright's brigade to come up in such a position as would ensure the recapture of the remaining portion. No such instructions were given. When Mahone's brigade charged only one regiment and a half of Wright's brigade had emerged from the covered way leading to the battle-field. They were ordered by Capt. Girardey, Mahone's assistant adjutant general, to charge with the right of Mahone's brigade, which they did gallantly. You state in the meantime, that Wright's brigade, commanded by Col. Hall, instead of coming directly up, by some means deployed and came around, and thus failed to retake that portion of the line assigned them. This statement is incorrect and without foundation. That portion of the brigade that did not go in with Mahone's was moving up rapidly, formed in line, and charged the works on the right of Mahone's brigade. They made a gallant charge, and the list of casualties, amounting to two hundred and thirty-one, is sufficient evidence of the murderous fire to which they were exposed.

"Wright's brigade was as well represented on the edge of the immense hole, caused by the explosion, as any brigade on the line. One of Wright's regiments pla their colors on the edge of tha mense hole, and remained ther til the last Yankee had been dis ed of and they ordered away.

"M. R. HALL,
"Lieut.-Col. Comd'g Brigad

Mr. John E. Laughton, J Richmond, Va., first lieutenan Company D, 12th Virginia regi who commanded the detachme sharpshooters from the 12th ment in the charge at the C under date of October 15th, writes as follows:

"I wish you to amend the ment made by me which ap at page 185 of "War Talks of federate Veterans" by adding I distinctly remember that a number of Wright's brigade the charge along with our bri and were immediately on the of the battalion of sharpshoote

In the *Express* of Thursday, gust 4th, 1864, Capt. White, commanded the 23rd South Ca na regiment, publishes the fol ing card:

"[Communicated.]

"THE FIGHT OF SATURD

"CONFEDERATE STATES HOSPITAL,
August 2, 1864.

"*Messrs. Editors:*

"Gentlemen: In your issue of morning, mentioning the posit occupied by Elliott's brigade, I tice you state that the 22nd and 2 regiments, South Carolina Vol teers, occupied the right of gram's battery. This is an erro part. There were but two com nies of the 22nd regiment on right, with the 23rd regiment. 23rd regiment was commanded myself, and not Capt. Shedd, u time I was obliged to leave the f

in consequence of my having received a wound. You will pardon me for trespassing on your time, but you will do me and the command a great favor by correcting the same; for both the command and myself feel a little sensitive in regard to the matter.

"My regiment suffered very severely, being subjected to a galling fire from the front and flank. I am proud to say that my regiment acted with great coolness, and evinced a determination to die at their post sooner than yield one inch. About 10 o'clock, while passing along the line, conversing with my men and giving directions, I received a severe flesh wound through the shoulder. I did not leave the field until compelled to do so by the continued loss of blood.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"E. R. WHITE,

"Capt. Comd'g 23rd Reg't S. C. V.,

on the 30th July."

A DARING EXPEDITION.

Mr. John W. H. Porter, of Portsmouth, Va., in his valuable work, "History of Norfolk County, Va., 1861–'65," in the chapter entitled "In the Navy—Norfolk," in that part of the chapter giving a sketch of Lieut. W. H. Ward, describes the expedition which is the subject of the address of Mr. Freeman W. Jones, as follows:

"He (Lieut. W. H. Ward) was second in command of a boat expedition which left Drury's Bluff, February 10th,* 1865, to destroy, with torpedoes, the Federal iron-clads at City Point, and which failed on account of the treachery of one of the officers of the expedition. The circumstances of this affair are somewhat peculiar, and are detailed in an article by Master W. F. Shippey, of the Confederate States navy, in Vol. XII, page 416, of the Southern Historical Society Papers. It seems that after the failure of Commodore Mitchell's squadron at Richmond to engage and destroy the Federal iron-clads at City Point a boat expedition left Drury's Bluff to accomplish that object by means of torpedoes. The expedition numbered 101 officers and men, and was under command of Lieutenant C. W. Read, of the navy, with Lieutenant W. H. Ward second in command. The expedition had several boats, mounted on wheels and drawn by mules. It was also supplied with long booms with arrangements at the ends for fastening torpedoes. The plan was to move at a distance around the left of Grant's army, then in front of Petersburg, and reach the James River in Surry county or Prince George and remain concealed on the shore until an opportunity might present itself of capturing one or more tugs passing up or down the river; then to fit the torpedo booms on them, ascend the river to City Point and sink the Federal iron-clads anchored there. The expedition left Drury's Bluff on the 10th of February, 1865, and Lieut. Lewis was sent ahead as a scout to reconnoiter. He was to rejoin the party at a ford of the Blackwater River and pilot them from there to the James River. Lewis is said to have been a Northern man, and was at Norfolk at the beginning of the war. He enlisted in the Confederate army and served faithfully with his company until June 29th, 1864, when he was appointed a lieutenant in the volunteer navy, and enjoyed the confi-

*It will be noted that Mr. Jones gives the date as February 3, 1865, which was taken from his diary.

dence of his brother officers. Everything went well with the expedition for the first three days. Grant's army was successfully turned without discovery, and on the afternoon of the third day, when near the ford of the Blackwater, the party sought temporary shelter from a severe storm of rain and sleet. While engaged in drying their clothing a young Confederate soldier made his appearance and informed them that he had just escaped from the Federal lines, where he had been as a prisoner of war, that Lewis had deserted to the enemy and betrayed the expedition, and was then at the Blackwater ford with a regiment of infantry, lying in ambush, waiting for their approach, and that just before he succeeded in making his escape he overheard Lewis and the Federal commander talking the matter over. Lieut. Read halted his command where it was, and went forward alone to examine the river. and rejoined his men the next day, having ascertained the correctness of the report of the young soldier. The party succeeded in getting back to Drury's bluff with whole skins but disappointed hopes. Several bodies of Federal cavalry were scouring the country in search of them, but Lieut. Read succeeded in eluding them."

LAST DAYS OF LEE AND HIS PALADINS.

Mr. Allen W. Magee, of Clarksville, Va., who was ensign of the 12th Virginia regiment of Mahone's brigade from May, 1864, until the office was abolished in the early part of 1865, in a private letter to Mr. James M. Quicke, of Petersburg, Va., gives the following interesting narrative of his experiences during the last days of the Confederacy:

"When the office of ensign was abolished by an act of the Confederate States congress, all ensigns were given a sixty days' furlough, with liberty at its expiration to join any branch of the service they might select. Having been ensign of the 12th Virginia regiment, on the 2nd day of April, 1865, I was at my home in the city of Petersburg under a furlough of this kind, and, hearing the firing, I determined to go out to the lines, and went to that part of them near Fort Mahone, my own command being then on the north side of the Appomattox.

"When I got out to the lines the enemy had taken Fort Mahone, and also a part of our main line about the Jerusalem plank road. In a little while the main works were recaptured and there was a call for volunteers to re-take Fort Mahone, and I was fool enough to offer myself as one of these. A charge was made and without any resistance it was re-captured, and I got the sword of one of the officers. This was some time between nine o'clock in the morning and mid-day, and after this everything seemed quiet, except some cannonading around on our right.

"About four or five o'clock in the afternoon I went into town, and on my way to my father's place of residence I met some ladies who told me that it was understood that the city was to be evacuated that night, which was very unexpected news to me, as everything seemed to be going on well at the part of the lines I had left. I soon found, however, that this information was correct, went home and provided myself with rations for the trip with the army. I got my information from Col. Cutts, of the artillery, whose headquarters were in my father's yard,

and who told me confidentially that he had orders to retire with his artillery to the north side of the river as quickly as possible under cover of darkness.

"On my way down town that night I fell in with Pat (H. H.) Drinkard, Charley Blanks and James Shepherd, all 12th regiment boys, in town on a twelve hours' leave. With these boys I went across Pocahontas Bridge and, reaching Dunn's Hill, we bivouacked for the night. We had hardly lain down, however, before we saw that Pocahontas Bridge was on fire.

"At an early hour in the morning we could hear the Federal troops coming into town, with their bands playing. Having no idea that Richmond had been evacuated, or that our lines on the north side of the Appomattox were being abandoned, our little party of four made their way to the Richmond and Petersburg railroad, and went along it in the direction of Richmond, our purpose being to join our command, which we supposed was still stationed on the Bermuda front. When we got to Swift Creek we found the depot buildings had been abandoned, and the country people were helping themselves to the supplies that were left. Crossing Swift Creek we pushed on towards Chester, and when within about a mile of that place, at a bend in the road, we saw ahead of us that the road was alive with blue coats. We then changed our course, taking to the woods and bearing west until we reached the public road leading to Chesterfield Court-House, getting into which we moved on until we overtook our rear guard. With this body of Confederates we made our way along this road until we got to the place at which it crosses the Clover Hill railroad.

"Seeing a little fire at this point, our party determined to halt for a little while to warm some of our rations and to rest ourselves. While we were doing this the rear guard passed ahead of us, and before we were aware of their presence a party of Federal infantry were upon us, so unexpectedly that we could not make our escape, but were compelled to surrender. A lieutenant in command of the party demanded my sword, which I gave him, telling him that I had captured it the day before. He laughingly remarked, 'A fair exchange is no robbery.'

"We were put under the guard of two men belonging to the 2nd Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery, neither of whom could speak English intelligibly, and were started eastward down the railroad towards Chester. Having what I considered a clear record during my four years' service as a soldier in the field, I disliked the idea of being captured and languishing in a prison, and said to Pat Drinkard, 'I mean to get away.' He tried to dissuade me, urging that the attempt might lead to the death of all of the party, but, seeing that our guards were careless, I felt satisfied that we could get away. So, to accomplish my purpose, I adopted this ruse to get in rear of the guard: I would stumble over a cross-tie as we marched along, and I noticed that neither of the guards took notice of this. In this way I managed to get just behind the hindmost guard, and as I did so suddenly seized his musket from behind, but, instead of resisting as I thought he would, he ran down the railroad embankment. Having the gun now in my hand, I drew a bead on the other guard and demanded his surrender. Taken by surprise, he immediately surrendered, and handed his gun to Charley Blanks. Thereupon I called upon the flying guard to halt, which he did, and

surrendered himself as prisoner. This occurred at a curve in the railroad, where we were cut off from the view of the force of the army that captured us.

"Having our prisoners in charge we left the railroad, entered the woods and made a detour northwestwardly in the direction of the Court-House, and there came up with the rear guard, to whom we handed over the prisoners.

"I took with me to Appomattox Court-House the gun I captured, and I think Charley Blanks did the same with his. Major Bridgeford, commandant of the rear guard, safely carried the two prisoners to Appomattox Court-House."

CASUALTIES AT THE CRATER.

The subjoined lists of casualties in the battle of the Crater are the lists as published in the Petersburg (Va.) *Express* within the week next after the day of the action, and embrace those in Pegram's (Va.) battery, and Mahone's (Va.), Saunders' (Ala.), Clingman's (N. C.), Ransom's (N. C.) and Wise's (Va.) brigades as there published. It is regretted that no list of the casualties in Wright's (Ga.) or Elliott's (S. C.) brigade, or in other commands, was also published in that journal, or in any other newspaper of the day, the files of which are now accessable, and they are accordingly not here given:

[*Express* of Monday, August 1, 1864.]

LIST OF CASUALTIES OF MAHONE'S BRIGADE, JULY 30.

The following is a list of the casualties in Mahone's brigade, commanded by Col. D. A. Weisiger, sustained in the gallant charge upon the enemy, near the Baxter road, on Saturday:

TWELFTH VIRGINIA REGIMENT.

Field and Staff—Wounded. Col. D. A. Weisiger, slightly.

Company A—Wounded: B. F. Eckles, severe.

Company B—Killed: L. H. Deane, Chr. Weaver. Wounded: —— Valentine, severely; Joseph C. Folks, slightly; Robt. Chappel, nose; Milton Casey, slightly; Henry E. Chase, slightly.

Company C—Killed: John J. Pugh, W. R. Rawls. Wounded: Sergeant Richard Epes, slightly.

Company D — Killed: None. Wounded: Lieut. J. E. Laughton, severely; Charles Harber, mortally, since dead; George Smith, slight.

Company E—Killed: R. E. Butts, Marcellus Harrison.

Company F—Killed: Wm. Welton. Wounded: Sergeant James Whitehorne, slightly; Peter McKenny, since dead; George Welton, severely; Putnam Stith, slightly; R. B. Davis, slightly.

Company G—Killed: J. B. Sacry, Jed Gibson. Wounded: Privates Burkes and Wm. Ford, severely.

Company H — Killed: Sergeant Baldry. Wounded: Lieut. Charles Beale, slight; Private Smith Woodhouse, severely; J. Griffin, slightly; J. D. Murray, slightly.

Company I—Killed: D. B. Finn. Wounded: N. L. Harrison, slightly; A. W. Howard.

Company K—Killed: R. Fuqua. Wounded: Sergeant Litchford, severe.

SIXTEENTH VIRGINIA REGIMENT.

Field—Major J. T. Woodhouse, wounded.

Company A—Killed: Privates F.

Pruden, W. R. Duke, William J. White, Wm. Owen; Corporal Hamlin Franklin, Henry Styron. Wounded: R. A. Purvis, since dead; Jesse A. Hamilton, J. E. Winburne, — Brent, — Parker.

Company B—Wounded: Lieut. James M. Bailey, mortally; Privates D. P. Wright, Virginius Kilby, Julian Hines, H. R. Cully.

Company C—Wounded: Nathan Munden.

Company D—Killed: Private Stephen Pierce. Wounded: Sergeant W. J. Freeman and Private H. M. Carr.

Company E—Killed: Capt. W. W. Broadbent; Privates E. L. Owens, J. W. Westbrooke, J. M. Neblett. Wounded: Privates J. H. Ivey, B. F. Northcross., Richard J. Bendall.

Company F—Killed: Corporal J: L. Brown. Privates B. B. Blankenship, James Ellington, Wm. Lacey, W. Eggleton. Wounded: Privates Solomon Carr, R. H. Perkins.

Company G—Killed: Robt. Smith, A. D. Joynes, Harrison Wright, W. H. Shawhan, H. Hand. Wounded: Sergeant T. S. Dozier, T. S. Dozier, T. S. Belote, Benjamin Shipp. Total killed, 21. Wounded, 18.

SIXTY-FIRST VIRGINIA REGIMENT.

Company A—Killed: Private Jas. H. Butt. Wounded: Lieut J. T. West, slightly; Lieut. C. A. Nash, slightly; Private C. C. Cooper, slight; J. A. Cooper, severe in the arm; D. A. Williams and D. Woodward, slight; J. P. Halstead, severe in shoulder; Peter Wright, slight.

Company B—Killed: Privates George Sykes, Wellington Nichols. Wounded: Lieut. James E. Fulford, slight; Sergeants John H. Tucker, badly; H. B. McCauman, badly, both legs; Private A. Hodges, badly in the arm.

Company C—Killed: Corporal B. B. Cowell; Private James M. McPherson. Wounded: Captain John G. Wallace, severely hit; Lieut. St. Julian Wilson, mortally; Privates Miles W. Halstead, severely; Thomas Turner, mortally; E. W. Forbes, slightly; Miles D. Powers, slightly. Missing: John Wood.

Company D—Killed: Private John Sheppard. Wounded: Sergeants C. E. Tatum, badly; Alonzo Ives, slightly; Corporal Joshua Charlton, slightly; Privates Ludlow Crethrell, slightly; Alexander H. Jarvis, severely.

Company F—Killed: Private Jas. Babb. Wounded: Privates Henry H. Pruden, severely; A. Redd, severely; J. W. Mumford.

Company G—Killed: Privates S. W. Branch, J. H. Davis. Wounded: Lieuts. M. M. Green, severely; W. F. Baugh, badly; Privates John W. King, badly; A. Hawkins, slightly; W. T. Herrin, slightly; J. W. Rivers, slightly; C. Tudor, badly.

Company H—Killed: Lieut. H. McNeder. Wounded: Lieut. W. W. Rew, badly; Privates G. B. Adkins, slightly; R. Edds, H. F. Ayatt, slightly.

Company I—Killed: Sergeants M. P. Kilgore, Smith Toppin. Wounded: Privates John D. White, severely; Richard White, badly; Parker Duke, slightly; Lieut. John Hobday, slightly.

Company K—Killed: Privates C. W. Griggs, W. H. Lewton. Wounded: Private Malicho Hichcock.

In the same column of the *Express*, in its issue of Monday, August I, 1864, and next after the foregoing, appears the following:

[*Express* of Monday, August 1, 1864.]

THE MISSING IN PEGRAM'S BATTERY.

We append a list of missing of Capt. R. G. Pegram's battery, of this city. This battery occupied the immediate point of our lines blown up by the enemy on Saturday morning, and consequently suffered a good deal in men and guns. None of the missing, we understand, have as yet been positively heard from as being alive, though prisoners that were taken state that they dug out two lieutenants alive and sent them to the rear. From their description one of them is supposed to be Lieut. Hamlin. Several bodies were found beneath the upthrown earth with life extinct:

Lieut. W. B. Hamlin,* Lieut. C. S. Chandler; Sergeats Beasley and Royal, Corporals Slaughter and Taylor, Privates Roach, T. J. Wells, G. W. Woodley, Maghee, Covington, C. Brown, Thompson, W. T. Scott, Jas. M. Green, J. B. Shortt, Mangum, Tisdale, Kelsey, J. Britton, B. T. Wells, George Pollard, and T. Nugent. Total, 23.

It is to be hoped that some, if not many of these men may turn up safe in the enemy's hands. Lieut. Hamlin is from this city, and Lieut. Chandler from Richmond, and both gallant young men.

[*Express* of Tuesday, August 2, 1864.]

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN MAHONE'S BRIGADE JULY 30TH, CONTINUED.

Owing to the press of matter upon our columns, we were unable to give the full list of casualties in Mahone's brigade, in the battle of Saturday, in our issue of yesterday. We give the balance this morning, with the exception of the killed in the 6th regiment, which we have been unable to obtain, save those of Company I:

SIXTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

[Here follows a list of the killed and wounded which are omitted, a more correct list being given later.]

FORTY-FIRST VA. INFANTRY.

Field and Staff—Killed: Sergeant-Major C. H. Porter. Wounded: None.

Company A—Killed: Corporal O. C. Inman. Wounded: J. P. Holloway, left shoulder, severely; Sergeant B. F. Whitehorne, face, severe; Private F. A. Inman, right arm, severe.

Company B—Killed: Sergeant Jas. McCook. Wounded: Lemuel Tucker, hand, slight.

Company C—Killed: Capt. H. M. Mingea, Sergeant Jos. W. Holloway. Wounded: Privates W. O. Hall, left thigh, severe; Patrick E. Perkins, amputation finger on left hand,

Company D—Killed: Sergeant R. H. Thurman. Wounded: Private James Costly, left side, mortal.

Killed: Lieut. W. S. Gee; Sergeant Charles F. Rosser; Private Peter M. Gill. Wounded: Sergeant Samuel M. Gregory, amputation two fingers right hand; Privates Alexander R. Hair, flesh wound head, E. A. Gray, contusion head.

Company F—Killed: None. Wounded: Lieut. W. S. Sykes; Corporal J. F. Murden, head, slight; Private James A. Rutter, arm and head, severe.

Company G—Killed: None. Wounded: Sergeant Wm. McDonald, left leg amputated; Private W. D. Sturdivant, shell, left thigh, severe.

Company H—Killed: None. Wounded: Corporal J. W. Miles,

*In the editorial column Lieut. Hamlin is mentioned as "a young member of the Petersburg bar."

hip, severe; Private R. O. Furgerson, side, severe.

Company I—Killed: Private Jas. E. Ellis. Wounded: Sergeant J. R. Brinkley, flesh wound, thigh; Corporal S. J. Holland, hand, slight; Privates Leroy Parker, head, dangerous; W. S. Skinner, hand, severe; James H. Parker, finger, left hand; James E. Lassiter, hand and arm, severe; G. A. Johnson, shoulder, severe; Solomon Savage, both hips, dangerous; John Brinkley, shoulder, severe.

Company K—Killed: Capt. B. B. Hunter; Lieut. Charles E. Denoon. Wounded: Lieut. Wm. Hunter, breast, slight. Missing: B. D. Johnson.

Total killed, 11; total wounded, 27; aggregate, 38.

In another column of the same paper appears the following:

[*Express* of August 2, 1864.]

THE CASUALTIES IN RANSOM'S BRIGADE.

[Reported for the Daily Express.]

HEADQ'RS RANSOM'S BRIGADE, July 31st, 1864.

Editors Express: The following is a list of the killed, wounded and missing in General M. W. Ransom's brigade North Carolina Troops, during the action of 30th of July, 1864:

TWENTY-FOURTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

Wounded: Lieut. John P Bethew, severely in the shoulder; Sergeant Neil A Smith, severely; Privates Jeremiah Beaver, Augustus Tatum.

TWENTY-FIFTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

Killed: Captain James M Cathey; Privates Henry Green, J H Colbert, C M Posey, R H Garrison, E A Drake, B F Hensley. Wounded: Major W S Grady, severely; Captain I B Tatham, slightly; Lieut L J Smith, severely; Sergeant M A Courtis, mortally; Sergeant J R Patterson, severely in arm; Corporal Amos Boon, slightly in the hand; Corporal R J Burton, severely in face; Corporal J B Mann, in arm, severely; Corporal B. J. Wilson, dangerously on breast; Corporal H C Edney, in arm, severely; Privates J M Summy, in hand; J R Laughter, slightly on leg; E Curtis, slightly in back; James Drake, in arm; John R. Bigham, in hand; P M Rich, dangerously; D C Burgner, slightly in shoulder; J B Smith, slightly in thigh; J A Reagan, in thigh slightly; B P Barton, severely in both thighs; T D L Clayton, slightly in arm; J McWilson, slightly in leg; G W Alexander, slightly in back; H T Bugg, in leg severely; B F Edmonson, mortally in head; D A Stamy, severely bruised by a shell; J W Conner, slightly in arm; Richard Allison, slightly in hand; Will Ownley, mortally in abdomen; J Davis, severely in thigh; E Baldwin, slightly.

THIRTY-FIFTH NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS.

Wounded: Privates B Baisden, seriously in hip; Hosea Baisden, slightly in arm; Thomas Davis, arm broken; W A Russ, slightly in foot.

FORTY-NINTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

Killed: Lieut-Col John A Fleming; Captain E V Harris; Privates M M Patterson, Isaac Litton, G Hart, John Horton, Seth E White. Wounded: Captain C H Dixon, painfully in arm; Lieut Richard Bailey, slightly in arm; Lieut T Y Lytle, shocked by shell; Sergeant — Henderson, Company H, flesh

wound in arm; Sergeant Henry Shell, slight wound in breast; Private T Howell, in arm, M Reid, slightly in head; J D. Dellinger, slightly in leg; J H. Fall, slightly in skull; J G Whitesides, mortally in breast; J Holland, in hand; L A Fox, severely in arm; J Whiffling. flesh wound in leg; E Anthony, mortally in groin.

FIFTY-SIXTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

Killed: Privates G Hart, John Horton, Seth E White. Wounded: Thomas Gregory, severely in hip; Markman Wood, slightly in breast; John Emmett, 1st sergeant, severely in thigh; Rufus Parker, slightly in hip; Henderson Luter, severely in leg; A W Bridgers, severely in leg; H C Hollifield, slightly in shoulder.

TWENTY-FIFTH NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS.

Missing from the shirmish line: Jeff George, W H Grigg, W Gibson, B Garm, J C Evans, L Godwin, C F Johnson, N P Johnson.

Below the foregoing, in the same column of the *Express* of Tuesday, August 2, 1864, appears the following:

[*Express*, August 2, 1864.]

FORTY-SIXTH VIRGINIA REGIMENT, WISE'S BRIGADE.

HEADQ'RS 46TH VA. INF.,
Petersb'g Trenches, July 31.

Editors Express: The following list embraces the casualties in this regiment, which you will please publish the first opportunity, and request Richmond, Lynchburg and Charlottesville papers to copy:

Report of Casualties in 46th Va. I try, near Petersburg, July 30th, Capt. George Norris, command

Field and Staff—Killed: Mus J M Hancock. Wounded: Ser Major L W Wise, face slight.

Company A—Killed: W T comb. Wounded: Corporal J kerson, Privates J Dodson, R J W Smith and L T Truehart.

Company B—Killed: Privat H Furson. Wounded: Privates Furguson and J M Franklin.

Company C—Wounded: Pr D M Durkin.

Company D—Killed: Private Shepper and N Shoemaker. Wo ed: Captain George Garrison, vates James M Dobbins and McAllister.

Company E—Killed: Privat H Carter and R W Staton. Wo ed: H W Beaver.

Company F—Killed: Privat Bradford and S Grinnalds. Wo ed: A Scarborough and N Mels

Company G—Killed: Private H Quick. Wounded: Corpor Reynolds and J Dudley, Priva Lankford, S Spencer and S J V

Company H—Wounded: Pr B C Ford, slight.

Company I—Wounded: Pri W Price, R Wingfield, R Thoma M Jones and Lewis Bishop.

Company K—Wounded: Pr A C Givens.

W W ALEXANDER, Adjuta

In the *Express* of Wednesday, ust 3, 1864, appears the followi

CLINGMAN'S BRIGADE

[Reported for the Petersburg *Exp*

HEADQUARTERS 61ST REGIM N. C. T., Clingman's Briga Hoke's Division, near Peters August 1st, 1864.

Messrs. Editors Express: Please

lish for the information of the friends of the regiment, the following list of casualties while assisting in charging the enemy from our works in front of Major-General Johnson's division, which they had gained early on the morning of the 30th July, 1864, by mining and blowing up Pegram's battery, and taking advantage of the temporary confusion caused.

The regiment was detached from the brigade, and under the command of Capt. Edward Mallett during the charge, Col. James D. Radcliff having been stunned by the bursting of a shell while lying in reserve, and Major H. Harding having gone to the rear from exhaustion.

Field and Staff—Colonel James D Radcliff, stunned.

Company A, Captain James H Robinson, commanding—Wounded: Lieutenant Frank M Carroll, in jaw, severely; Privates Sherman J Blount, in side, slightly: James G Heath, in neck, severely; James H Horn, in arm, severely; Andrew J Smith, stunned.

Company B, Lieutenant Jno T Wilkerson, commanding — Wounded: Corporal Daniel Corson, in leg, slightly; Privates Lorenzo D Manning, in shoulder and thigh, slightly; William B Neil, in abdomen, mortally.

Company C, Lieutenant John F Guthrie, commanding—Killed: Private John L Barnhill. Wounded: Corporal James D Wilson, in hip, slightly; Private R. W. Moore, in arm, severely.

Company D, Sergeant S L Brown, commanding—None.

Company E, Lieut. J Q Jackson, commanding—Killed: 1st Sergeant A W Wooten, Lieut. J Q Jackson, in arm severely; Private J P Suggo, in arm and leg severely.

Company F, Lieut. Jesse D Barnes, commanding—Killed: Lieut. Jesse D Barnes, Privates B F Felton and Jos Felton. Wounded: Sergeant P F M Daniel, in side slightly; Corp'l Abraham Darden, in wrist slightly; Privates B F May, in head slightly; W Y Owens, in groin slightly.

Company G, Sergeant John U Bloodworth, commanding—Wounded: Private David G. McGowan, in hand slightly.

Company H, Capt. John D Briggs, commanding— Wounded: Sergeant A. R. Peal, in abdomen, mortally; Corporal Noah T Lanier, stunned; Privates James Corprew, in breast severely; Joseph Corey, in arm slightly; Henry Corey, in side slightly; H T Hodges, in arm and hip severely; Archibald Harriss, in mouth severely; William M. Perry, stunned; Godfrey Rogerson, in shoulder slightly; Harrison Rogerson, stunned.

Company I, Lieut. Coalton Sparks, commanding—Killed: Lieut. Coalton Sparks. Wounded: Private D C Caudel, in head and thigh severely; Meredith Cheek, in thigh severely.

Company K, Capt. S W Noble, commanding—Wounded: Sergeant J B. Noble, in ear slightly; Privates L J Howard, in leg severely; Stephen Howard, in shoulder slightly.

RECAPITULATION.

Officers killed, 2; officers wounded, 3; enlisted men killed, 4; enlisted men wounded, 30. Total, 39.

I am sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. L. FAISON, Adj't.

In the *Express* of Thursday, August 4, 1864, appears the following:

WILCOX'S (OLD) ALABAMA BRIGADE.

[Reported for the Petersburg Express.]

List of casualties in Wilcox's (old) Alabama brigade, commanded by Brigadier General J C C Sanders, in the engagement on the 30th July, near Petersburg, Va :

8TH ALABAMA REGIMENT—CAPT. M. W. MORDECAI, COMMANDING.

Field and Staff—Wounded: Sergeant Major J P Harris, severe.

Company A—Killed: Private Sample Orr. Wounded: Private M D L Oakes, slight.

Company B—Wounded: Capt. G T L Robinson, severe; Private A Edwards, slight.

Company C—Killed: 1st Lieut. H McHugh. Wounded: 2nd Lieut. W D McDonald, severe; Privates H Cooper, severe; and T L Dearman, severe.

Company D—Wounded: Private Malone, severe.

Company F—Killed: Corporals George Lee and Charles Barefield. Wounded: Private J W Dunn, slight.

Company G—Wounded: Privates Robert L Wilson, severe; and Jack Pearson, severe.

Company H—Killed: Corporal H Buck. Wounded: Private W O Jackson, severe.

Company I—Wounded: Private M Chafin, mortally.

Company K—Killed: Private C C Harborn.

Killed, 6; wounded 13. Total, 19.

9TH ALABAMA REGIMENT—COL. J. H. KING, COMMANDING.

Staff and Field—Killed: Lieut. J D Chandler, acting adjutant.

Company A, Capt. Hays, commanding—Wounded: Sergeant John Butler, severely; Corporal L T Smith, severely.

Company C, Sergeant T Simmons, commanding--Wounded: Jno Brooks, severe.

Company D, Capt. J W Cannon, commanding—Killed: S D Greenough. Wounded: J L McIntyre, slight.

Company E, Lieut. M H Todd, commanding—Wounded: Sergeant J L Preston, severely.

Company F, Capt. J C Featherston, commanding—Killed: Sergeant A McWilliams. Wounded: Corporol G H Stewart, severely.

Company H, Lieut. R. Fuller, commanding—Killed: Sergeant C Jackson. Wounded: H Patterson, slightly on August 1st.

Company I, Lieut. B T Taylor, commanding—Wounded: George W T Derbin, severely.

Company K, T B Baugh, commanding—Killed: L Martin. Wounded: W Henry Wallace, severely; P V Winfrey, severe.

Killed, 5; Wounded, 10. Total, 15.

10TH ALABAMA REGIMENT—CAPT. W. L. BREWSTER, COMMANDING.

Field and Staff—None.

Company A—Killed: Corporal John S Morris. Wounded: Privates James Lee, severe; Hiram Bice, severe.

Company B—Wounded: Lieut. T J Hickman, slight; Private L C Falke, severe.

Company C—None.

Company D—None.

Company E—Killed: Private W C Saxon. Wounded: Privates J L Busby; severe; G A Adair, slight.

Company F—Wounded: Sergeant E J Roberts, slight; Private J B Martin, martally.

Company G—Killed: Lieut. John Francis.

Company H—Killed: Privates E

S Moore and F M Anderson. Wounded: Private Allen Pierce, slight.

Company I — Wounded: Private Albert Battles, mortal; Jacob Chany, slight.

Company K—Killed: Private J T Bishop. Wounded: Lieut. S J Morris, severe.

Killed, 6; wounded, 12. Total, 18.

11TH ALABAMA REGIMENT—LIEUT. COL. G. E. TAYLOE, COMMANDING.

Field and Staff—None.

Company A — Killed: Sergeant John J Carter, Corporal Thomas H Johnson and Private William H Boozer. Wounded: Sergeant J J Williams, slight; Privates J W Biskeny, severe; Henry Brame, severe; John W Brady, slight.

Company B—Wounded: Private M P Hamilton, slight.

Company C—Wounded: Corporal J F Gandy, severe; Privates John W Carnes, severe; R L Waller, severe; Private Thos W Winn, severe, on July 31st, 1864.

Company D—Killed: Lieut. John W Cole and Private Joseph W Thompson. Wounded: Private Calvin Noble, slight.

Company E—Killed: Private A J Johnson.

Company F—Wounded: Capt. J C Caddell, severe; Lieut. P M Vance, severe; Private S M Wright, severe.

Company G—Killed: Lieut. H T Williamson and Private Wm H Leopard. Wounded: Sergeant P K Thompson, severe; Corporal James McGee, slight; Privates James M Kent, severe; David Shamblin, slight.

Company I — Killed: Capt. L Harris.

Company K—Killed: Private W M Lovelady.

Killed, 10; Wounded: 17. Total, 27.

14TH ALABAMA REGIMENT — CAPT. ELIAS FOLK, COMMANDING.

Field and Staff--Killed: Capt. Elias Folk, commanding regiment; Lieut. F V Fonville, acting adjutant.

Company A—Wounded: J J Autrey, since dead.

Company B — Wounded: T W Thrower, since dead.

Company F—Killed: Private Jasper O'Neil.

Company G — Wounded: Isaac Shadis, mortal.

Company H—Wounded: H M Lovejoy, severe; J E Jackson, severe; Phenix Largant, slight.

Company I—Wounded: I J Napier, mortally.

Killed, 3; wounded, 7. Total, 10.

RECAPITULATION OF LOSSES.

	Killed. Off.	Killed. Men.	Wounded. Off.	Wounded. Men.	Tot'l
8th Ala. Reg't,	1	5	2	11	19
9th " "	1	4	0	10	15
10th " "	1	5	2	10	18
11th " "	5	7	2	15	27
14th " "	2	1	0	7	10
					89

GEO. CLARK, A. A. Gen.

In the local column of the *Express* of Friday, August 5, 1864, appears the following:

CASUALTIES IN THE SIXTH VA. INFANTRY.

In publishing the casualties in Mahone's brigade, in the engagement near this city on the 30th ult., we were unable to give a full list of those occurring in the Sixth Virginia Infantry. We give a correct list this morning:

Field and Staff—Wounded: Lieut. Col. H W Williamson, severely; Ensign H S Wright, dangerously.

Company A—Killed: Corporal G M Hudgins. Wounded: 1st Lieut. J L Hopper, severely; 1st Sergeant

W H Whitehurst, slightly. Missing: Sergeant William Banks, Privates A F Jones and McHenry.

Company B—Wounded: Sergeant W V Dudley, slightly; Privates James Gregory, William Warden, severely. Missing: 1st Lieut. F Whitehurst, Privates Jesse Shields and W Gaunto.

Company C—Killed: 1st Lieut. S M Spratt. Wounded: 1st Sergeant T J Henderson, severely; Privates R Buchanan, slightly; Jo Wright, severely. Missing: F. Padgett.

Company D—Wonnded: 1st Sergeant R Banks, severely; Sergeant W Coats, dangerously; Privates Joseph James, severely; G Dixon, severely.

Company E—Killed: Sergeant M Babb. Wounded: Sergeant W H Pierce, severely; Privates Jo F May, severely; and H Holland. Missing: Private W Taylor.

Company F—Killed: Sergeant D M Drewry, Private F C Fizzle. Wounded: Capt. A Coke, slightly; 1st Lieut. J J Cornick, slightly; 2nd Lieut. T H Banks, severely; 1st Sergeant W H Rainey, severely; Privates W P Wilkins, G W Stone, A White, severely; and John James, slightly.

Company G—Wounded: Sergeant John F Hill, severely; Corporal Chandler Hill, severely; Privates Helvin, severely; Black, Malode. Missing: Private Wm H Whiting.

Company H—Killed: Capt. David Wright, Privates Peter Gillilane, William J Roberts. Wounded: Privates Frank Higgins, slightly; William B Wellons, slightly; George C Crockett, dangerously.

Company I — Killed: Privates Benjamin Crowfield and Thomas J Cory. Wounded: Sergeant George C Anderson, slightly; Privates William Walthall, severely; Thomas J Warnack, slightly; T H Tibbs, severely.

Company K — Killed: Privates William T Fuqua, Benjamin E Phaup and A A Cotton. Wounded: Capt. David M Goode, slightly; 1st Lieut. Samuel Flournoy, severely; Corporal Julius Condry, dangerously; Privates H C Coleman, slightly; J E Goode, severely; A A Ellett, W E Bailey, slightly; Lewis Dorsett, dangerously; William C Purdie, dangerously; Jno Bass, dangerously; A A Ford, severely. Missing: Privates Thomas J Martin, C C Ellett, Edmond C Goode.

Eighty-five men carried into action; greater portion of the regiment was on picket.

RECAPITULATION.

Killed, 13; wounded, 50; missing, 12. Total 75.

In the same paper, the *Express* of Friday, August 5, 1864, appears the following:

WISE'S BRIGADE.

[Reported for the Petersburg Express.]

List of casualtics in the 59th regiment, Virginia Volunteers, Wise's brigade, July 30th, 1864:

Capt. Henry Wood, commanding, Wounded slightly in the head.

Company A, E C Thompson, commanding — Killed: Private W B Hurndon. Wounded: P Sweeney, severely in shoulder.

Company B, Lieut. W. F. Elmore, commanding — Killed: Charles H Stainback, W H Mize and William S Jackson. Wounded: Corporal R M Lucker and Privates A B Cross and T A Peebles.

Company C, Lieut. John H Edwards, commanding— Killed: Privates T D Cole, W M Dance. Wounded: Privates L Hart, J W Dunkley.

Company D—Lieut. E A Miller, commanding—Killed: None. Wounded: None.

Company E, Lieut. N P Oliver, commanding—Killed, None. Wounded: Henry Evans.

Company F, Sergeant A Miller, commanding--Killed: None. Wounded: Private Meredith, arm amputated.

Company G, Sergeant J L Cliburn, commanding — Killed: None. Wounded: None.

Company H, Sergeant J E Walson, commanding—Killed: Corporal L T. Cheatham, Privates W H Tucker, W W Phillips. Wounded: Sergeants J C Watson, mortally; M T Goodwynne, severely in shoulder. Privates Josiah Johnson, severely in arm and side; T A Fowlkes, slightly in head; G C Overton, slight.

Company I, F S Mosby, commanding—Killed: None. Wounded: 1st Sergeant Robert Johnson, severely in arm; Private Palmer, slightly.

C. R. BAILEY,

2nd Lt. Co. G. and Act'g Adg't.

In all of the foregoing lists of casualties there may be errors. In the list of casualties of the 12th Virginia regiment some are noticed, as for instance the placing of Privates Richard B. Davis and Putnam Stith in Company F instead of Company E, and the mentioning of Sergeant J. E. Whitehorne, of Company F, as James Whitehorne. But it must be remembered that the lists are simply reproductions of the lists published in the *Express*.

It is regretted that reliable lists of casualties in Mahone's brigade in the Maryland Campaign of 1862 and at Chancellorsville, beyond those already given, could not be obtained for publication in this Appendix.*

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Battle of the Crater—View No. 1.

This picture, taken from the site of the Davidson battery, just south of the Baxter Road, a part of which is plainly visible, looking north, shows the site of the Crater, upon which have grown in the last twenty-five years the cluster of tall trees visible just to the right of Mr. Griffith's barn, Mr. Griffith's house being to the left.

The line of small trees to the right of the cluster of tall trees are along the line of the tunnel. The line of larger trees on the right of the picture stand within the line of the Federal breast-works and along the west bank of Taylor's Creek.

The open field in front of the Crater that was swept by one of Davidson's guns, manned by a detachment of men from the Otey battery under Maj. D. N. Walker, is visible in front, and to the south, of the line of small trees above mentioned.

The Confederate earth-works south of the Crater ran southwestwardly just to the right of the barn for about 125 yards, then bore more southwestwardly into Mr. Griffith's corn-field, visible in the picture, there

*Should anyone who may read these pages note any error in any of the several lists of casualties, the request is made that the undersigned be informed of the error, with a view to a proper notice of it in any subsequent edition of this book that may be published. G. S. B.

formed an angle and ran southeastwardly and across the Baxter Road about the site of the telegraph pole.

Some time subsequently to the battle the course of these works was changed a little, so that after the change they occupied a position in this corn-field a little west of that occupied by them on the day of the battle. There were also changes made in the location of the works north of the Crater, for about 50 yards. They were thrown back a few feet and a picket line was run a few feet in front of the main line both north and south of the Crater. On the day of the battle there was no picket line for a distance of 100 or 125 yards along the front of the Crater.

In the meadow along Taylor's Creek, just at this point, were massed the 1st and 4th divisions of Burnside's corps before they entered the Confederate earth-works after the explosion.

Battle-field of the Crater—View No. 2.

This picture, taken from the site of Wright's battery looking south, shows the site of the Crater near the southern terminus of the wire fence visible in the picture, which fence marks the general course of the Confederate breast-works north of the Crater, which were, as shown by the map of Mr. Rives, in the main to the left or east of the fence.

The Federal occupation of these trenches did not extend north of the depression plainly visible in the picture. See the three small trees, the tops of which are seen to the left of the fence, as they stand in this depression.

The sloping ground over which Mahone's brigade charged is visible on the right or west of the fence.

The line of bushes along the depression at the northern terminus of the fence indicate the course of the branch shown in the map of Mr. Rives, which crosses the Confederate breast-works and runs into Taylor's Creek.

On the day of the battle a body of heavy timber stood a few yards in front of the Confederate works on the ground now clear. "Wright, of Halifax," says Capt. McCabe, "opened a withering fire from his light guns posted on a hill to the left, nor could he be silenced by the enemy's batteries, for his front was covered by a heavy fringe of pines."—[Defense of Petersburg, So. Hist. Papers, vol. II, p. 286.]

Mr. Griffith's house is visible on the right of the tall sycamore tree standing near the southern extremity of the wire fence. The cluster of trees to the left of this tree marks the site of the Crater. The line of trees to the left of the picture are those along Taylor's Creek.

Battle-field of the Crater—No. 3.

This picture is taken with the instrument in the corn-field at a point near, and to the north of, the point at which the covered way by which Mahone's brigade came out the ravine, depression or swale in which it formed for its charge enters the branch that runs along the ravine,

depression or run, as shown in the map of Mr. Rives. This view, looking south, shows the ravine, depression or swale, or low ground, from which the charge was made. The willow tree nearest the right of the picture stands south of the point at which the covered way terminated, as also does the *post* visible in the picture. The line of battle was formed with its left a little up the slope (southeast) from the post, and with its right some sixty yards south, or southeast, of the other willow tree visible in the picture. In the picture the slope is not as distinctly marked about the position from which Mahone's brigade began its charge as in point of fact it is, the ground about this position being apparently nearer a level than it actually is.

The charge was across the sloping field from right (west) to left (east), moving obliquely southeastwardly. The trees on the left indicate the position of the Crater, the tall tree being the sycamore standing on the line of the works and so plainly visible in View No. 2, which tree, it is said, marks the place at which Capt. Broadbent was killed.

Battle-field of the Crater—No. 4.

This picture is taken with the instrument on the track of the Norfolk and Western Railroad, at a point about two miles east of the depot in Petersburg, looking southwest, and shows the meadow along Taylor's Creek, in the upper portion of which, seen on the left of the picture, Gen. Burnside massed a portion of his troops for the assault on the morning of 30th of July, 1864.

Along the brow, or crest, of the hill to the left of the picture stood the Confederate breast-works, some 200 yards of which next on the north of the Crater were occupied by the Federal forces and were the scene of some of the most bloody hand-to-hand fights. The Crater is in the cluster of trees immediately to the left of the single sycamore tree visible on the hill to the left of the centre of the picture.

In this picture the parts of the wire fence so plainly visible in View No. 2 are not visible, although they may be seen from the car windows of the Norfolk & Western trains as they pass this point.

On the 30th of July, 1864, a heavy body of timber stood in front of the Confederate breast-works and obscured from the view of the Federals about the line of the railroad at this point not only these breast-works, but also those on the hill to the right of the picture, the breast-works on the latter hill standing a little back, or west, of the trees visible on the brow of this hill on the right of the picture, in rear of which trees stood Wright's battery.

For further details see note on pages 229 and 230, and the map of Mr. Rives there referred to. See also McCabe's "Defense of Petersburg," So. Hist. Papers, Vol. II, page 286, and references there made.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 7, line 14, read *Comrades* for *comrades.*
" 26, note 36, read *H. T. Booker* for *H. F. Booker.*
" 48, line 18, read *cooping* for *crossing.*
" 54, note g, line 2, insert *alone* between *been* and *among.*
" 76, line 6, read *considerably* for *considerable.*
" 95, line 6, read *Etheredge* for *Etheridge.*
" 113, line 21 read *Hagood's* for *Haygood's.*
" 121, line 37, read *Shafer* for *Shaffer.*
" 139, line 1 of note, read *fifty-five* for *forty-five.*
" 148, last line of note, read *arms"* for *arms.*
" 157, line 10, read *possible* for *posible.*
" 179, line 5 of note, read *Infantry"* for *Infantry.*
" 179, line 7 of note, read *Leonidas H. Dean* for *Leonidas D. Dean.*
" 183, line 2, read *the flank* for *companies.*
" 183, line 31, insert *it* between *do* and *No.*
" 183, line 35, strike out *all* before *the surprise.*
" 184, line 8, read *former life* for *farm-life.*
" 185, lines 2, and 27, read *David McConnochie* for *David McConichie.*
" 202, line 31, read *five* for *four.*
" 204, line 9, read *Flanner* for *Flannery.*
" 207, line 2nd from the bottom, strike out *instant* before *from.*
" 213, line 1, read *Augustus C. Brown* for *Augustine C. Brown.*
" 213, line 4, read "*The primary* for *The primary.*
" 213, line 19, read "*General Beauregard* for *General Beauregard.*
" 230, line 26, read *L. R. Kilby* for *L. R. Kelly.*
" 236, line 1 of note, read *friend* for *Friend.*
" 254, line 27 and note 17, read *Cooke* for *Cook.*
" 271, note 36, read *Dr. Jerman* for *Dr. Jermaine.*
" 280, line 30, read *expected* for *intended.*
" 281, line 2 of note 39, read *1881* for *1882.*
" 305, 4th line from bottom, read *we* for *he.*

Capt. Geo. J. Rogers, mentioned on pages 152 and 312, is of Petersburg —not of Richmond, Va. Jos. J. Maclin, mentioned at page 304, is of Chesterfield county—not of Petersburg, Va.

SUPPLEMENT TO ERRATA.

The list of *errata* should be amended so as to embrace the following:

Page 1 of preface, line 29, read *May 21st* for *May 28th.*

In biography of Mr. Simon Seward, first paragraph, read *13th Virginia Cavalry* for *12th Virginia Cavalry;* and in biography of Dr. John Herbert Claiborne, second paragraph, read *four years' curriculum* for *four years, curriculum.*

Page 29, line 19 read *mountain* for *mountains.*

In the address of Governor Cameron, page 51, line 12, read *Zion Church* for *Tabernacle Church,* Zion—not Tabernacle—Church being called the "Wooden Church" and being the church near which the line of battle here referred to was formed.

In the statement of Mr. William C. Smith, page 308, strike out the words *at Ely's Ford* next after the words *the Rappahannock* in lines 5 and 29.

In lines 6 and 29 of page 154 for *only one hundred* read *only about one hundred.*

Page 179, line 8 read *of a* for *of brigadier-general.*

To the note on page 179 referring to Capt. Victor J. B. Girardey add the following, having first substituted the word *weeks* for *days:*

On the 20th of July, 1864, Gen. Mahone, in a letter addressed to Gen. A. P. Hill, says:

"There are now with Wright's brigade for duty only two field officers, one lieutenant-colonel, and one major, the former now commanding the brigade, Gen. Wright being absent on sick leave for 30 days. With no disparagement to the officer now commanding this brigade, for whom I entertain a high regard, I am emphatically of the opinion, that the better interest of the service as well as the greater efficiency of this brigade would be most materially subserved by the assignment of Capt. G. J. Girardey with temporary rank of brigadier-general to its command. Until very recently this officer has been connected with this brigade as its adjutant-general from its earliest organization and no one, I am persuaded, enjoys more of the confidence and regard of the officers and men thereof than he, and in my judgment deservedly, no less for his uniform interest (in) its destiny and good repute, than for his skill and gallantry as an officer.

"Under these circumstances I venture to nominate Capt. Girardey for promotion and assignment as indicated. Besides I may add that during the current campaign no one under my observation has better earned such promotion or shown himself more competent for the command of a brigade."

Gen. Hill's endorsement on the letter is as follows:

"Respectfully forwarded and recommended. Capt. Girardey is eminently qualified for the command of the brigade because of his own fitness for the position, his association with the brigade, and his acceptability to it. The law was made to cover just such cases as this, and I know of none in which it can be applied with happier effect. The brigade needs it and the country needs it. Capt. G. is a Georgian. I hope the appointment will be made with the least possible delay."

Gen. Lee's endorsement is as follows:

"Respectfully forwarded and recommended."

On the 3rd of August, 1864, Capt. Girardey was appointed to the temporary rank of brigadier-general and assigned to the command of Wright's brigade. Less than two weeks later, on the 16th of August, in front of Richmond, whilst gallantly leading the brigade in a charge on or near the Charles City Road, this gifted and brave young officer fell, his forehead pierced by a hostile bullet.